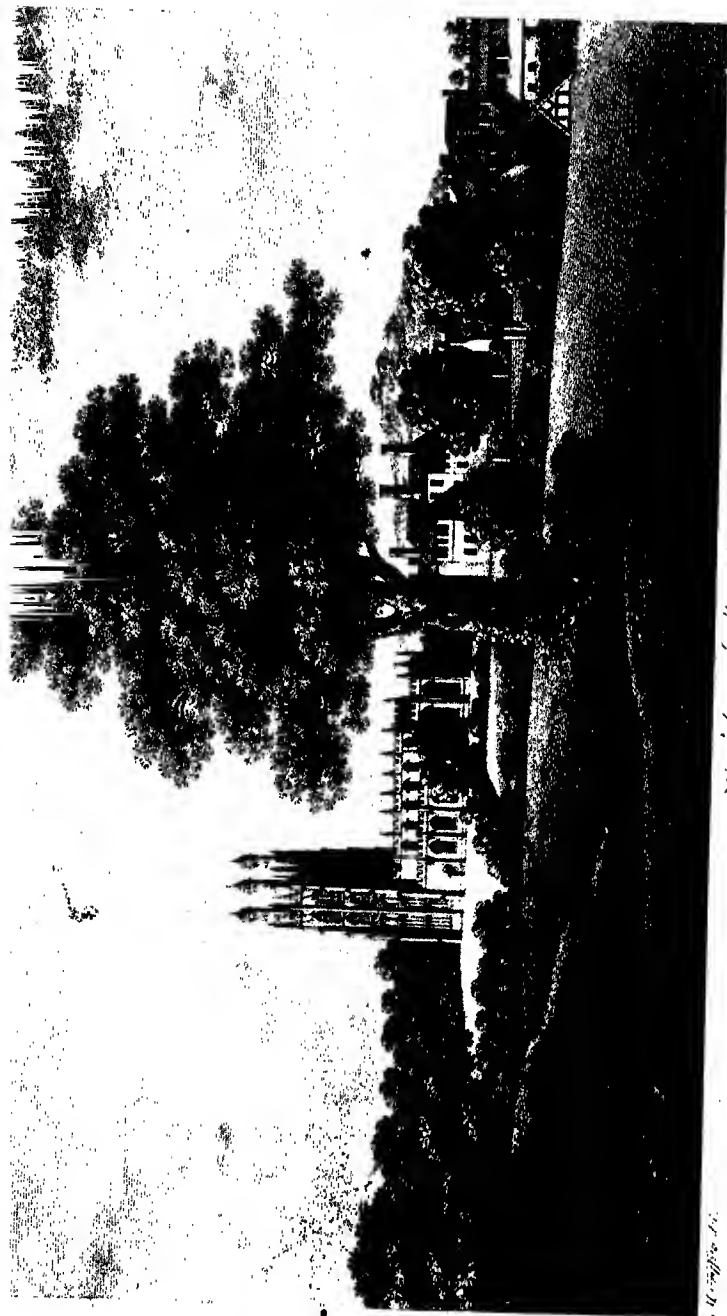


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EXCURSIONS

NORTH WALES,

INCLUDING

ABERYSTWITH AND THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,

INTENDED AS

A GUIDE TO TOURISTS.

BY THE LATE
REV. W. BINGLEY



Third Edition,
WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS MADE DURING
EXCURSIONS IN THE YEAR 1838,

BY HIS SON
W. R. BINGLEY, B.A.
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.



WITH A COMPLETE MAP BY J. AND C. WALKER.



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PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

IN the summer of the year 1798 I was first induced, from the various accounts that had reached me respecting the grandeur of the mountain scenery of North Wales, to appropriate three months to a ramble through all its most interesting parts. I accordingly set out from Cambridge (where I was then resident) soon after the commencement of the long vacation, and proceeded, in the cross-country coaches, immediately to Chester. From Chester I leisurely skirted the north coast of Wales, along the great Irish road,* through St. Asaph and Conway, to Bangor. At Caernarvon I remained for a considerable time.

* Except only in going from the village of Northop to Flint, and thence to Holywell, in the whole not more than eight miles.

making excursions in all directions among the mountains, and through the principal parts of the island of Anglesey. When I had examined all the places that I could learn were worth notice, I continued my route entirely *round* the country, visiting in my course Harlech, Barmouth, Dolgelley, Machynlleth, Llanidloes, Newtown, Montgomery, Welsh Pool, Oswestry, Wrexham, and Mold. From Mold I crossed over (towards the interior) to Ruthin, and proceeded through Llangollen, Corwen, and Bala, to Shrewsbury, whence, in the month of September, I returned to Cambridge.

Not satisfied with this single journey, I returned into North Wales, in the year 1801, and resided there four months more; during June, July, August, and September. In this latter excursion my time was chiefly occupied in examining the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, and the island of Anglesey, visiting again, in these counties, all the places that I had before seen, ascending most of the principal mountains, and searching around for other new and interesting objects.

Evidently to my first journey, I had made several tours through nearly all the romantic parts

of the North of England. I can, however, with truth declare, that, taken in the whole, I have not found these by any means so interesting as four of the six counties of North Wales, namely, Denbighshire, Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, and Anglesey. The traveller of taste (in search of grand and stupendous scenery,) the naturalist, and the antiquary, have all, in this romantic country, full scope for their respective pursuits.

My mode of travelling was principally as a pedestrian, but sometimes I took horses, and at other times proceeded in carriages, as I found it convenient. A traveller on foot, if in health and spirits, has, in my opinion, many advantages over all others: of these the most essential is that complete independence of every thing but his own exertions, which will enable him, without difficulty, to visit and examine various places that are altogether inaccessible to persons either in carriages or on horseback.

From my first entrance into the country I had formed a determination, if I found my observations sufficiently interesting, to lay the result of them before the public. This I did in my *Tour round North Wales*, published about ten years

ago. Till that journey was nearly completed, no tour of any importance, later than that of Mr. Pennant, (originally published in 1778,) had come to my knowledge. I had not then heard of those either of Mr. Aiken, Mr. Warner, or Mr. Skrine, and therefore, not without reason, considered myself as filling an unoccupied place in British topography. The work, notwithstanding there were no fewer than half a dozen others of a nearly similar nature, published about the same time, was so well received by the public, as to afford reasonable hopes of success to fresh exertions.

PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD EDITION

SEVERAL years have elapsed since the publication of the late Rev. W. Bingley's *Excursions in North Wales*, during which many and extensive alterations have taken place; for instance, the roads from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, from Chester to Bangor, from Caernarvon to Llanberis, and several others, have either been wholly formed or reconstructed; the Menai and Conway Bridges have been erected; the embankment at Tremadoc completed, and the celebrated Parys Mines nearly exhausted. These circumstances made correspondent alterations in the book necessary, and rendered it impossible any longer to preserve the tour in the form of a personal narrative: they also made it advisable to alter in part the route

prescribed and adopted by the late Rev. W. Bingley, and to substitute that laid down in the following pages, which was in a great measure pursued by the Editor himself. This route has been made to comprize Aberystwith and the Devil's Bridge; for these places, though in South Wales, owing to the character of the scenery in their neighbourhood, and to their being close upon the borders, may almost be considered as a part of North Wales. The tourist by following it will be enabled to see nearly every object of the slightest interest in North Wales without retracing his steps.

Some of the objects described in the following pages may perhaps be interesting to the antiquary alone, and these the tourist, who is in search merely of the beauties of nature, may neglect to visit; indeed, in all cases, persons must be guided by time and circumstances in planning the route which they are to take: but by referring to the index, they will in general be able to find not only a description of the places they intend to visit, but likewise of the scenery accompanying the roads which lead to and from these places.

The accompanying Map is by Messrs. J. and C. Walker, slightly altered under the Editor's own superintendence, in order the more completely to serve the purposes of this book, and he believes that for its size, it will be found the most correct and intelligible of any yet published of North Wales.

2, CHARLOTTE STREET, BLOOMSBURY,
May 7th, 1839.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Roads—Inns—Means of Conveyance—Guides—Prominent Objects and Scenery—Language.

THERE is almost as much facility in travelling in Wales as in England, the roads in general being as good, the inns as commodious and comfortable, and the means of conveyance as easily to be met with.

THE ROADS.

The Great Holyhead Road, passing as it does through tracts of country wild in the extreme, overcoming all impediments, and never rising to an elevation sufficient to render any part of the journey tedious, must appear to all strangers to be a magnificent work. Next to this, and scarcely inferior in point of excellence, is the road leading from Chester to Caernarvon; whilst the roads from Caernarvon to Capel Curig, from Caernarvon to Barmouth, from Barmouth to Aberystwith, from Aberystwith to Shrewsbury, and from Shrewsbury to Bala, though in some parts hilly, are extremely good; indeed, in passing from place to place, the traveller will seldom have to regret the want of good roads. It is true that the carts carrying slates, &c. from the quarries injure them in some parts, but never to any great extent.

INNS.

The accommodation for travellers in Wales is excellent. Several of the inns are on the most extensive scale, and few

even in England will surpass in comfort, cleanliness and the civility of the landlords, the inn at Cernioge, the Goat at Beddgelert, the inns at Tany Bwlch and Capel Curig, the Penrhyn Arms Hotel near Bangor, the Victoria Hotel at Dôlbadarn, and the Belle Vue at Aberystwith. The charges are never exorbitant; being, at the first-rate inns about the same, or perhaps rather less, than they would be at moderate inns in England.

MEANS OF CONVEYANCE.

During half the year, that is, from May to October, both inclusive, conveyances are easily to be met with. Between Shrewsbury and Holyhead, the Mail and Wonder coaches pass daily; the latter is frequently accommodating enough to stop at one or two objects of curiosity on the road, such as Rhaiadr Wennol, and for this reason perhaps the tourist would do well to select this conveyance. From Chester to Caernarvon there are two daily coaches, which, if the tourist is urgent, may be induced to stop at Holywell a sufficient length of time to enable him to visit St. Wenefred's Well. From Caernarvon to Barmouth there is a mail, and from Barmouth a coach three times a week to Chester, passing through Dolgelley, Bala, Druid, Delwer, Ruthin and Mold. A coach runs from Barmouth to Aberystwith, and from Aberystwith to Shrewsbury there are coaches daily through Welsh Pool, Newtown and Llanidloes.

Post-horses and cars are to be met with in abundance on all the principal roads, with the exception of that from Oswestry to Bala, a distance of 30 miles, throughout which there are none to be had. At the principal inns from six to twelve pair of horses are kept; but although the number is so extensive yet during the height of the season, they are in so great demand, that the traveller would do well to bespeak them immediately upon his arrival at the inn, if he

should be particularly anxious to proceed on his journey at any given time.

A steam-packet plies daily between Liverpool and Bangor, making the voyage in about six hours; and there are likewise steam-boats daily from Liverpool to Rhyl.

Besides these several modes of conveyance, horses may be hired or ponies purchased at the option of the tourist.

GUIDES.

There will be no difficulty in finding guides, and they are in general contented with a slight remuneration; the guides to Snowdon and Cader Idris, however, make regular charges for their personal services, and 5s. for every pony furnished by them. The father of the Snowdon Guides, Richard Edwards by name, lives at Beddgelert, and may be met with at the Goat Inn; and those persons who wish to ascend Cader Idris from Dolgelley will do well to select Richard Pugh, *junior*, to accompany them; he may be heard of at the Golden Lion.

PROMINENT OBJECTS AND SCENERY.

For the information of those persons who are unacquainted with the principal beauties of North Wales, a list is here given of the objects and scenery which will, in all probability, afford the highest gratification to the tourist, they are as follow:—

Pont Cysyllty Aqueduct—the vale of Llangollen—the road from Cernioge to Bangor, through Nant Frangon, in which are situated Mr. Pennant's slate quarries—the Menai Bridge—the road from the Menai Bridge to Beaumaris—Beaumaris Castle—the voyage from Bangor to Liverpool—the road from Bangor to Conway—Conway Castle and Bridge—the vale of Conway—the vale of Clywd—St. Wenefred's Well at Holywell—Caernarvon and Castle—the

Nantlle pools—the road from Caernarvon to Llanberis—the scenery around Llanberis—the road from Llanberis to Beddgelert—the scenery around Beddgelert—Snowdon—the road from Beddgelert to Tremadoc, passing by Pont Aberglasslyn—the embankment at Tremadoc, and view of Snowdon therefrom—the vale of Ffestiniog—Harlech Castle—the road from Barmouth to Dolgelley—Cader Idris—the vale of Rheidol and the Devil's Bridge.

The chief waterfalls are—Pistyll Rhaiadr—the falls of the Mynach at the Devil's Bridge—the falls in the neighbourhood of Dolgelley—the falls near Maentwrog—the falls of the Cynfael near Ffestiniog—the falls at Pont y Pair, close to the Holyhead and London road—Rhaiadr Wennol, close to the same road—and Rhaiadr Benglog, close to the same road—Rhaiadr Mawr, near Aber, on the Chester and Holyhead road—and Caunant Mawr, at Dolbadarn.

LANGUAGE.

The Welsh language has much intrinsic merit; in the strength of its expressions it is inferior to none; in harmony it is superior to most; nor is it an inconsiderable proof of its copiousness and independency, that without the assistance of any foreign words it fully expresses all the conceptions of the mind.

The Welsh, Cornish and Breton or Armoric languages, have an uniform agreement with each other, in grammar, structure and nomenclature; and the Irish and Erse or Gaelic are fundamentally the same with the Welsh, though differing much in the dialect and pronunciation. They all proceeded from one common head or fountain, the ancient Celtic or British tongue.

It is supposed that there were anciently in the Welsh language no less than 43 letters; 16 of which were radicals,

that expressed the primary sounds, and the rest modulations or dependents on them. For each of these it is probable that there was formerly a simple appropriate character; but, since the invention of printing, and the introduction of Roman letters, it has been necessary, for want of a sufficient variety of cast for the purpose, to adopt two, and in one instance even three, of those letters, to express one sound or character, by which much of the simplicity and beauty of the proper alphabet has been lost.

No letter has any variation of sound except the accented vowels â, ê, ô, û, w, which are lengthened or otherwise according to the power of the accent; and all are pronounced, as there are no mutes.

The tourist, though he will occasionally be perplexed with the reply of Dim Saesnag, *no Saxon or English*, to a question asked, may proceed through a great part of Wales without being inconvenienced by a want of knowledge of the native language. He may however be frequently at a loss to discover the correct pronunciation of the names of different places. To assist him in this respect the following pronunciation is given of the letters in the Welsh alphabet.

A, has the same sound as the English open *a* in the word *bard*.

B, *eb*, as in English.

C, is always hard, as *k*, or as *c* in *can*.

Ch, which is accounted but one consonant, is a guttural, as χ in Greek, or \aleph , Cheth, in Hebrew.

D, *ed*, as in English.

Dd, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a word, is an aspirated *d*, and has the sound of *th* in the words *this*, *that*. *Dda*, good, is pronounced *Thu*.

E, as *e* English in the word *bed*; or if circumflexed, as *a* English in the word *same*.

F, has the sound of the English *v*.

Ff, as *f* English.

G, *eg* as in *go*.

Ng, *eng*, as in the English word *long*.

H, *aitch*, as in English.

I, *ee*, as in *hid*; or if circumflexed, like our *ee* in *been*: thus *cíl* is pronounced *keel*.

L, *el*, as in English.

Ll, is an aspirated l, and has much the sound of *thl*.

M, *em*, as in English.

N, *en*, as in English.

O, as *o* in the English word *don*, or if circumflexed, as *o* in the English word *tone*.

P, *ep*, as in English.

Ph, *eph*, an aspirated P.

R, *ar*, as in English; at the beginning of a word it is always aspirated.

Rh, *arh*, an aspirated R.

S, *ess*, as in English.

T, *et*, as in English.

Th, *eth*, an aspirated T.

V, sounds like *i* in *limb*, *lime*, &c.; when circumflexed, as *ee* in *been*.

W, is a vowel, and has the power, when circumflexed, of *oo* in *soon*.

Y, is in some words pronounced like *i* in *third*; in others like *o* in *honey*; and again, in others as the *u* in *mud*, *dust*, &c.

V is sometimes used instead of *f*. B and P, C and G, and V and Y, are used promiscuously, as were formerly V and M.

The following translation of a few words of frequent occurrence will be a key to the meaning of the names of many of the places :

Aber, a confluence ; the fall of one river into another, or into the sea, as *Aberdovey*, the confux of the Dovey.

Afon, or *Avon*, what flows ; and thence a stream or river.

Am, about, around.

Allt, a cliff ; the steep of a hill.

Ar, upon ; bordering or abutting upon.

Ban, high, lofty, tall.

Bach, and *Bychan*, little : feminine *Vychan* and *Vechan*.

Bedd, a grave or sepulchre.

Bettws, a station between hill and dale.

Blaen, a point, top, or end.

Bôd, a dwelling, residence, or station.

Braich, a branch, an arm.

Bryn, a hill.

Bychan, little, small.

Bwlch, a gap or pass between rocks.

Cader, a keep, fortress, or stronghold ; a chair.

Cae, an inclosure, a hedge.

Caer, a fort, or fortified place, generally constructed with stones and mortar.

Capel, a chapel.

Coed, a wood.

Carn, a heap.

Carnedd, a heap of stones.

Castell, a castle.

Cefen, a ridge ; a high ground.

Clawdd, a dike, ditch, or trench ; and sometimes a wall or fence.

Clogwyn, a precipice.

Craig, a rock :—from this the English word *crag* is derived.

Cêl, a retreat, a recess.

Cwm, a great hollow or glen.

Dinas, a fort, or fortified place, constructed in general with a rampart of loose stones and earth without any cement.

Dôl, a meadow or dale in the bend of a river.

Drws, a door, pass, or opening.

Dû, black.

Dwfr, or *Dwr*, water.

Dyffryn, a wide cultivated valley.

Eglwys, a church.

Ffordd, a way, a road, a passage.

Fynnon, a spring, well, or source.

Gallt, a cliff, an ascent, the side of a hill.

Garth, a mountain that bends round, or that incloses.

Glan, a bank or shore.

Glâs, bluish, or greyish green.

Glyn, a deep vale, through which a river runs :—from hence was derived our word *glen*.

Gwern, a watery meadow.

Gwydd, a wood; woody or wild.

Gwyn, white.

Gwys, a summons.

Havod, a summer residence.

Is, lower, inferior.

Llan, a smooth plot; a place of meeting; the church place, or village; and, figuratively, the church.

Llech, a flat stone or crag; a smooth cliff.

Llwyn, a grove, or copse.

Llyn, a pool, or pond.

Maen, a stone.

Maes, an open field.

Mawr, great; feminine, *Vawr*.

Melin, a mill.

Moel, fair; bald; a smooth mountain.

Morfa, a marsh.

Mynydd, a mountain.

Nant, a ravine; a brook.

Newydd, new; fresh.

Pant, a narrow hollow or ravine.

Pen, a head, top, or end.

Pentref, a village or hamlet.

Pistyll, a spout; a cataract.

Plûs, a hall or mansion.

Plwyf, a parish.

Pont, a bridge.

Porth, a port; a ferry.

Pwell, a pit; a pool.

Rhaiadr, a cataract.

Rhiw, an ascent.

Rhôs, a moist plain or meadow.

Rhyd, a ford.

Sarn, a causeway.

Tal, the front, head, or end.

Tun, under.

Traeth, a sand on the sea-shore.

Tre, or *Tref*, a township.

Tri, three.

Troed, a foot, or skirt of a hill.

Twr, a tower.

Ty, a house.

Yn, in, at, into.

Ystrad, a vale.

Yspytty, a hospital; an almshouse.

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NORTH WALES.

CHAPTER I.

SHREWSBURY—OSWESTRY—WATT'S DYKE—OFFA'S DYKE
—BRYNKINNALT.

ENTERING Wales by the Great Holyhead road, Chirk is the first place which the traveller reaches. This village is situated on the northern bank of the river Ceiriog, which separates the counties of Denbigh and Salop, and consequently England and Wales. Strictly speaking, therefore, a tour through North Wales (if the route laid down in the following pages be adopted) commences with Chirk; but as Shrewsbury, Oswestry* and Brynkinnalt† are so im-

* Oswestry and its hundred, at the making of Domesday, formed a part of Wales. They were annexed to England in the eighth year of the reign of Edward I.

† Brynkinnalt is partly in England and partly in Wales, a portion of the grounds being in Shropshire, and the remainder, together with the house, in Denbighshire.

mediately connected with the Principality, this chapter is devoted to a description of the above places.

SHREWSBURY.

Is a town of considerable magnitude and importance, containing 21,297* inhabitants. It is situated on a sloping ground, and nearly surrounded by the river Severn. The streets are irregular, and many of the buildings very ancient, but great improvements have of late years been made under the provisions of an act obtained in 1821. This place once formed the capital of Powisland, and was, for some years, a seat of the Welsh princes. Near the eastern entrance is a *Doric column* fluted, rising from a noble pedestal, and supporting a gigantic statue of Lord Hill; on the faces of the pedestal are inscribed the name, style and military actions of this illustrious Salopian. It is ascended by an internal circular staircase. The height of the whole structure is 132 feet. It was built by voluntary contributions.

The Castle is built of a red stone, and situated on an eminence above the river, just in that part of the town where the river leaves it undefended. Its foundation has been ascribed to Roger de Montgomery, the great Earl of Shrewsbury, who lived in the reign of William the Conqueror; but of the ancient structure there is not at this time much remaining. The keep stood on a large artificial mount, which seems to prove it of Saxon or British origin.

The castle continued in possession of the two sons of the founders till the reign of Henry I. when that monarch chose to take it into his own hands. After the restoration of Charle. II. it was granted to Francis Lord Newport, after-

* Wherever the population is mentioned, the number is taken from the census in 1831.

wards Earl of Bradford; and some time subsequent to this grant it became the property of the Pultency family, from whom it was acquired by the Duke of Cleveland, its present possessor.

Robert de Belesme, son to Roger de Montgomery, was the first who attempted to defend the town by *Walls*. This he did, by building from the castle along each side of the river for a considerable distance; and thus he secured himself for a while from the attack of his enemy, Henry the First. The remaining part of the walls was erected in the reign of Henry the Third, at the request of the inhabitants, to fortify the place against the inroads of the Welsh. So great, however, was the want of money for the completion of the undertaking, that thirty-two years elapsed before they could be finished. Comparatively speaking, but a small portion of the walls is now left.

At a little distance beyond the castle, and, situated like that building, on the elevated bank of the Severn, is the *County gaol*, a large and handsome structure. It is constructed of brick, and in a situation that cannot be surpassed for the purity, and consequent healthiness of its atmosphere. In a niche over the entrance there is a bust of Howard. The outer walls were commenced in the year 1789, and some of the apartments were ready for the reception of prisoners in 1796.

Proceeding along a pleasant terrace walk to the end of the building and descending to the river, there is a footpath which leads to the English bridge. From hence the castle, the river and the town, partly hidden by trees, with the spires of St. Mary's and St. Alkmund's churches form a beautiful and picturesque scene.

The English bridge is an elegant structure of seven arches, erected in 1774. On the west side of the town, in a direction nearly opposite to this, is the other, called *the*

Welsh bridge. This was erected in 1795. The ancient bridge had a gate, and towers at each end, a necessary defence against the turbulent neighbours on that side of the water.

Shrewsbury Abbey is situated in the suburbs of the town, a little beyond the English bridge. The present remains consist of only the west part, from the transept to the west tower. The choir, the cloister, and chapter-house, are entirely destroyed. Of the side aisles the arches are yet left, and at the east end of the church two of the ancient columns inclose a modern wall and painted window. The great tower still remains, and contains a fine gothic window, over which is a statue, supposed by some to represent the founder, Roger de Montgomery, and by others to represent Edward III. The whole building is of the same kind of red stone as the castle, and, except the west window, is in the Norman style of architecture, with plain arches and massy columns. On the south side of the altar there is a recumbent figure, in a coat of mail, and in the act of drawing a sword; this is believed to have been the monument of Montgomery. An inscription intimates that it was discovered among the ruins of the abbey, and that, in 1622, it had been directed by the heralds at arms to be carefully preserved, in consequence of which it was placed in its present situation. Several other curious monuments are to be found here, and the church is well worthy the attention of the antiquarian.*

* The history of the abbey is short.—It was founded by Roger de Montgomery and his Countess Adelissa, in the year 1083, and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. Its monks were of the Benedictine order, and first brought over from Sees, in Normandy; and the earl, by permission of his lady, became himself one of the religious of his own abbey. He endowed it largely, and encouraged all who were dependant on him to become benefactors. At his death, about nine years afterwards, he received here an honourable interment. Robert, the fourth abbot, procured, though with much difficulty, the bones of St. Wenefreid, and had them enshrined here. The property of the abbey at the dissolution

In a garden on the south side of the church there is a small but elegant octagonal building, the remains of an *ancient oratory* belonging to the abbey, now called St. Wenefred's Pulpit.

The remaining churches in Shrewsbury are,—St. Giles's, St. Alkmund's, St. Mary's, St. Julian's and St. Chad's.

St. Giles's Church is situated on the skirt of the suburbs, about a mile east of the abbey. It is an ancient, small and inelegant, but somewhat picturesque, building. It boasts a higher origin than the abbey, and in the Domesday Survey is called "the parish of the city." It is at present annexed to the church of Holy Cross, or the abbey. The bones of St. Wenefred, when they were removed from Denbighshire to Shrewsbury, are said to have been first, for a time, deposited in this church. In the church-yard, but now almost obliterated, there is an inscription to the memory of William White, a quarter-master of horse, in the reign of William the Third:—

"In Irish wars I fought for England's glory;
Let no man scoff my telling of this story.
I saw great Schomberg fall, also the brave St. Ruth,
Yet here I come to die, not there in my youth.
Through dangers great, I've pass'd many a storm,
Die we must all, as sure as we are born."

St. Alkmund's Church is remarkable for its handsome spire. It contains an east window of stained glass, the workmanship of Eginton, of Birmingham. This was put up in the year 1795, and cost about £200.

This church is said to have been founded by the heroine Elfreda, the daughter of King Alfred. The body of the structure is modern, but the tower and spire appear to be of considerable antiquity.

was valued by Speed at about 500*l.* per annum. On the church being made parochial by Queen Elizabeth, it received the name of St. Crux, or the *Holy Cross*, in the abbey of Shrewsbury, which name it still retains.

If we may believe a manuscript written by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and deposited in the Free School Library, the devil appeared in St. Alkmund's church in the year 1533, as the priest was at high mass. During a great tempest and darkness he passed through the church, mounted up the steeple, and, tearing away the wires of the clock, left the print of his claws on the fourth bell; and in his way out took off one of the pinnacles! This is a singular mode of accounting for a violent thunder-storm, and it will appear the more remarkable when the reader is informed, that the prince of darkness on this occasion appeared clad in the habit of a grey friar!

St. Mary's Church bears the appearance of great antiquity. The south and west entrances are beneath arches of Norman architecture. This church was founded by King Edgar, and it formerly had a dean and seven prebendaries. Before the foundation of the abbey, it was esteemed the principal church in the town.

From the elevated situation of the building, and the great height of its spire, the latter has frequently suffered from high winds. In 1739 the weather-cock was blown on one side, when a person of the name of Cadman engaged to take it down, which he soon afterwards did, and then put it in its place again. This man, eager to perform feats of prowess, fixed a rope from the top of the spire to a tree in a field on the opposite side of the river, and to various other places; and for a few times slid from thence without injury; but on Candlemas-day in the same year, after beating a drum, firing pistols, &c. he attempted to slide down the rope across the river, but it broke soon after he had trusted his weight upon it, and he was consequently dashed to pieces. He was buried on the same day, the 2d of February, 1739, at the foot of the steeple, and a plain slab was fixed to the wall over his grave, with this quaint inscription, now scarcely legible:—

“ Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
How by’n attempt to fly from this high spire,
Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
His fatal end. ’Twas not for want of skill,
Or courage to perform the task, he fell,
No, no, a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his soul on high to take a flight,
Which bid the body, here beneath, good night.”

St. Julian’s Church. The body of this building is of brick, and the tower of stone; the former is of modern erection. When or by whom the church was founded is not known; it was formerly styled a royal chapel.

St. Chad’s Church was erected in 1792, at some distance from the ancient building of the same name. Of the latter, part of the chancel is yet standing, and is at present appropriated to the use of the charity school. This building (old St. Chad’s) stood on the site of a palace of the princes of Powis, which was destroyed by fire during the Saxon wars. The church was probably erected not long afterwards. In the year 1393 the first structure was burnt down by the carelessness of one of the workmen who was mending the leads. The fellow observing the mischief he had done, and that the flames had become too powerful for him to extinguish them, ran home, put some money in his pocket, and attempted to escape, but was drowned in fording the river. On an inquisition before the coroners of the town of Shrewsbury, the jury found, “ that John Plomer, working upon the leads of St. Chad’s church, and perceiving the same in flames through his neglect, ran to his own house in the High-street, put five marks four shillings and sixpence in his pocket, and fled. On reaching the ford at the Stone Gate, in endeavouring to make his escape, he was drowned in the river Severn.” In order that this loss might be retrieved, King Richard II. granted to the bailiffs

and commonality of the town, for three years then following, acquittance from their fee farm, and likewise from their arrears of taxes then lately granted by the Parliament to the King. The fabric erected from this indulgence is that of which the ruins are still left.

The *New St. Chad's* is built near the ground called the Quarry: it is highly ornamented. The principal entrance is through the east door into a circular vestibule, which contains the stairs leading to the galleries. The body of the church is circular, and in the interior, owing to its galleries with their supporting pillars and the general effect of the decorations, rather resembles a place of amusement than of sacred worship.

The Quarry is a most delightful walk along an avenue of fine old limes, which leads to the Severn, and then a considerable distance each way along its bank.

The House of Industry is a large brick building, on the opposite lofty bank of the Severn. The situation is one of the most healthy that could have been chosen. The front of the building commands a fine view of the town and suburbs of Shrewsbury. Beyond is seen the Wrekin and others of the Shropshire mountains, and at a little distance, in an opposite direction, the Breiddin hills and an extensive tract of country towards Wales.

The House of Austin or *Augustine Friars* stood close to the river, at a short distance from the Quarry. It is supposed to have been founded by some one of the Stafford family.

The Grey or *Franciscan Friary* was situated a little to the south of the English bridge; of this, however, there is scarcely a vestige remaining. It is supposed to have been founded some time prior to 1353.

The Black or *Dominican Friary* stood near the river, between the castle and the English bridge, at the bottom

of St. Mary's, Water Lane. Its foundation is ascribed to Maud, the wife of Jeffry, Lord Genevil, about the year 1265. The two sons of Edward the Fourth, who are believed to have been murdered in the Tower by order of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the Third, are said to have been born in this friary.

The Free School stands in a street leading to the castle. It is a large antique stone building, with a square tower, and contains, besides good school-rooms, a dwelling-house, chapel and library. In the latter, which was rebuilt in 1815, there is a valuable collection of books and several natural and artificial enriosities. This school was founded in 1552 by King Edward VI., and the original building was constructed of timber. The present edifice was erected about forty years afterwards.

The Infirmary, which was rebuilt in the year 1830, stands near St. Mary's chnreh-yard. It is supported by voluntary benefactions, and its benefits extend not only to the town and eountry, but to all proper objects without distinction of place.

Millington's Hospital is situated on an eminence above Frankwell, a suburb beyond the Welsh bridge. It is a handsome brick building, and was founded in 1734 under the direction of Mr. James Millington, formerly a draper of Shrewsbury. It maintains twelve decayed house-keepers (single persons), and a charity-school for twenty boys and twenty girls, from the district of Frankwell, if such are to be found, and if not, from the nearest part of the parish of St. Chad. No dissenters of any denomination can have relief from this charity; it is confined to persons of orthodox principles of the Church of England.

St. Chad's Alms-houses, for decayed old men and women, were founded in 1409, by Bennet Tupton, a brewer of

Shrewsbury. They are situated in old St. Chad's church-yard.

St. Mary's Alms-houses, in Ox-lane, near St. Mary's church, were founded, about the year 1460, by Digery Waters, a draper. He is said to have lived here among the poor people. They are confined principally to old persons, and those from St. Mary's parish only. The people have clothes and a small salary allowed them.

The Charity School in Back-lane was founded in 1724, under the will of Mr. Alderman Bowdler. This was intended for poor children of the parish of St. Julian, and if such cannot be found, of the parish of Holy Cross.

The Subscription Charity School, for instructing and clothing poor children, is situated by the road-side leading to the abbey. It was begun in the year 1778. The boys are taught to read, and the girls to read, sew and knit.

Mr. John Allat, formerly chamberlain of the borough, bequeathed property to a considerable amount to charitable purposes; a portion of which was to be applied in clothing, instructing and apprenticing poor children of parents not receiving parochial relief. A handsome freestone building was erected for this charity in 1800.

The Town Hall, in which the assizes are holden, and where the magistrates transact public business, is a capacious and handsome building, lately erected from designs by Smirke.

Besides the buildings already mentioned, *the Market-house*, which is now used exclusively for the sale of corn, and some curious old houses in Butcher's-row, are well worthy of notice.

A theatre has been lately built in this town, and assembly-rooms are in the course of being erected.

History of Shrewsbury.—The town of Shrewsbury boasts of a very remote origin, but the exact date of its foundation

cannot at this day be ascertained. It is supposed to have been first built from the ruins of the Roman *Uriconium*, or the *Vreken Ceaster* of the Saxons, the site of which has been discovered at Wroxeter, a village on the bank of the Severn, about four miles distant. The Welsh name for Shrewsbury was Pen Gwern, *the Head of the Alder Groves*; and the Saxons called it Scrobbes Byrig, on account of the eminence on which it was situated being covered with wood, from which, written in Domesday-book *Sciropesberie*, its present name is derived.

In the reign of William the Conqueror, Shrewsbury was granted to Roger de Montgomery, who shortly afterwards founded the castle and abbey. At this time it was called a city, and had 252 citizens. Whenever the king passed through the place, twelve of the highest order of these were compelled, whether he was sleeping or waking, to attend on his person; and as many with horses and arms were also to attend him whenever he took the recreation of hunting in the neighbourhood. These services were imposed as a punishment, in consequence of Edric Streon, Duke of Mercia, having near this place lain in wait for and murdered Prince Afhelm, as he was returning from the chase.

The burgesses of Shrewsbury had many privileges even before the Conquest; and Henry I. on the forfeiture of Robert de Belesme, son to Montgomery, seized the town into his own hands, and granted the burgesses their first charter. By various grants and charters in this and subsequent reigns, the burgesses, amongst others, were allowed the following privileges:—To hold all pleas except those of the crown; to receive toll and custom from all the Welsh that traded in the town. They were exempted from pontage, toll, and other exactions. Their goods could not be seized for any forfeiture made by their servants. They could in no case be summoned to appear before any others than

burgesses, their peers. No sheriff or other officer could distrain within the liberties of the town; and no burgess could be arrested nor have his goods seized. In the reign of Elizabeth the town was incorporated; and the charter of the incorporation was afterwards confirmed by Charles I. and James II.

Several parliaments have been holden in Shrewsbury. The first that was summoned formally by writ met in September, 1283. By this, David, the brother of Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, was tried for high treason, and condemned; he was the first person who suffered the death of a traitor in the form of the sentence now in use. Another parliament was holden here in 1397, which, on account of the great number of people that were assembled in it, was called the Great Parliament. By a strange concession of this parliament, Richard II. obtained a great stretch of power, viz. that the whole government of a nation should devolve on the king, twelve peers and six commoners. A bull from the Pope was thought necessary to confirm so irregular a proceeding.

Of the military transactions relative to this place, the most important was the battle fought here in July, 1403, best known by the name of *The Battle of Shrewsbury*, between King Henry IV. and the soldiers commanded by Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur. It had been the design of the insurgents from the north to make themselves masters of this town and castle, and then to strengthen their forces by a junction with Owen Glyndwr and his countrymen. The activity of Henry prevented this junction, and saved his crown. Coming up with Percy's army at this town, the high spirit of that hero would not suffer him to wait the arrival of Glyndwr, who was encamped near Oswestry, but he hazarded a contest even with his inferior force. The fight commenced early in the morning, and

after a violent struggle of three hours, Percy's party was completely routed, and himself and about 5000 of his men were slain. The Earls of Worcester and Douglas were taken prisoners, the former of whom was soon afterwards beheaded at Shrewsbury. The scene of this contention was a place since called Battlefield, in the parish of Albrighton, about three miles distant.

In the year 1485, Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII., arrived at Milford Haven from Bretagne, and he had so far paved the way for his reception in this country as to meet with little opposition till he came to Shrewsbury. Here, however, the gates were shut against him. He sent messengers to demand that the gates be opened to admit the rightful sovereign of England. The head bailiff, whose name was Mytton, appeared at the gate, and answered, " I acknowledge no sovereign but King Richard III., whose servants I and my townsmen are. *I solemnly swear, that before any other enter this town he shall first make his way over my body.*" By this expression he meant that he would suffer himself to be slain rather than admit any but his acknowledged monarch. The messengers returned to Henry, and they were again sent on the following morning to request that the Earl of Richmond might be suffered to pass. They pledged themselves for the Earl that no injury whatever should be done to the town or its inhabitants, and that Mytton himself should also be saved from the guilt of perjury. The bailiff, having in some measure changed his mind since his last interview with the messengers, did not object to these lenient terms. Henry entered the town *by stepping over the body of Mytton, who laid down for the purpose in the gateway.* From hence he passed on to Bosworth Field, where the decisive battle was fought in which Richard III. was slain.

It is affirmed of this entry of the army of Henry VII.,

that a malady unknown before was introduced into England, called the *sweating sickness*. It raged for upwards of sixty years in the kingdom, carrying off many thousand people, and at last ended in this town in the year 1551. A short time before this period it was so violent here as to take off no fewer than 990 persons in the course of a few days. The disease began with a violent perspiration, which continued till either the death or recovery of the patient. It seldom lasted more than twenty-four hours, so that those who happened to be taken ill in the day-time were put to bed with their clothes on to wait the event: and those who were seized in the night were ordered to remain in bed, but on no account to sleep. This singular and dreadful malady seems to have originated among the levies that Henry had raised on the continent, which had been raked out of hospitals and gaols, buried in filth, and, without any attention to their health or comfort, immediately crowded on board the transports.

In the civil wars, Shrewsbury was garrisoned for the King, and Sir Michael Earnly was made governor. General Mytton made two unsuccessful attempts upon it, but in February, 1644, the place was surrendered to him. Crowe, the lieutenant, was afterwards hanged for his treachery, or cowardice. The governor and several persons of rank were made prisoners, and the town was plundered. Mytton soon after the siege was made governor, and he received the thanks of the House of Commons for his good services.

In a chronological list of remarkable events at Shrewsbury are recorded the following singular occurrences:

1212. This year the Sheriffs of Salop and Stafford were compelled to provide 200 wood-cutters, to cut down timber and other obstructions, in order to make way for the King's army to enter into Wales.

1427. A bye-law was made against swine wandering about the town: the penalty was cutting off an ear for each of the two first offences, and forfeiture for the third.

1519. The brewers were ordered by the corporation not to use that *wicked and pernicious weed*, hops, in their brewings, under the penalty of 6s. 8d.

1547. This year Adam Mytton and Roger Pope, the bailiffs, ordered the picture of Our Lady to be taken out of St. Mary's church; and the pictures of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Chad out of St. Chad's church, and burned.

1552. The magistrates of Shrewsbury were restrained by act of parliament from licensing any more than three persons to sell wine within the town.

1585. On the 15th of May Lord Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, came through the town, before whom the free-school scholars made several orations, as he passed through the castle gates, they standing in battle array, with bows and arrows in their hands.

1618. It was in this year ordered by the corporation, that two persons should be constantly stationed in each street to search for vagrants.

The principal inn in the town of Shrewsbury is the Lion, besides this, there are the Talbot, the Raven and Bell, and the Fox.

Shrewsbury is distant from London 153 miles; from Oswestry 18; from Holyhead 107; and from Welshpool 18.

OSWESTRY

Was during the Saxon times a place of considerable importance, and at the present day it is a place of some note. The number of its inhabitants is 4478. The sale of Welsh

flannels was formerly carried on in this town to a great extent, but Welshpool and Newtown having long since superseded it as markets for this article, the chief business now is in malting. A new church and other extensive improvements and additions have of late years been made here.

This town was anciently called *Oswaldstre*, a name which it is said to have obtained from the following event:—In the year 642 the contending armies of Oswald, King of Northumberland, and Penda, the ferocious King of Mercia, met here; the former was routed, and Oswald fell on the field of battle. Penda, with unexampled barbarity, caused the breathless body of Oswald to be cut in pieces and stuck on poles, as so many trophies of his victory. Thus the place was called *Oswald's Tree*, and some time afterwards Oswestry.* In a manuscript account of the town, written in 1635, is the following note: "There was an old oake lately standing in Mesburie, within the parish Oswestry, whereon one of King Oswald's armes hung, say the neighbours by tradition."†

Oswald had been a great benefactor to various monasteries; and his character was so much revered by the monks, that a short time after his death he was canonized; and the field in which he was slain became celebrated for the numerous miracles that were believed to have been wrought in it.

On the place of martyrdom, as the monks have termed it, a *monastery* was founded, dedicated to St. Oswald; but there are no evidences at present extant of the time either of its foundation or dissolution. In the reign of Henry the Eighth no part of the building was left; for Leland, who

* *Oswaldstre*, as a Welsh word, signifies only *Oswald's town*. Previous to the death of Oswald, this place was called *Maeserfelth*, or *Maeserfield*, in the kingdom of Mercia.

† Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 1981.

then visited this place, says that the cloister only, was standing within the memory of persons then living.

This accurate writer likewise informs us, that when he was here, the houses of the town were principally formed of timber, and slated. Not far from the church there was a fine spring of water, surrounded by a stone wall, (having a chapel over it,) called *Oswald's Well*. Of the origin of this well, the inhabitants had a tradition, that when Oswald was slain, an eagle tore one of the arms from the body, and making off with it, fell and perished on this spot, whence a spring of water immediately gushed up, which has remained ever since, a memorial of the event. The town was defended by walls, and was moated round, but in the walls there were no towers except those of the four gates. This place, he says, was also principally supported by its trade in woollen cloth.*

The castle formerly stood on an artificial mound, at the outside of the town.

According to the Welsh historians, it was founded in 1148 by Madoc ap Mcredith ap Bleddyn, prince of Powis, an ally of Henry II. The English records, however, assign to it a more ancient date. They inform us that it was in being before the Norman Conquest, and that William the Conqueror, shortly after that event, bestowed it on Alan, one of his Norman friends.

In the year 1214, a complaint was laid to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Llewelyn ap Griffith ap Madoc, against the constable of Oswestry castle, for compelling him to put to death two young noblemen, in derogation of their birth and extraction; "which disgrace (he states) their parents would not have undergone *for three hundred pounds sterling!*" He alleges also, that the constable had twice imprisoned sixty of his men, when each man was compelled to

* Leland's Itin. v. 37, 38.

pay ten shillings for his liberty ; and that when the Welsh people came to Oswestry fair, the constable had frequently seized their cattle, by driving them into the castle, and refused to make any satisfaction. Two years after this period the town was destroyed by order of King John, on account of Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, having refused to aid him in the contentions with his barons. It experienced a similar disaster in the reign of Henry III. In the reign of Edward I. Oswestry was surrounded with walls, that it might be less liable to suffer from the plundering excursions of the Welsh. However, during the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was, notwithstanding the walls, again plundered and burnt.

The town of Oswestry has thrice suffered dreadfully from the effects of accidental fires, which all happened within the short space of thirty years. In 1542 two long streets were thus consumed ; two years afterwards there was a fire more destructive than this ; and in 1567 two hundred houses were burnt to the ground.

During the reign of Charles I., Oswestry was in the possession of the royalists till June 1644, when it was besieged by General Mytton and the Earl of Denbigh with a force consisting of two troops of horse and 200 foot soldiers. The attack was so furious, that in the short space of an hour, and with the loss of only one or two men, a breach in the walls was effected, by which they entered the town. The inhabitants, in consternation, fled for shelter to the castle ; but an attack was immediately commenced on it by cannon. A daring youth, of the name of Cranage, was persuaded by some of the parliament's officers to fasten a peard to the castle gate. Being well animated with sack, he undertook the desperate enterprize. With the engine hidden, he crept unperceived from one house to another,

till he got to that next the castle, whence he sprang to the gate; he fixed his engine, set fire to it, and escaped unhurt. This, by the force of its explosion, burst open the castle gate, and the place was immediately taken. The deputy governor, four captains, and about 300 soldiers were made prisoners. Previously to the attack, the governor pulled down the tower and part of the body of the church which stood without the walls, lest the enemy should use them to the annoyance of the garrison. About a fortnight after its surrender, the king's forces, consisting of about 3000 foot and 1500 horse, under the command of Colonel Marrow, attempted to retake this place. Intimation of their approach was immediately sent to Sir Thomas Middleton, who hastening to the assistance of the garrison, attacked the king's troops, and completely routed them. After the death of the king the castle was demolished.

Oswestry has at different times been favoured with many privileges from its lords. Its most extensive charter was, however, granted in the year 1406, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, at that time owner of the place. From this the inhabitants derived several advantages which they had not before enjoyed. The chief of these were, that neither the lord nor his heirs should seize on nor confiscate the effects of any person in the corporation that died without making a will; and that none of the inhabitants of the lordships of Oswestry, Molverley, Kinardsley, Egerley, Ruyton, and eleven adjacent villages, at that time called the eleven towns, should convey cattle or goods to any other fair or market without having previously exposed them for sale in the town of Oswestry, under the penalty of 6s. 8d. for each offence.

The principal inns at Oswestry are the Wynnstay Arms and the Cross Keys.

Oswestry is distant from Shrewsbury 18 miles, from Llangynog 18, from Llanrhaiadr 13, from Bala 30, from Llangollen 12, from Welshpool 15½, and from Ruabon 10.

WATT'S DYKE.

This barrier begins at Maesbury near Oswestry, passes by that town, through the grounds at Wynnstay, near Wrexham, Hope and Northop, and terminates in the Dee at Holywell. Churchyard is almost the only writer that has not confounded this with

OFFA'S DYKE,

Constructed by Offa, King of Mercia, for the purpose of dividing his country from Wales. This commences from the river Wye, near Bristol, and extends along Herefordshire, Radnorshire, part of Shropshire and Denbighshire, and ends near Treuddin chapel in Flintshire. From the time of its formation till nearly the Conquest, Offa's Dyke was considered as the dividing line betwixt England and Wales.

Churchyard assigns as the object of the formation of Watt's Dyke, that the space betwixt the two dykes (for they run to a considerable distance nearly parallel with each other) was to be free ground, where the Britons and Danes might meet for all commercial purposes.

" There is a famous thing,
 Call'd Offa's Dyke, that reacheth farre in length.
 All kind of ware the Danes might thither bring,
 It was free ground and called the Briton's strength.
 Watt's Dyke, likewise, about the same was set.
 Between which two the Danes and Britons met,
 And traffic still, but passing bounds by sleight,
 The one did take the other prisoner streight."

BRYNKINALLT.

About four miles and a half from Oswestry is a road which leads immediately to Brynkinallt, the seat of Lord Dungannon, a lineal descendant of Tudor Trevor. This was the dwelling of Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls and Speaker of the House of Commons in the reigns of James II. and William. Being a man of considerable talents, he found means to ingratiate himself with King James, and during his reign obtained some popularity. He was, however, too fond of money, and this was the cause of his expulsion from the house in 1695. An act was passed for creating a fund towards re-payment of the debt due to the orphan charity from the city of London, and Sir John received from the city a purse of a 1000 guineas for his services in influencing the house in their favour. He would have been impeached by the House of Commons for this offence, had not the parliament been unexpectedly prorogued. He therefore escaped with no further punishment than his dismissal and disgrace.

It is said of Sir John Trevor, that in addition to his other qualifications he was a great economist. Of this we have a whimsical anecdote: he one day dined by himself at the Rolls, and was drinking his wine quietly, when his cousin, Roderick Lloyd, was unexpectedly introduced to him by the side door. "You rascal" (said Trevor to his servant) "and you have brought my cousin Roderick Lloyd, Esq. prothonotary of North Wales, marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back stairs*. Take my cousin, Roderick Lloyd, Esq. prothonotary of North Wales, marshal to Baron Price, and so forth, and so forth; you rascal, take him instantly back down my *back stairs*, and bring him up my *front stairs*." Roderick in vain remonstrated; and whilst he was trotting down the one and up

the other flight of stairs, his honour had removed the bottle and glasses.

Part of the mansion is the work of Inigo Jones, but additions have been made to it by its present possessor. In the interior there is nothing grand or striking, but the rooms and furniture are elegant, and the ornaments, which are very profuse, most tastefully arranged. The grounds surrounding the house are extensive, and afford many beautiful views.

CHAPTER II.

CHIRK TO LLANGOLLEN,

(Seven Miles.)



Chirk—Ellesmere Canal—Aqueduct—Chirk Castle—History of Chirk Castle—Pont Cysyllty Aqueduct—Llangollen—Plas Newydd—Castell Dinas Bran—Vale of Crucis—Vallé Crucis Abbey—Pillar of Eliseg.

CHIRK

Is situated on the brow of a hill; and from the numerous coal-works, lime-works and other undertakings in the neighbourhood, it appears to be a place of some business. Its population is 1598.

The *Ellesmere Canal* passes within half a mile of the village, and is carried over the river Ceiriog and vale of Chirk, by means of an aqueduct 710 feet long, consisting of ten arches, the piers of which are sixty-five feet high. The canal then enters a tunnel 220 yards long, and emerging from this it proceeds through the parish, and then enters another tunnel, soon after which it is carried over the vale of the Dee by the Aqueduct of Pont Cysyllty.

The Chirk aqueduct was designed by Telford, and is the first in which any iron was employed.

In the church of Chirk there are several marble monuments in memory of the Middletons of Chirk Castle; the best of these is in memory of Charlotte Middleton, who died in childbed.

CHIRK CASTLE.

The seat of Mrs. Middleton Biddulph is about a mile and a half to the northwest of the village. This building still retains a mixture of the castle and mansion. It stands in an open situation, on the summit of a considerable eminence, and is said to command a view into *seventeen* different counties. On the exterior it retains much of its primitive aspect. It is a quadrangular structure, having five towers, one at each corner, and the fifth, through which is the gateway, in front. The building is on the whole low and heavy, and wants magnitude to give consequence to its appearance. The entrance leads into a spacious court-yard, 160 feet long and 100 broad; and on the east side of this there was a handsome colonnade, which is now closed up and converted into habitable rooms. The principal apartments are a saloon, a drawing-room and gallery; in the latter of which there is a large collection of paintings, consisting however almost entirely of family portraits.

In the entrance-hall is a singular landscape, in which *Pistyll Rhaiadr*, the waterfall in Montgomeryshire, is represented as falling into the sea. This strange impropriety is said to have originated from the following circumstance: the painter was a foreign artist, he had been employed by one of the Middletons to make a painting of that cataract, and when the picture was nearly finished, it was hinted that a few *sheep*, scattered in different parts, would probably add to its beauty. Whereupon the painter, extremely nettled at the idea that a person whom he judged ignorant of the art should presume to instruct him, replied with considerable tartness, "You want some *sheeps* in it? Well, well, I will put you some *sheeps* in it!" He soon dashed out the bottom of the picture and introduced the sea and several

sheeps (ships), some of which are lying at anchor close to the rocks.

The hall so old is now used as a servants' hall, and is—

“ Hung about, with pikes, and guns and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers that have met some tough old blows.”

There is a dungeon to this castle as deep as the walls are high; it is descended by a flight of forty-two steps.

History of Chirk Castle.—The present structure was the work of Roger Mortimer, the son of Roger, Baron of Wigmore, and was founded on the site of a very ancient fortress called *Castell Crogen*. John, Earl of Warren, and Roger Mortimer, were appointed guardians to the two sons of Madoc ap Griffith, a strenuous partisan of Henry III. and Edward I. They murdered their wards, and appropriated the estates to their own use. Mortimer's share in the robbery consisted of the lands at Nan-heudwy and Chirk, which belonged to the youngest boy. At the latter of these places he found it politic to erect a place of defence. This he was suffered to enjoy with impunity till his death, which took place in the Tower of London, after an imprisonment of four years and a half, for the commission of some other crime. However the property was suffered to continue in the family, and his grandson sold the castle to Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, whose son, in the seventh year of Edward III. was made governor, with a confirmation of his father's grant. The Fitz Alans possessed it for three generations, after which it passed to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in right of his wife, the eldest sister of Thomas, Earl of Arundel. On the duke's disgrace and exile in 1397, it was probably resumed by the crown; for it was afterwards granted to William Beauchamp, Earl of Abergavenny, who had married the other sister of the Earl of Arundel. On the marriage of

the grand-daughter of this nobleman with Edward Nevil (afterwards Lord Abergavenny), it was, in the reign of Henry VI. conveyed into that family. After this it became the property of Sir William Stanley, and on his execution it escheated to the crown. It was bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on her favourite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester. On his death it became the property of Lord St. John of Bletso, whose son sold it in 1595 to Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight, in whose family it yet continues. In the civil wars, Sir Thomas Middleton revolted from the parliament, and defended his castle, till one side and three of the towers were thrown down by the enemy's cannon. These, however, he rebuilt within twelve months, but at an expense of not less than £80,000.

Chirk is distant from Ruabon $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and from Ellesmere 7. About 3 miles from the village is the famous

PONT CYSYLLTY AQUEDUCT.

So called from a bridge of three arches over the Dee, situated a little higher up the river. On the south side of the middle pier of the aqueduct, near its base, is the following inscription:—

THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY OF
THE ADJACENT COUNTIES
HAVING UNITED THEIR EFFORTS WITH
THE GREAT COMMERCIAL INTEREST OF THIS COUNTRY,
IN CREATING AN INTERCOURSE AND UNION BETWEEN
ENGLAND AND NORTH WALES,
BY A NAVIGABLE COMMUNICATION OF THE THREE RIVERS,—
SEVERN, DEE, AND MERSEY,
FOR THE MUTUAL BENEFIT OF AGRICULTURE AND TRADE,
CAUSED THE FIRST STONE OF THIS AQUEDUCT OF
PONT CYSYLLTY
TO BE LAID ON THE 25TH DAY OF JULY, MDCCXCV,

WHEN RICHARD MIDDLETON, OF CHIRK, ESQUIRE, M.P.
ONE OF THE ORIGINAL PATRONS OF THE
ELLESMERE CANAL,
• WAS LORD OF THIS MANOR,
AND IN THE REIGN OF OUR SOVEREIGN
GEORGE THE THIRD,
WHEN THE EQUITY OF THE LAWS AND
THE SECURITY OF PROPERTY
PROMOTED THE GENERAL WELFARE OF THE NATION,
WHILE THE ARTS AND SCIENCES FLOURISHED
BY HIS PATRONAGE, AND
THE CONDUCT OF CIVIL LIFE WAS IMPROVED
BY HIS EXAMPLE.

This aqueduct was constructed from designs by Telford. It is a noble and magnificent object in the picture which the surrounding scenery forms. To view it to the best advantage, the tourist should descend on either side of it into the valley beneath; the view also along the beautiful vale of the Dee, from the top of the aqueduct, in the centre of the towing path, is delightful, and to look immediately down tremendous.

On the 26th of November, 1805, the aqueduct was completed, having been ten years and five months in building. It was formed originally with a view to continue the canal in a straight line to Chester, but this was soon found to be impracticable owing to the broken nature of the country.

The water-course, formed wholly of cast iron, extends in length 1007 feet, and is supported on 19 cast iron arches resting on stone piers of a pyramidal shape, these are 18 in number, besides the two abutments. The height of the piers above the low water in the river is 121 feet, their section at the level of high water in the river is 20 feet by 12 feet, at the top 13 feet by 7 feet 6 inches. To 70 feet elevation from the base they are solid, but the upper 50 feet is built hollow. The width of the water-way is 11 feet 10

inches, of which the towing-path covers 4 feet 8 inches, leaving 7 feet 2 inches for the boat; but as the towing-path stands upon iron pillars, under which the water fluctuates and recedes freely, the boat passes with ease. The whole expense of the aqueduct, and great embankment, was £47,018.*

The remainder of the road to Llangollen is considerably elevated above the bottom of the vale, and from hence all the surrounding objects are seen to great advantage. The Dec's transparent stream winds in elegant curves along the wooded meadows beneath. The mountains on the opposite side of the vale are finely varied in shape and tints, and Trevor Hall seated on its eminence, embosomed in woods, lends its aid to decorate the scene, Castell Dinas Brân and its conical hill, seem to close up the end of the vale, and imperiously to hold in subjection all the surrounding country.

LLANGOLLEN †

Is a dirty, ill-built and disagreeable town, containing 3630 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, and the houses irregular. The situation of this place is, however, truly delightful to an admirer of nature; it stands on rocks that overlook the Dee, and is surrounded by high and bold mountains.

The bridge, which consists of five narrow and pointed arches, was originally erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, by John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph. It is built on a rocky foundation, and in a place where it would almost seem impossible to fix a foundation sufficiently firm to withstand the furious rapidity of the current, which has worn the shelving masses to a black and glossy polish. During late years it has undergone considerable repairs.

* Life of Telford, p. 45.

† Pronounced Thlangothlan.

In the church there is nothing deserving attention. The name of the patron saint, who has left behind him a legend worthy even of the Koran, is pretty enough and of no great length. *Collen, ap Gwynawc, ap Clydawc, ap Cowrda, ap Caradawe Freichpas, ap Llyr Meirim, ap Einion Urth, ap Cunedda Wledig!*

The principal inns are the Hand and the King's Head.

Llangollen is distant from Ruabon 6 miles, from Ruthin $13\frac{1}{2}$, and from Wrexham $11\frac{1}{2}$.

About a quarter of a mile south of Llangollen is

PLAS NEWYDD,

Formerly the retreat of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. These two females, delighted with the scenery around Llangollen when it was little known to the rest of the world, sought there a philosophical retirement from the frivolities of fashionable life, erected a dwelling that commands a fine mountain prospect, and resided there till death terminated their mortal career. Lady Eleanor Butler died in 1829, and Miss Ponsonby in 1831, and both were interred in the church-yard at Llangollen, where the body of Mrs. Carroll, their faithful servant, had been laid at rest before them. Nearly opposite the south door of the church stands a triangular gothic column of freestone, surrounded by an iron railing, on which are appropriate inscriptions to the late inhabitants of Plas Newydd.

The whole property was consigned to the hammer in 1832, and was purchased and is now occupied by two other maiden ladies.

CASTELL DINAS BRAN

Is situated on a high and somewhat conical hill, about a mile from Llangollen. The building was originally about a

hundred yards long, and fifty in breadth; and it occupied the whole crown of the hill. From its extremely elevated situation it must have been a place of vast strength. On the side which is least steep it was defended by trenches cut through the solid rock. The present remains consist of nothing more than a few shattered walls. The views from the summit of the hill are on every side very grand. Towards the east may be seen the whole vale of Llangollen, through which the Dee foams over its bed of rocks; and, beyond the vale, all the flat and highly cultivated country many miles in extent. Just beneath is the town of Llangollen, towards the west the vale of Crucis, and the mountains beyond, with their dark sides agreeably varied with wood and meadow. On the north west is a vast rock of a singular appearance, called *Craig Eglwyseg*, *the Eagles Rock*, from a tradition that formerly a pair of eagles had their nest, or aery, there. Leland has mistaken this rock for that on which the castle stands, where he says, "there breedeth every yere an egle. And the egle doth sorely assault hym that destroyeth the nest; going down in one basket and having another over his hedde, to defend the sore stripes of the egle." For upwards of a mile this rock lies stratum upon stratum, in such a direction as to form a kind of horizontal steps, denominated by naturalists *saxa sedilia*. The inhabitants of Llangollen assert, that in one part of the rock there is an opening, whence a long arched passage leads to the foundation of the castle. The latter part of the assertion, however, is evidently false from the situation of the building.

History of Castell Dinas Bran.—This fortress, from the style of its architecture, was evidently the work of the Britons. It is supposed by some writers to have been founded by Brennus, the Gaulic general, who is reputed to have come into this country to contend with his brother

Belinus. The similarity of names seems, however, to be the only foundation for the conjecture, and the most accurate historians believe it to have originated at a much later period. The mountain river Bran runs at the foot of the hill, but whether the fortress derived its name from the stream, or the stream from the fortress, would be no easy matter to decide at the present day. Mr. Edward Lhwyd, a justly celebrated antiquary, who lived upwards of a century ago, considers the former to have been the case.

Castell Dinas Brân was the principal residence of the lords of Bromfield and Yale, and probably was founded by one of them. In the reign of Henry III., Griffith ap Madoc resided here. He had married the daughter of James Lord Audley, by which transaction his affections were alienated from his own country; and he took part with the English against the Welsh prince. This induced a persecution, which compelled him to seek for security in this aerial retreat, and to confine himself to the walls of his castle. The Welsh writers say that grief and shame, not long afterwards, put an end to his life. His son possessed the property; and, after his death, the guardianship of his two children was given by Edward I. to John Earl of Warren and Roger Mortimer. In the history previously given of Chirk Castle it is stated that the iniquitous guardians caused the boys to be murdered, and then appropriated the estates to their own use. Castell Dinas Brân was part of Warren's share in the plunder.

In the ninth year of Edward II., the grandson of the Earl of Warren having no issue, surrendered this and other fortresses to the king; but afterwards, being separated from his wife, he obtained a re-grant of the estates to himself and his mistress, Matilda de Hereford, for life, with remainder to their children. After Matilda's death, in the thirty-third year of Edward III., they reverted to the crown.

Not long afterwards they were given to Edward Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, and from him they seem to have followed the succession of the lords of Bromfield.*

In 1390, Castell Dinas Bran was the habitation of Myfanwy Vechlan, a very beautiful and accomplished female, a descendant of the house of Tudor Trevor. She was beloved by Howel ap Einion Lygliw, a Welsh bard, who addressed to her an ode full of sweetness and beauty.†

At what period the castle was demolished we have no information. Churehyard, who visited it in the sixteenth century, calls it “an old and ruinous thing.”

About a mile from Llangollen, on the road to Ruthin, commences the charmingly secluded

VALE OF CRUCIS.

It is surrounded by high mountains and abrupt rocks, the lower parts of which are in many places clad with wood and verdure. In this vale are seated the venerable ruins of Llan Egwest, or Valle Crucis Abbey, and at a little distance from the road the fine gothic west end, embowered in trees and backed by the mountain on whose summit stand the shattered remains of Castell Dinas Bran, forms a beautiful feature in this delightful scene.

VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY

Is a grand and majestic ruin, affording some elegant specimens of the pointed style of architecture. Miss Seward has addressed this abbey in language finely poetical and descriptive:—

“ay ivy’d Valle Crucis time decay’d,
Dim on the brink of Deva’s wandering flood,

* See the Account of Holt Castle, given in an ensuing chapter.

† Pennant, i. 298.

Your riv'd arch glimmering thro' the tangled glade,
 Your gay hills, towering o'er your night of wood,
 Deep in the vale's recesses as you stand
 And desolately great the rising sigh command."

There are still remaining of the church the east and west ends, and the south transept. In the west end there is an arched doorway, that has been highly and very beautifully ornamented; over this, in a round arch, there have been three lancet windows; and above these a circular or mari-gold one, with eight divisions. The east end, from its style of architecture, appears of higher antiquity than the other; and its three long, narrow and pointed windows gives it a heavy appearance. The cloister on the south side, which a century ago was only a shell, is now converted into a dwelling-house, the residence of the person who farms the adjacent land. Three rows of groined arches, on single round pillars, support what once was the dormitory. Part of a chimney-piece in one of the bed-chambers is a relic of a sepulchral monument. The ornaments to the pillars and arches are of freestone, and many of them are perfectly fresh and beautiful. The area of the church is overgrown with tall ash trees, which hide from the sight some parts of the ruins, but contribute greatly to its picturesque beauty.

" I do love these auncient ruynes,
 We never tread upon them but we set
 Oure foote upon some reverend historie;
 And questionless here, in this open courte
 (Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather) some men lye interred
 Who lov'd the church so well and gave so largely to't,
 They thought it should have canopied their bones
 Till dombeaday; but all things have their end;
 Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)
 Must have like death that we have."

“ This sober shado

Lets fall a serious gloom upon the mind,
That checks but not appals. Such are the haunts
Religion loves, a meek and humble maid,
Whose tender eye bears not the blaze of day.”

Valle Crucis was a house of Cistercian monks dedicated to the Virgin Mother. It was indebted for its foundation, about the year 1200, to Madoc ap Griffith, a prince of Powis, who, after various successes and acquiring much booty by the reduction and ruin of English castles, dedicated a portion of his plunder to the service of religion! He was interred here. At the Dissolution the revenues appear to have amounted to £200 per annum.

The following singular passage is from Mr. Grose's Work on the Antiquities of Great Britain. It contains the explanation, by Mr. Griffiths, of an inscription found on the ruins, and is an exceedingly good specimen of antiquarian *ipse dixit*.

“ Most of these houses were founded by an injunction from the popes, by way of penance, upon some great lords of those times, for what the holy church judged infringements on her prerogative; or for some crime which those fathers of the church knew full well how to avail themselves of. Taking the matter in this light, and from the Welsh name of the place, the inscription upon the ruins will be intelligible. The characters are Maso-gothic and Francotheotiscan mixt MD H OO HR BMSPOE a ÷ h ⊙ a PO u S ÷ PRO BHQV OES CM G RQO. The first double letters I take to be MAD, or Madocus; H, hoc; OO, monasterium; HR, honori; B, Beatæ; M, Mariæ; S, sanctæ; P, pœnitens; OE, CEdificavit; ac, et; h ⊙, hoc; a P, appropriavit; O u S, opus; PRO, pro; B. bono; HQV, hospitioque; OES, ejusdem; CM, centum marcas; GR, gratis; Q, quoque; O, ordinavit. In Eng-

lish:—Madoc, a penitent, erected this monastery to the honour of the blessed and holy Virgin, and appropriated for this work, and for the better maintenance thereof, an hundred marks, which he freely settled on them!"

PILLAR OF ELISEG.

The vale of Crucis is indebted for its name to this cross or pillar,* which is to be found in a meadow near the abbey. This pillar is very ancient, it appears to have been erected upwards of a thousand years ago in memory of Eliseg, (the father of Brochwel Yscithroc, prince of Powis, who was slain at the battle of Chester in 607,) by Concenn, or Congen, his great grandson. The inscription is not at present legible.† The shaft was once above twelve feet long, but having been thrown down and broken some time during the civil wars, its upper part only, about seven feet in length, was left. After these commotions it was suffered to be neglected for more than a century. At length, in 1779, Mr. Lloyd of Trevor Hall caused this part of it to be raised from the rubbish with which it was covered, and placed once again on its pedestal.

* Buck says that the vale took its name from the circumstance of the abbey having possessed a piece of the true cross. This, we are informed, was given to Edward I., who, in return for so valuable a present, granted to the abbey several immunities.—*Buck's Antiquities*, Matt. Westm. 371.

† Mr. Edward Lhwyd copied it when in a more perfect state.—See *Gough's Camden*, ii. 582.

CHAPTER III.

LLANGOLLEN TO CAPEL CURIG,

(37½ Miles.)

The Vale of the Dee—Owen Glyndwr's Palace—Owen Glyndwr—Corwen—Cefyn Creini—Pont y Glyn or Pont Diffwys—Cerig y Druidion—Cernioge Maur—Scenery at 48th and 47th Milestones from Holyhead—Waterloo Bridge—Bettws y Coed—Pont y Pair—Rhaiadr y Wennol—Capel Curig—Moel Shjabad—Dolwyddelan Castle—Dolwyddelan—Penmachno—Yspytty Evan—Ascent of Snowdon.

THE VALE OF THE DEE.

ALL the country betwixt Llangollen and Corwen is exceedingly beautiful. The road extends along the *vale of the Dee*, Glyn Dyfrdwy, celebrated as having been, some centuries ago, the property of the Welsh hero, Owen Glyndwr. The mountains are high, and their features bold and prominent. Owing to the windings of the river, and the turnings of the vale, almost every step presents a new landscape. But the most lovely scenery between Llangollen and Corwen is that surrounding Llandysillio Hall. This hall was formerly the family seat of the Jones's, but the last proprietor having died intestate, the property has fallen into the hands of some ladies who are his coheirs; it is seated on a \ body flat, near the opposite edge of the Dee, and from its situation in the bosom of the mountains, secluded as it is from the world, appears to be a most charming retreat.

OWEN GLYNDWR'S PALACE.

About 6 miles from Llangollen the palace of the "wild and irregular" Owen Glyndwr once stood. There are at present no other remains of it than a few scattered heaps of stone. Iolo Goch, Owen's bard, about the year 1390, wrote a poem containing a description of this palace. He says that it was surrounded by a moat filled with water, and that the entrance was by a costly gate over a bridge. It was a Neapolitan building, containing eighteen apartments; "a fair *timber* structure, on the summit of a green hill."

OWEN GLYNDWR,

Sometimes called Glendower, or Glendour, or Glendourding, the celebrated hero, whose actions make so conspicuous a figure in the English history at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was the son of Griffith Vychan, a descendant of Meredith, Prince of North Wales. He received a liberal education; and when of proper age, was called to the bar. It is probable that he soon quitted the profession of the law, and adopted that of arms, which, as it afterwards proved, was much more congenial to his disposition. He warily espoused the cause of Richard II., to whom he was sincerely attached. He adhered to his royal master to the last, having been taken prisoner with him to Flint Castle; and when the king's household was dissolved, he retired to his patrimony in Wales, fully determined to resent his sovereign's wrongs. During the reign of Richard II. Glyndwr received the honour of knighthood. He married a daughter of Sir David Hanmer, of Hanmer in Flintshire, one of the justices of the Court of King's Bench, and had by her several children. In the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., Reginald Lord Grey, of Ruthin, taking advantage of the deporal of Richard, and Glyndwr's attach-

ment to his cause, wrested from him a considerable part of his possessions. Glyndwr applied to the parliament for redress, but in vain. This induced him to have recourse to arms, and in the year 1400 he commenced his warlike career, by attacking his chief enemy, Lord Grey. He was so far successful as to take this nobleman prisoner; and he compelled him to marry one of his daughters. By this success his estates were recovered. Glyndwr now meditated, and soon afterwards performed, more extensive exploits: in one of these he took captive Sir Edward Mortimer, uncle to the young Earl of March, the true heir to the crown. Aided by the inaccessible mountains of Wales, and soldiers on whose valour he had the utmost reliance, he set at defiance the whole power of England. His continued success at length encouraged in him the desire of throwing off the English yoke, and obtaining by force the government of Wales. To accomplish this object he received assistance from the King of France, but after carrying on hostilities for several years, Owen himself was reduced to the necessity of hiding among the fastnesses of his mountains, gratifying his revenge by occasionally attacking the outposts and convoys of the English, but without emerging from the obscurity in which he was doomed to finish his career.*

About 8 miles from Llangollen the vale completely changes its aspect. It appears destitute of wood, and the low and verdant mountains are cultivated nearly to their summits. The river Dee assumes a placid form, and glides silently and smoothly within its flat and meadowy banks.

Ten miles from Llangollen is

CORWEN,

The White Choir, is a small market town, containing 1980 inhabitants. It is situated under a rock at the foot of the

* Rymer, vol. viii. p. 711; Walsingham, p. 405, 407.

Berwyn mountains. It is a place much resorted to by anglers, who come here for the advantage of fishing in the Dee, which abounds in salmon, trout, and various other species of fish.

The church contains an ancient monument to the memory of Iorwerth Sulien, one of the vicars. In the church-yard there is an ancient square stone pillar, that has once had much carved work upon it, but from the effects of time and weather this is now nearly obliterated.

The principal inn is the Owen Glyndwr.

Corwen is distant from Bala by the nearest road $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles, from Bala by Llandrillo $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles, from Llanwrst $23\frac{1}{2}$, from Ruthin 13, from Cernioge Mawr, 13.

Upon the Berwyn mountains, behind the church, is a place called Glyndwr's Seat, from whence there is a charming prospect of the vale of Corwen and the river Dee.

Corwen is celebrated as having been a place of rendezvous for the Welsh forces under their prince, Owen Gwynedd, who in 1165 put an end to the invasion of Henry II.

CEFYN CREINI.

Near the summit of a hill, on the opposite side of the river, called Cefyn Creini, *The Mountain of Worship*, there is a vast circle of loose stones, which bears the appearance of having once been a British fortification. This is called *Caer Drewyn* and *Y Caer Wen*, *The White Fort*. It is near half a mile in circumference, but the walls are at present in such a state, that at a distance they appear like huge heaps of stones piled round the circumference of a circle. Owen Gwynedd is believed to have occupied this post whilst Henry II. had his men encamped among the Berwyn mountains, on the opposite side of the vale. It is also related that Owen Glyndwr made use of this place in his occasional retreats.

Five miles and a half beyond Corwen is

PONT Y GLYN OR PONT DIFFWYS,

The Bridge of the Glen. The scenery along this entire distance has numerous beauties. The woody glen, at the head of which stands Pont y Glyn, with its prominent rocks, nearly obscured by the surrounding foliage, after a while presents itself, and then the bridge thrown over a vast chasm. Beneath is the rugged and precipitous bed of the river Alwen, where, amongst immense masses and huge fragments of rock, the stream foams with violent impetuosity. The cataract is not very lofty, but from its being directly under the bridge, where the foam and spray are seen dashing among the dark opposing rocks, and having the addition of pendant foliage from each side, a scene is formed highly picturesque and elegant. Before reaching the bridge there is a small circular building projecting from the road, whence the view is exceedingly beautiful. The bridge rests on two nearly perpendicular rocks, and appears to be at least sixty feet above the bed of the stream. The view from thence on either side down the hollow is grand and tremendous.

From Pont y Glyn to

CERIG Y DRUIDION,

A distance of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the scenery is uninteresting. This village, which is situated two or three hundred yards above the Holyhead road, was in Camden's time famed for some Druidical remains, but these have long since been removed. Upon approaching

CERNIOGE MAWR,

which is a hamlet about 3 miles distant from Cerig y Druidion, the Snowdonian range of mountains intrude themselves magnificently upon the view.

At this hamlet there is a most excellent inn, and here it is that the London and Holyhead road reaches its highest elevation.

Leaving Cerniogë for Capel Curig, as the road advances, the beauty of the scenery increases; indeed the entire road lies through a country exceedingly beautiful: but the view at a few yards before arriving at the 48th milestone from Holyhead, and again immediately at the 48th milestone, is perhaps the most striking. Close to the 47th milestone, Moel Shiabod in the distance, and the falls of the Conway to the left, form a delightful picture. Proceeding onwards, the Waterloo or Union bridge over the Conway should be noted. It is a handsome iron bridge of one arch, the curve of which is the segment of a circle, the spandrels are elegantly fitted up with representations in relief of the rose, thistle and shamrock, and round the circumference of the arch is inscribed in open letters, forming part of the construction of the bridge, "This bridge was erected in the year that the battle of Waterloo was fought."

In the church-yard of BETTWS Y COED, which is a village $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from Cerniogë, is an ancient monument, in memory of Griffith, the son of David Goch, who was a natural son of David, brother to Llcwelyn, the last Prince of Wales. He died in the fourteenth century, and is here represented by a large armed recumbent figure in a recess in the north wall. On one side of the figure there is yet left this inscription, "*Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davydd Goch, agnus Dei misere me.*"

Close to Bettws and just before the 44th milestone from Holyhead, to the right of the road, is

PONT Y PAIR,

The Bridge of the Cauldron, a singular structure of five arches. This bridge, whose arches are irregular and very

lofty, is built over the river Llugwy, and has with the adjoining scenery a very singular effect. Both above and below it, the bed of the river is covered with such strange masses of rock, as, when the quantity of water is considerable, to exhibit a most pleasing scene.

A good view of this bridge and fall may be had by clambering down the left hand bank of the river a very few yards before reaching the turnpike. At the further distance of about 3 miles is another fall of the river Llugwy, called

RHAIADR Y WENNOL,

The Cataract of the Swallow. The site of this fall is marked by a summer house stationed almost immediately over it, and a gap has been opened in the wall on the road side for the convenience of visitors. This fall with its attendant scenery is magnificent, the high and wooded banks being enlivened by the various tints of the oaks, birch and hazels which hang from the rocks. Even when there is a want of water in the river, this cataract is fanciful and pleasing: but when, after a heavy fall of rain, the river assumes a more impetuous form, the fall must certainly be very grand, as the bed of the stream is at least twenty yards wide; and the innumerable masses of rock, which have at different times been carried along with it, and lodged here, opposing the fury of the waters, must throw them foaming into all directions.

At a little distance below the bridge Pont y Pair, the rivers Llugwy and Conway unite. The latter rises from *Llyn Conway*, a large pool about three miles beyond the village of Penmachno. Both these streams before their junction are furious and broken torrents, they are each a truly "foaming flood;" but henceforward they assume a placid form, and glide in one tranquil current silently through the vale.

Within a few hundred yards of Capel Curig, to the left of the road, is a small but pretty cascade.

At the distance of about $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Cernioge Mawr is the village of

CAPEL CURIG,

Which consists of a few cottages, a church belonging to Llandygai parish, and a commodious and excellent inn, which was originally erected by Lord Penhryn, but has been much enlarged since. The Holyhead road leaves it to the left.

The name of the village is derived from its chapel, dedicated to a Welsh saint called Curig. He is mentioned in an old Welsh poem, which, however, only intimates his order; and nothing more is at this present time known of him.

“ A certain friar to increase his store,
Beneath his cloak, *grey Curig's* image bore;
And to protect good folks from nightly harm,
Another sells St. Seiriol as a charm.”

Near the inn are two small lakes, upon which excursions are frequently made in boats, and from whence is a fine view of Snowdon.

To the south of the inn rises Moel Shiabod, a mountain whose height is 2878 feet. Its summit commands a view of the Snowdonian range of mountains, of nine different lakes, and of the sea in the distance. About 3 miles south-east of the inn is

DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE,

A fortress, some centuries ago, of considerable importance to the Welsh princes. This castle stands on a rocky steep, nearly perpendicular on one side, and in a vale entirely closed round by mountains. The original import of the

name seems to have been the castle in *the meadow of Helen's wood*;* for the ancient military road called Sarn Helen, or *Helen's road*, from Helen the daughter of Octavius, Duke of Cornwall, passed through this part of the country to the sea coast of Merionethshire. It has never been a large building, but it once occupied the entire summit of its mount. It formerly consisted of two square towers, each three stories high, having but one room on a floor, and a court-yard, which was betwixt them. The largest of these towers measures within, no more than twenty-seven feet in length, and eighteen in width, and the walls are about six feet thick. The walls of the court are entirely destroyed, and very little is now left of the other parts of the building.†

This place was for many years the residence of the eldest son of Owen Gwynedd, Iorwerth Drwndwn, or *Edward with the broken Nose*. On the death of his father, Iorwerth claimed the crown of Wales as his hereditary right, but was unanimously rejected, and merely from the blemish in his face; so whimsical and indecisive was, at that time, the mode of succession to the Welsh throne. He had assigned to him, as part of his parental inheritance, the hundreds of Nan Conway and Ardudwy; and he retired to this sequestered spot to spend the rest of his life. It was in Dolwyddelan

* Dol Gwydd Elen; or the name may have been Dol Gwydd Elain, *the Meadow of the Wood of the Doe*.

† Who the founder of this fortress was, or what purpose it was originally intended to answer, we have not at this time any document left to inform us. Most probably when the feudal system prevailed in Wales, and petty chieftains were engaged in perpetual war with each other, Dolwyddelan castle, and others similar to it, may have been erected as places of retreat and refuge, where the chieftain could reside in security, attended by their vassals and adherents, in case they should be compelled by superior force to relinquish their plains and the more cultivated parts of the country. These castles also answered the double purpose of guarding the passes and defiles of the mountains.

It is a conjecture of Rowland, that this castle was erected prior to the sixth century. What his grounds for this supposition are, he does not state.—*Rowland*, 149.

castle that his son was born, who afterwards, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, reigned in Wales under the title of Llewelyn the Great.

Meredith, the son of Jevan ap Robert, purchased the lease of this castle, and of the inclosures belonging to it, in the reign of Henry VII.

About this period the whole of the surrounding country was one entire forest, overrun with thieves and outlaws. The castle itself had been previously possessed by Howell ap Evan, ap Rhys Gethin, one of the most noted of these, against whom David ap Jenkin rose in arms. David, who was likewise an outlaw, contended with him long for the sovereignty of the mountains; and at length, by stratagem, took him in bed, but spared his life on condition that he should immediately seek refuge in Ireland. In that country he scarcely remained a year, but returned in the ensuing summer with some select adherents. He clothed himself and his followers entirely in green, that they might be the less distinguishable among the forests; and in this disguise, appearing abroad only in the night, they committed the most dreadful depredations.

The friends of Meredith ap Jevan were greatly surprised that he should think of changing his habitation near Penmorfa for this castle, thus surrounded by multitudes of freebooters. He gave, as a decided reason, that he chose rather to fight with outlaws and thieves than with his own immediate relatives. "If (says he) I live in my own house in Evionedd, I must either kill my own kinsmen or submit to be murdered by them." He had not been here long before he built the house Penanmen, and removed the church from the thicket in which it formerly stood to its present more open situation; the church, his house and the castle thus forming the points of a triangle, each a mile distant from the other. Whenever he went to the church he took with him as a

guard twenty stout archers, and he had a sentinel placed on a neighbouring rock called Carreg y Big, (from whence the church, the house, and the castle could be seen,) who had orders to give immediate notice of the approach of banditti. He never mentioned before-hand when he intended to go out, and always went and returned by different routes, through unsuspected parts of the woods. He found it necessary, to his perfect security, to increase the number of his adherents; he therefore established colonies of the most tall and able men he could procure, occupying every tenement, as it became empty, with such tenants only as were able to bear arms. His force, when complete, consisted of 140 archers, ready to assemble whenever the sound of the bugle from the castle echoed through the woods to call for their assistance. These, says Sir John Wynne, were each arrayed in a "jacket or armolet coate, a good steele cap, a short sword and dagger, together with a bow and arrows. Many of them had also horses and chasing slaves, which were ready to answer the cry on all occasions, whereby he grew so strong that he began to put back and to curb the sanctuary of thieves and robbers, which at times were wont to be above a hundred, well horsed and well appointed."* Such was the state of Wales in these unhappy times, when every one claimed, by a kind of prescriptive right, whatever he had power to seize, and when lives or property were considered of no more value than interest or ambition chose to dictate. Meredith ap Jevan, to enjoy a quiet life, threw himself into the bosom of a country infested with outlaws and murderers, and, comparatively with the state of society about his former residence near Penmorfa, attained his end. He closed his useful life in the year 1525, leaving to survive him twenty-three legitimate and three natural children.

* Wynne, 429. The sanctuary here alluded to was the hospital at Ysptyll Evan.

THE VILLAGE OF DOLYWDDELAN is about a mile from the castle, and from its mountainous situation is altogether secluded from the world. It is composed of little else than small cottages, and the number of its inhabitants is 601.

From Dolywddelan a pleasant mountain way leads to PENMACHNO, a village situated near the source of the river Machno; it contains 984 inhabitants and is singular in appearance, the houses being built almost in a circle surrounding the church.

Near the junction of the Machno with the Conway there is a pretty fall on the former river.

At the distance of about four miles to the south-east of Penmachno is YSPYTTY EVAN, now a small village, but so called, it has been conjectured, from its having formerly contained a house belonging to the Knights Hospitallers or knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The word *spytty* being probably derived from *hospitium*. This had the privilege of a sanctuary, and the place of course became a receptacle for thieves and murderers. "It was," says Sir John Wynne, "a wasp's nest which troubled the whole country." Being beyond the reach of invaders the place was always fully peopled; and its inhabitants, extending their plundering excursions on all sides to the distance of twenty or thirty miles, rendered themselves the terror of the adjacent country. Such indeed were the ravages they committed that nearly all the neighbouring people were driven to seek for refuge and security beyond their reach.

ASCENT OF SNOWDON.*

To ascend Snowdon from Capel Curig, the tourist must proceed direct as far as the top of the pass of Llanberis, and then, striking out of the road to the left, begin a slanting ascent over a green shoulder of the mountain. Among the

* For a description of Snowdon, see Chapters XI. and XII.

neighbouring rocks copper is mined, and a zigzag path has been formed for the convenience of the miners, which crosses a ridge of the mountain at a point called Bwlch Glas, whence it descends to the Beddgelert and Caernarvon road near Llyn Cwellyn. The tourist will do well to follow this road as far as Bwlch Glas, and from thence to the summit of Snowdon the ascent is easy.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPEL CURIG TO BANGOR,

(14½ Miles.)

Y Trivaen—Llyn Ogwen—Rhaiadr Benglog—Nunt Frangon—Carnedd David—Carnedd Ilewelyn—Mr. Pennant's Slate Quarries—Ogwen Bank—Penrhyn Castle—Monuments in Llandegai Church—Port Penrhyn—Bangor—History of Bangor Cathedral.—Menai Bridge.

LEAVING Capel Curig the road winds round the foot of

Y TRIVAEN,*

The three Summits, so called from its appearing on one side to have three separate heads. It is singular, from having on its highest point two tall upright stones, which from below have the appearance of two men standing together. These are each about fourteen feet high, and they are not more than a yard and a half asunder. So exact is their resemblance to human figures, (for the eye does not take cognizance of their distance, and consequently their real size remains unnoticed,) that many travellers have been deceived into fancying them a Welsh tourist and his guide. Just before the thirty-seventh milestone from Holyhead these two stones assume the above appearance, and about a mile further on, another excrescence comes into view, which resembles a man ascending one of the summits.

Further on, to the right of the road, is **LLYN OGWEN**, a

* This mountain is more particularly mentioned in an ensuing Chapter.

small lake, well stocked with trout and some other kinds of fish common to mountain pools. Here is the source of the little river Ogwen. Betwixt Trivaen and Braich Du, a mountain on the right, the road winds over a steep rock called Ben Glog, (so called perhaps from its being situated at the upper end of Nant Frangon), and from beneath may be seen the three falls of the Ogwen. These are called

RHAIADR BENGLOG,

The Cataracts of Benglog ; and they are so fine that the traveller in search of romantic scenery will be highly gratified by visiting them, and although he must subject himself to a scramble in order to obtain a good view of them, yet he will be repaid for his trouble and inconvenience in so doing. The highest fall is grand and majestic, yet by no means equal to the other two. At the second or middle fall the river is precipitated, in a fine stream, through a chasm between two perpendicular rocks that each rise several yards above. The mountain Trivaen fills up the wide space at the top and forms a rude and sublime distance. The stream widens as it descends, and below passes over a slanting rock, which gives it a somewhat different direction. In the foreground is the rugged bed of the stream, and the water is seen to dash in various directions among the broken masses of rock. Descending a rocky steep he will reach the lowest fall. Here the stream roars with vast fury, and in one sheet of foam, down an unbroken and almost perpendicular rock. The roar of the water and the broken and uncouth disposition of the surrounding rocks add greatly to the interest of the scene.

Leaving Ben Glog the road leads through

NANT FRANGON,

The Beavers' Hollow, so called from its having been formerly frequented by these animals. This tremendous glen is destitute of wood, and bears but few marks of cultivation, except in a narrow slip of meadow that lies along its bottom. The sides, however, which are truly

“ Huge hills that heap'd in crowned order stand,”

sufficiently repay their want of verdure, by the pleasing and fantastic appearance of the rocks that compose them, which rise abruptly from their base and stretch their barren points into the clouds. Looking back, the mountains at the upper end of this hollow form a scene singularly grand; on each side the hollow appears guarded by a huge conical rock, Trivaen on the right and Braich Du on the left. These with Glyder Bach and Glyder Fawr, *the Lesser and Greater Glyder*, and some others, fill up the distance, and so close the vale, that no access could possibly be supposed to be had from beyond them.

In the year 1685, part of one of the impending cliffs at the upper end of this vale became so undermined by storms and rain, that losing its hold, it fell down in several immense masses, and in its passage along one of the steep and shaggy cliffs, dislodged some hundreds of other pieces. Many of these were intercepted in their progress into the vale, but a quantity reached the bottom, sufficient to entirely destroy a small piece of meadow ground, and several of the fragments when thrown down rested at least 200 yards asunder. In this accident one great stone, the largest remaining piece of the upper rock, made in its descent a trench as large as those in which the mountain streams usually run. When it arrived at the plain it continued its

passage through a small meadow and across the river Ogwen, and lodged itself on the opposite bank.

To the right of the road is CARNEDD-DAVID, on the top of which are some loose stones, supposed to have formed the last retreat of Davydd, brother to Llewelyn, the last native prince of Wales, before he was taken prisoner by Edward I., and beyond this mountain is

CARNEDD LLEWELYN,

On the summit of which is likewise a large heap of stones, said to be the grave of one of the princes of the royal family of North Wales. This is the highest of the Welsh mountains with the exception of Snowdon, which exceeds it not more than fifteen or twenty yards. Its rocks are said to afford to the botanist numerous alpine plants. The neighbouring inhabitants have a tradition, that formerly a giant called Rhitta had his residence in this mountain, and, as is the case in all other stories of giants, he was said to be the terror of the whole country. They even assert that he wore a garment woven from the beards of several of the princes and most redoubted warriors whom he had slain in combat.

At Dôlawen, or Braich y Cafn, in the mountains on the south-west side of Nant Frangon, are Mr. Pennant's

SLATE QUARRIES.

Few places will be found more worthy to engage the attention of the tourist than these quarries. The bustle of the workmen on the various ledges, the breaking up of the strata, and the noises of splitting and shaping, with at intervals the loud explosion from the blasting of the rocks and the subsequent crash of the pieces thrown down in every direction, will be novel to many of the travellers through this country.

The number of the workmen employed are about 2000, and of boys about 300, and the quantity of slates shipped daily is upon an average 250 tons. These quarries are worked in ledges from 15 to 17 yards deep, in order that the men may be the better able to proceed with their work and that the slates, when detached, may have less distance to fall, and consequently be less injured. These ledges are at present 15 in number. The whole excavation gives one the idea of a vast amphitheatre surrounded with gigantic steps.

The process of dressing and preparing slates for the public market, and the fanciful titles by which the various sizes are designated, are very happily described in the following verses. They are the production of the late Mr. Leycester, who was for many years a judge on the Welsh circuit.

“ It has been truly said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt made peers by the score ;
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blundered,
There's a man who makes peeresses here by the hundred ;
He regards neither Grenville, nor Portland, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ.
By the stroke of the hammer, without the king's aid,
A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is made.
Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
And all their great titles are got by descent ;
And when they are seen in a palace or shop,
Their rank they preserve, and are still at the top.
Yet no merit they claim from their birth or connexion,
But derive their chief worth from their native complexion,
And all the best judges prefer, it is said,
A Countess in blue to a Duchess in red.
This Countess or Lady, though crowds may be present,
Submits to be dress'd by the hands of a peasant ;
And you'll see, when her Grace is but once in his clutches,
With how little respect he will handle a Duchess.

Close united they seem, and yet all who have tried them,
 Soon discover how easy it is to divide them;
 No spirit have they, they are thin as a lath,
 The Countess wants life and the Duchess is flat.
 No passion or warmth to the Countess is known,
 And her Grace is as cold and as hard as a stone;
 And I fear you will find, if you watch them a little,
 That the Countess is frail, and the Duchess is brittle;
 Too high for a trade, without any joke,
 Though they never are bankrupts, they often are broke.
 And though not a soul either pilfers or cozens,
 They are daily shipped off and transported by dozens.

In France, jacobinical France, we have seen
 How thousands have bled by the fierce guillotine;
 But what's the French engine of death to compare
 To the engine which Greenfield or Bramah prepare,
 That democrat engine, by which, we all know,
 Ten thousand great Duchesses fall at a blow.

And long may that engine its wonders display,
 Long level with ease all the rocks in its way,
 Till the vale of Nant Frangon of slates is bereft,
 Nor a Lady, nor Countess, nor Duchess be left."

Adjoining the quarry on the opposite side of the road is

OGWEN BANK,

Of which a Welsh writer has said, though perhaps somewhat affectedly, that "'tis an acre of *Tempe* among the rocks of *Norway*!" In these grounds there is a small ornamental building containing a dining-room, &c. In front of this the stream of the river Ogwen breaks in a small cascade among the rocks. The grounds are laid out in too *gay* a style to accord with the bleakness of the surrounding mountain scenery; yet prejudice itself must allow that it is on the whole a most delightful spot.

A little further on, the road passes through a small village which entirely owes its origin to the adjoining quarries.

About a mile and a half from Bangor, near the junction

of the Chester and London roads, is a grand and massive gateway, which forms the principal entrance to

PENHRYN CASTLE,

The demesne of George Hay Dawkins Pennant, Esq. It was erected after designs by Hopper. The style of architecture is Norman, a style, the effect of which is perhaps gloomy and solemn, and not very well suited to modern use and comfort. The present castle occupied fourteen years and a half in building, and was only completed in 1837; the estimated expenses, including the ornamental parts of the interior and the modern furniture, are half a million. The exterior is built of black Anglesea marble, and displays a vast range of building, crowned with lofty towers, of which five are circular: the keep and another of the principal towers are square, with angular turrets. In the interior, Gloucestershire and Lancashire stone predominate. The entrance hall, the staircase leading to the state apartments, and the state apartments themselves, as well in their general form as in their minute parts, accord admirably with each other, and each has a solidity and grandeur seldom to be met with in other modern buildings. The private apartments have an air of comfort about them, and are at the same time in admirable keeping with the rest of the building.

The present castle is supposed to stand on the site of a palace which belonged to Roderic Mochwynog, Prince of Wales, who began his reign about the year 720.* In the reign of Elizabeth it was occupied by Piers Gruffydd, who, at his own expence, fitted out a ship of war, and sailing from Beaumaris, joined the fleet under Sir Francis Drake, in its South American expeditions, and afterwards aided in

* Pennant's Tour, ii. 284.

the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In 1622, it became the property of the Lord Keeper Williams, and passed from him into the possession of his nephew, from whom the present proprietor is descended.

The drinking horn of Piers Gruffydd is still preserved in Penhryn Castle: at one end are the initials P. G., together with R. G. K., those of his father and mother, Rhys and Katherine Gruffydd. At

LLANDEGAI,

In which parish Penhryn Castle is situated, is a neat church, built in the form of a Cross, having the tower in the centre. This is chiefly remarkable for containing the remains of Archbishop Williams, lord keeper of the great seal in the reign of James I. His memory is preserved by a monument placed in the wall on the south side of the church, which represents him in the episcopal dress kneeling at an altar. In this church is also an elegant marble monument erected to the memory of Lord and Lady Penhryn, and executed by Westmacott.

A short distance beyond the junction of the Chester and London roads is a capacious hotel called the Penhryn Arms. This was erected for the accommodation of travellers by G. H. D. Pennant, Esq. The windows at the back, and the pleasure grounds, command a beautiful view of the town and bay of Beaumaris, the shores of Anglesey, Puffin Island, Ormes Head, Penhryn Castle, and

PORT PENHRYN,

Which is within a few yards of the hotel. On the left hand side of the quay is a long building, in which is carried on one of the most extensive manufactures of writing slates in Great Britain. This belongs to Mr. Pennant. The slates used are of the finest quality that the quarries afford. The

process of smoothing and framing them is extremely simple, and unnecessary to be described.

Port Penhryn is principally used by vessels coming from different parts of the kingdom for the slates obtained from Mr. Pennant's quarries. These are conveyed to the port by means of an iron railroad, which extends all the way from the quarries to the quay.

BANGOR.

The chief Choir was denominated from its size Bangor Vawr, the Great Bangor, to distinguish it probably from Bangor Iscoed in Flintshire. It is seated in a vale, from the back of which arise the vast mountains of Caernarvonshire.

Considerable improvements have of late years taken place in this city, and it is now a very flourishing place; its population is 4751. The cathedral stands on a low piece of ground near the centre of the city, and externally has but an humble appearance. The nave is appropriated to the celebration of the service in English, and the other part of the cathedral serves as a parish church, in which service is performed in Welsh. The nave is fitted up in a style somewhat superior to the other part; but the entire interior of the cathedral, though plain, is chaste and neat.

History of the Cathedral.—Deiniol ap Dunawd or Dinnothus, abbot of Bangor Iscoed in Flintshire, founded in this spot, some time about the year 525, a college for the instruction of youth and support of clergy, intending it probably as a cell or appurtenant to that celebrated monastery. It had scarcely been founded thirty years when Maelgwn Gwynedd raised it into a bishopric, dedicated the new church to Deiniol, and created him the first bishop. In the tenth century, Edgar coming into North Wales, confirmed all the privileges which had been granted by the

founder: he also gave to the college a considerable quantity of land, and founded a new chapel on the south side of the cathedral, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The cathedral has been several times destroyed during the troubles in which this country was involved, in the reigns of William the Conqueror, John, Henry III., and Henry IV. In the reign of Henry IV. it was demolished by the army of Owen Glyndwr, and continued in ruins for nearly ninety years, when the choir was rebuilt by the Bishop, Henry Dean or Denys, formerly prior of Lanthony. The tower and the nave were erected in the year 1532 by Bishop Sheffington; the bishop, however, died, and the tower was left at little more than half its intended height. He gave three bells to the church, and directed in his will that his executors should provide a fourth, but this they refused to do. On the tower is the following inscription:

“ Thomas Sheffington, episcopus Bangorensis, hoc campanile et hanc ecclesiam fieri facit, anno partus virginis 1532.”

Owen Gwynedd, who died in 1169, is supposed to have been buried in the south transept, beneath an arch with a flowery cross cut on a flat stone. When Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, visited Wales, to preach the crusades and invite soldiers to the holy wars, he saw the tomb of this prince, and directed the bishop to remove the body out of the church; this was on account of his having been excommunicated by Becket for marrying a first cousin, and continuing to cohabit with her till his death. The bishop, in obedience to the charge, made a passage from the vault through the south wall of the building, by means of which he caused the body to be shoved secretly into the churchyard.

History has recorded, though with what truth it is impossible now to say, that Condagius, a king of Britain,

who reigned about 800 years prior to the coming of Christ, erected at Bangor a *temple*, which he dedicated to Minerva.

On an eminence at a little distance from the city there was formerly a *castle*, built by Hugh Earl of Chester some time during the reign of William Rufus. It has been so long demolished that even the period of its destruction cannot be ascertained.

Not far from the city there was also formerly a *house of friars preachers*. This was founded about the year 1299 by Tudor ap Gronw, lord of Pcmynydd and Trecastle. Some time during the reign of Edward VI. this building was converted into a free school.

St. Mary's de Garthlaman, the ancient parish church, which stood about 400 yards from the cathedral, appears to have been erected prior to the commencement of the fourteenth century.

The principal inns at Bangor are the Albion and the Castle.

Bangor is distant from London 236 miles, from Aber $5\frac{1}{2}$, from Conway $14\frac{1}{2}$, from Beaumaris by the Menai Bridge $6\frac{1}{4}$, from Beaumaris by the ferry 3, and from Plas Newydd 5.

Two miles and a half from Bangor is the

MENAI BRIDGE.

The first stone of this astonishing work was laid August 10th, 1819; it is about three tons in weight, and placed nearly in the centre of the sea face of the large pier, erected on Yns-y-Moch. The bridge was opened to the public on January 30th, 1826. The extremes of this bridge rest upon arches, there being four on the Anglesea and three on the Carnarvonshire side; the span of each of these is $52\frac{1}{2}$ feet, with a springing line 65 feet above the level of high water at spring tides; the extreme arches on either side are semicircular, but the segments of the remaining

arches diminish according to their proximity to the shore. The intermediate part of the bridge, reckoning from centre to centre of the main piers, is 579 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. The suspended roadway is slightly curved, having a rise of two feet at the centre. The roadway is 100 feet above the level of the water at spring tides; this is supported by chains sixteen in number, arranged in four rows, reclining on saddles on the summits of two vast piers which are adjacent to the two extreme arches; these piers rise 52 feet above the roadway; the chains are not attached to the piers, in order that any contraction or expansion which may occur on one side may be communicated to the other, and over the whole, without any danger of rocking or disturbing the masonry. The chains extend 1714 feet in length, and from the catenary curves formed by them the roadway is suspended by means of vertical iron rods, united at their lower extremities with the sleepers of the roadway. The whole breadth of the roadway is divided into carriage traets, each twelve feet broad, and a footpath of four feet in the intermediate space. The entire roadway is protected on both sides by a light iron trellis work. The extremes of the chains are, by a very simple contrivance, fastened securely into the solid rock at the distance of several feet under ground. The fastenings of these chains on the Anglesea side are shown to strangers, who must pass through a low and damp tunnel extending for several yards in order to gratify their curiosity. The stone of which the masonry of the bridge is composed was brought from Penmon in Anglesey.

The Menai Bridge was constructed from designs by Mr. Telford, who was appointed principal engineer. Mr. W. A. Provis was appointed to the situation of resident engineer. The iron work, with the exception of the side rails, which were made at Liverpool, were all manufactured by Mr. W.

Hazledine, of Shrewsbury. Messrs. Straphen and Hall first undertook the contract for the masonry, but this was afterwards transferred to Mr. J. Wilson.

ECHO.

In the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, article "Sound," Herschel gives an account of an extraordinary echo under this bridge in the following words: "Beneath the suspension bridge across the Menai strait, in Wales, close to one of the main piers, is a remarkably fine echo. The sound of a blow on the pier with a hammer is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier at a distance of 576 feet, and in addition to this the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway. The effect is a series of sounds, the first of which is sharp and strong, from the roadway overhead; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single repercussion from the opposite pier is very marked, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation, repeating the sound at the rate of 28 times in five seconds, and which therefore corresponds to a distance of 184 feet, or very nearly the double interval from the roadway to the water. Thus it appears that in the repercussion between the water and the roadway, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being too oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction. Another peculiarity deserves especial notice; viz. that the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point. As he deviates to one or the other side the return is proportionably fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person stationed (on the same side of the water) at an equal dis-

tance from the central point, so as to leave the pier between them, hears it well. Thus, in the reflection of sound, there is an evident approach to the law of equality between the angles of incidence and reflection which obtains in that of light, and a tendency in the reflected sound to confine itself to the direction which a ray of light regularly reflected at the echoing surface would follow, and not be spread into the surrounding air equally in all directions."

Mr. Provis has published an account of the Menai bridge, which is extremely interesting throughout; from this work the following description of the opening of the bridge is extracted, but it should first be premised that the Parliamentary Commissioners had determined upon opening the bridge on the 30th of January, 1826, and that in the earlier part of that month violent gales had been experienced.

"The effect of these gales," says Mr. Provis, "was seriously to retard our operations; however, as the day had been fixed for opening the bridge, no exertion was spared to have it in as complete a state as possible. The toll gates were hung and ten powerful lamps put up on the 28th, and where the side railing had not been permanently fixed it was temporarily secured. The roadways were dressed up, the scaffolding, machinery, tools, &c. cleared off the ground, the toll collectors were placed at their posts, and a few men ordered to be in attendance in case their assistance should be required.

"As the work had been effected by a loan from the public purse, it was decided that a public carriage should go first across. Accordingly the London and Holyhead down mail was fixed upon. The time for its arrival at Bangor Ferry was about half-past one in the morning.

"On Sunday, the 29th, the works were examined by Mr. Telford and Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., when seeing that all was right, they determined as the hour for the opening was

rather unseasonable and the night threatened to be stormy, to give up their original intention of passing over in the mail. In the evening the lamps were lighted and every thing else put in readiness.

“Aware that the mail would be well filled before it reached the bridge, and thinking that I had some claim to be one of the first carriage-load that should cross, I went with my brother, John Provis, and met the mail before it reached Bangor. Taking my seat by the coachman, he and the guard were then informed that instead of stopping at Bangor Ferry as usual, they were to drive over the Menai Bridge, where their horses would meet and take them forward. The guard’s objection, that he had no official instructions, was removed on being informed that Mr. Akers, the mail coach superintendent, was then at Bangor Ferry, and would give him the necessary authority by going along with him. There were four passengers inside the mail, namely, Messrs. Tierney, Smith, Palmer and Monterloney, who were much pleased at hearing that they were to cross the bridge instead of being exposed on the ferry. When opposite the ferry inn, Mr. Akers and several others joined us, and on stopping for a moment at the end of the bridge, the mail was instantly crowded by Messrs. Hazledine, Rhodes, the young Wilsons, and as many more as could find a place to stand on or hang by. Thus loaded, a crack of the whip put the horses in motion and we were quickly conveyed to the opposite end, amidst the cheers of the men around us and the shrill whistling of the gale.

“At half-past three the Chester and Holyhead down mail followed, and at day-light the next morning the national flags were waving from the summits of the pyramids to announce that the Menai Bridge was opened.”

A very favourable view of the Menai Bridge may be had by taking a boat *at high water* from Garth Ferry, near the

Penrhyn Arms Hotel, and proceeding from thence towards the bridge.

The scenery accompanying the road from the Menai Bridge to Beaumaris is lovely in the extreme, provided the sky is clear and *the tide at its full*.



CHAPTER V.

ANGLESEY—HOLYHEAD ISLAND—THE SKERRIES.

Ferries—Battle near Bangor Ferry—Llanddwyn Abbey—Llanedwen—Battle at Moel y Don—Plas Newydd—List of Cromlechs in Anglesey—Wine Houses—Amhuch—Parys Copper Mines—Llanellian—Goronwy Owen—Pentraeth—Plas Gwynn—Beaumaris—Beaumaris Castle—History of Beaumaris Castle—Bay of Beaumaris—Baron Hill—Llanvaes—Penmon—Holyhead—South Stack Lighthouse—The Skerries.

THE country throughout Anglesey is devoid of those beauties, those varieties of mountains, vales, lakes and falls, which characterize the greater part of North Wales; nevertheless there are many objects in this island worthy of mention, and some which will prove generally interesting.

Prior to the invasion of the Romans this island had the name of *Môn*, which signified merely an insolation from the continent of Wales; this name was latinized into *Mona*. It received its first appellation of Anglesey on its reduction to the Saxon yoke. The princes of North Wales had their residences here (except during their expulsion for the space of two centuries by the Irish and Picts) until the close of the reign of their last prince. The palace was at Aberffraw.

FERRIES.

There were formerly six ferries from Caernarvonshire into Anglesey; of these but five now exist, viz. *Abermenai*, about three miles to the south-west of Caernarvon; *Tal y Moel*, from Caernarvon; *Moel y Don*, about half way be-

tween Caernarvon and the Menai Bridge; *Garth*, between Bangor and the Penhryn Arms Hotel; and *Aber*, across the Lavan sands to Beaumaris.

The sixth, called by the Welsh *Porthaethwy*, the ferry of the confined waters, was near the Menai Bridge, on the Bangor side. This property descended to Lady Erskine, wife of Sir David Erskine, of whom it was purchased by government at the time of the construction of the bridge for the sum of 26,394*l*.

In the thirteenth century a battle was fought near Bangor Ferry, which none of the historians have mentioned. It is, however, described by a bard who lived about the time, Llywarch Brydydd y Moch, in a poem on the death of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth. His language is animated and expressive, and may be taken as a specimen of the Welsh bardic style of that period: "Dark ran the purple gore over the breasts of the warriors; loud was the shout; havoc and carnage stalked around. The blood-stained waves flowed over the broken spear, and mournful silence hung on the brows of the warrior. The briny wave, rolling into the channel, mingled with waves of blood. Furiously raged the spear, and the tide of blood rushed with force. Our attack was sudden and fierce. Death was displayed in all its horrors. Noble troops, in the fatal hour, trampled on the dead, like prancing steeds. Before Rodri was subdued the church-yard became like fallow ground."

At the extreme south point of Anglesey are the ruins of

LLANDDWYN ABBEY,

Which was situated about the middle of a sandy flat surrounded by rocks, and also, except on one side, by the sea. Some of the walls are yet standing, but they possess nothing whatever of interest or elegance. To judge from the present traces of its site, the erection altogether has never been of any considerable magnitude.

From the Anglesey coast, near the Tal y Moel ferry-house, the town of Caernarvon, with the straits of Menai in front, and the high grand mountains in the back ground, are strikingly beautiful.

About 3 miles from Tal y Moel is

LLANEDWEN,

A village now celebrated principally from its having been the place of interment of Henry Rowlands, the learned author of "*Mona Antiqua restaurata*," who died in the year 1723. A black slab, near the south end of the church, contains a Latin inscription to his memory: this was his own composition, but it is now nearly obliterated.

The Welsh people have a strange tradition, that the body of a woman *sixteen feet* long, lies buried across the path leading to the south door of the church.

The place where the Roman general, Suetonius Paulinus, first landed when he invaded this island, is not far from Llanedwen. About 200 yards from the Menai there is a field yet called *Maes Mawr Gâd*, *The Field of the great Army*; and at a little distance eastward, just on the shore, a place still retains the name of *Rheidd*, or *The Chief Men's Post*. In this parish is

MOEL Y DON,

The Hill of the Wave, celebrated as being the place where, in the year 1282, part of the English army experienced from the Welsh a severe defeat, attended with great slaughter. Edward I. had led out his men to contend with the Welsh soldiers in the open plains, but, on their retiring to the mountains, he did not dare an attack in their fastnesses. He therefore sent over a party into Anglesey, and ordered them to encamp on the bank of the Menai, near Moel y Don, at the same time giving directions for a bridge of

boats, of width sufficient for sixty men to march abreast, to be built across the straits. He retired to Conway Castle with the remainder of his army, and the workmen proceeded in their operations. The bridge was so far finished, that part of it only wanted boarding over, when, at the ebb of the tide, several of the English nobility, and about 300 soldiers, rashly crossed it, and remained on the opposite side till the tide had cut off their access to the bridge. The Welsh soon received information of this circumstance, and, descending like a torrent from the mountains, rushed with such fury upon the affrighted Englishmen, that every one of them, except Sir William Latimer, was either put to death by the sword, or perished in the water. The historians inform us that, besides the common soldiers, the Welsh slew in this encounter thirteen knights, and seventeen young gentlemen, probably officers commanding in the English army.

PLAS NEWYDD,

The New Mansion, is the seat of the Marquis of Anglesey. The house is an elegant building. It stands upon the bank of the Menai, is almost surrounded by woods, and commands from the front windows a beautiful and extensive prospect of those British Alps, the mountains of Caernarvonshire.

On Craig y Dinas, a rock near the house, stands the Anglesey column, erected to commemorate the exploits of the noble Marquis. Its height from the base is 100 feet, and the summit of the hill on which it is built rises 260 feet above the level of the sea.

At a little distance are some Druidical remains, a large and a small *Cromlech*, which stand close together. The former of these is about thirteen feet long and twelve broad. The upper stone, which in some parts is about four feet in

thickness, formerly rested on five upright supporters ; but, some years ago, after some heavy rain, the one at the back suddenly split and fell down, since which another has been detached, so that it is now supported by three only. Of these one is five, one three, and one three and a half feet high. To the narrow end of this Cromlech the smaller one joins, the upper stone of which is six feet square, and rests upon three supporters.

Cromlechs seem to have been originally designed to serve the purposes of sepulchral monuments, and not of altars, as some antiquarians contend, for bones have been found under several of them in Cornwall and other parts of England, and their height from the ground, and the porous substance of which many of them are formed, ill calculated to endure the action of fire, argue strongly against their use as altars ; besides if they were used as such, they must have been connected with Druidical worship, and yet we find nations of the Teutonic race, among whom were no Druids, possessing Cromlechs. From these it is most probable that our present altar tombs originated, which are but more diminutive and elegantly formed Cromlechs.

The following is a list of 28 Cromlechs, which are yet to be found in the island of Anglesey :

In the Parish of

2 at Plâs Newydd	Llan Edwen.
1 at Bodowyr	Llanidan.
1 at Trevor	Llansadwrn.
2 at Rhôs Fawr	Llanfair gu Mathafarn.
1 at Marian Pant y Saer . .	Ibid.
1 at Llugwy	Penrhôs Llugwy.
1 at Parkiau	Ibid.
3 at Bodafon mountain . . .	Llanvihangel Tre'r-beirdd.
3 at Boddeiniol	Llanbaleo.
1 at Cromlech	Llanfechell.

In the Parish of

- 1 at Henblas Llan Gristiolis.
 1 at Tynewyddland Llanfaelog.
 1 partly demolished, on My- } Ibid.
 nydd y Cnwe
 3 small ones near Cryghyll river Ibid.
 1 near Towyn Trewen Llanfihangel Ynnebrol.
 1 near Llanallgo Llanallgo.
 1 at Cremlyn Llandone.
 1 at Myfyrian Llanidan.
 1 at Bodlew, and
 1 at Rhôs y Ccryg.

At a little distance from the Cromlechs at Plas Newydd is a *tumulus* of considerable size. Upon it rests a large flat stone, beneath which is a low entrance into a subterraneous recess. The sides are formed by flat upright stones, one of which, opposite to the entrance, is said to close the passage into a vault considerably larger than this. This place was first exposed in the time of Sir Nicholas Bailey, about 100 years ago; but, when the workmen had opened the entrance into the larger recess, he ordered them to discontinue their operations, as it seemed to contain nothing but bones.

On the old Holyhead road, nearly equi-distant from Bangor and Holyhead, is situated

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GWYNDY,

The Wine House.—About the reign of Edward the Fourth, and for some years subsequent to that period, the gentlemen of Wales frequently invited their friends, in large parties, to exercise in wrestling, tournaments and other feats of activity; but as these meetings, in consequence of the numbers invited, were usually attended with great expense,

they were always held in the house of some neighbouring tenant, who was supplied with wine from his lord's cellar, and this was sold to the visitors, and his master received the profit. These houses were denominated *Gwyndu*, or wine-houses, and from this circumstance the present place had its name.

AMLWCH,

*Near the Lake,** is a market-town, containing 6285 inhabitants, about a mile from the *Parys mountain*. The church dedicated to Elaeth, a saint of the British calendar, is a neat modern structure. The town itself is a black and dismal place, owing to the scoria of the metal, of which all the roads are formed. On the exterior of the town the country is a scene of barrenness and desolation. The sulphureous fumes from the mine have entirely destroyed the vegetation for a considerable space around, and little else than earth and rock are to be seen even within a short distance of Amlwch. On the Parys mountain there is not even a single moss or lichen to be found.

PARYS COPPER MINES.

These far-famed mines are now but the wreck of what they formerly were; the veins of ore being so nearly exhausted, that not more than 300 persons are employed in working them. These mines some few years back afforded a vast income to the proprietors, but now they are a source of very little profit, the receipts scarcely more than covering the disbursements. Workmen are now trying to discover other veins, but of this the superintendent seemed to entertain very slight hopes.

* The loch or lake, from which the town has its name, was situated betwixt the church and the port. It has long been drained, and is now in a state of cultivation.

The ore is obtained partly by picking and partly by blasting. It is then broken by hammers into small pieces by women and children armed with iron gloves. After this operation it is piled in kilns of great length and about six feet high, where it is set on fire in different places to undergo the process of roasting; for as the ore in its natural state contains a great quantity of sulphur, it is necessary that this should be separated (which can only be done by means of fire) before it is fluxed into copper. The sulphur passes off in the form of vapour, and is conveyed by a flue, connected with the kiln, to the sulphur chamber, a place built to receive it, where it sublims and becomes flower of sulphur. It is afterwards taken from hence, melted in large copper pans, and cast in moulds for sale.

After the ore has been thus roasted, which is rather a tedious operation, occupying from three to ten months, according to the quantity in the furnaces, it is taken to the slacking pits, places constructed of stone, about six yards long, five wide and two deep, to be washed and made merchantable.

By the processes of roasting and washing, though the ore is much reduced in quantity, it is considerably improved in quality; and the water is so richly impregnated with copper, which is dissolved by the acid quality of the sulphur, that by means of old iron immersed in it, according to the German method, it produces a great quantity of fine copper.

The proprietors also turn the water drawn from the beds of copper, which is highly impregnated, through rectangular pits similar to those used in the above process. These are each about thirty feet long, twelve broad and two deep. Any kind of iron, either old or new, is used, but in general, for the sake of convenience, they procure small plates of cast iron. The iron becomes dissolved by the acid, and is suspended in the water, whilst the copper is precipitated.

Care is taken to turn the iron every day, in order to shake off the incrustation of copper formed upon it, and this is continued till the iron is perfectly dissolved. The workmen then drain off the water, and rake together the ore in the form of mud, which when it is become, by drying, of the consistency of a softish paste, they bake in ovens constructed for the purpose. After undergoing this process, it is conveyed with the other ore to the smelting-houses. One ton of iron thus immersed produces nearly two tons of copper mud, each of which, when melted, will yield sixteen hundred weight of copper; and this sells at a considerably higher price than the copper which is fluxed from the ore.

About two miles east of Amlwch, and at a little distance from the coast, is the village of

LLANELIAN.

The church is by no means an inelegant structure; and adjoining to it is a small chapel of very ancient foundation, that measures in its interior twelve feet by fifteen, called *Myfyr, the confessional*. A curious closet of wood, of an hexagonal form, called *St. Elian's closet*, is yet left in the east wall, and is supposed to have served both the office of a communion-table and as a chest to contain the vestments and other utensils belonging to the chapel. There is a hole in the wall of the chapel, through which the priests are supposed to have received confessions; the people believe this hole to have been used in returning oracular answers to persons who made inquiries of the saint respecting future events. Near the door is placed *Cyff Elian, Elian's chest* or poor-box. People out of health, even to this day, send their offerings to the saint, which they put, through a hole, into the box. A silver groat is said to be a present peculiarly acceptable, and has been known to procure his intercession when all other kinds of coin have

failed! The sum thus deposited, which in the course of a year frequently amounts to several pounds, the churchwardens annually divide among the poor of the parish.

The wakes of Llanelian were formerly held on the three first Friday evenings in August; but they are now confined to only one of those days. Young persons from all parts of the adjacent country, and even from distant counties, assemble here, most of whom bring with them some offering for the saint to ensure their future prosperity, palliate their offences, and secure blessings on their families, their cattle and corn.

The misguided devotees assemble about the chapel, and having deposited their offerings, many of them proceed to search into their future destiny, in a very singular manner, by means of the wooden closet. Persons of both sexes, of all ages and sizes, enter the small door-way, and if they can succeed in turning themselves round within the narrow limits of the place, (which measures only from three to four feet in height, about four feet across the back, and eighteen inches in width,) they believe that they shall be fortunate till at least the ensuing wake. But if they do not succeed in this difficult undertaking, they esteem it an omen of ill-fortune or of their death within the year. It is curious enough to see a stout lusty fellow, weighing perhaps sixteen or eighteen stone, striving to creep into these narrow confines with as much confidence of success as a stripling a yard high; and when he fails in the attempt, to see him fuming and fretting because his body, which contains in solid bulk more than the place could hold, were it crammed into all corners, cannot be got in. But when we consider that superstition and enthusiasm have generally little to do with reason, we must not wonder at this addition to the heap of incongruities that all ages have afforded us.

Llanelian was formerly a sanctuary, or place of refuge for

criminals. In digging a grave in the church-yard, about forty years ago, a deep trench was discovered, which extended about twenty yards in a transverse direction across. It was found to contain a great quantity of human bones, and is supposed to have been the place of interment of a number of sailors who perished in a storm that drove them upon this coast.

The village of Llanfair, near Red Wharf Bay, on the eastern coast of Anglesey, is celebrated as the birth-place of

GORONWY OWEN,

A man of great talent and genius. He was born in the year 1722, and his father having only a small farm upon which to support his family, he received the earlier part of his education in the neighbouring village of Llanallgo. During his early years he exhibited such marks of application and abilities, that at the age of fifteen he was taken as an assistant in the grammar-school at Pwllheli. Here he found employment for some time. In 1741 he went to Oxford, but, from the poverty of his parents, he was supported in that University by the munificence of Mr. Lewis Morris. Four years afterwards he received holy orders at Bangor, and became curate to the bishop at Llanfair. The bishop soon removing him to make way for one of his own friends, he accepted the curacy of Oswestry, and in the same year received priest's orders at St. Asaph. In the year following he married, and in 1748 removed to Donnington, near Shrewsbury, where he served a church and taught a school for about twenty-six pounds a year. He changed his residence in 1753 (with his wife and two children) to serve the curacy of Walton, near Liverpool, for which, and the care of a school, he was allowed forty pounds a year and a house. On this slender and hard-earned pittance his family were almost starving, when, two

years afterwards, he was induced to remove to the curacy of North Holt, in Middlesex. Here he was once more on the point of starving, when the rectory of St. Andrews, in the county of Brunswic, in Virginia, worth about two hundred pounds a year, was obtained for him; and in the month of November, 1757, he sailed from this country to take possession of it. Here his situation seems to have been still distressing. He had to live among men whose characters and conduct he had every reason to detest. In two letters which, out of the vast numbers written by him, alone reached his friends in this country, he complains that all his letters from Virginia had been opened before they came to his hands. With one of the two above-mentioned letters he himself travelled seventy miles, and with the other nearly as far, to secure them a passage by delivering them himself to captains of vessels. In one of them, dated July, 1767, he states the loss of all his family except one boy. Thus had he, though a man of the highest talents, to struggle with affliction through every part of his life; and the close attention that, in England, he had paid to the duties of his station as a schoolmaster, and his application to the study of languages and general literature, during what ought to have been hours dedicated to rest, with the necessary anxieties for his family, tended greatly to undermine his health. His character throughout appears to have been free from stain. He was not ambitious, a comfortable subsistence seems to have been the utmost limit of his wishes, yet his country did not give it; and with every qualification that could render him useful to society, he was banished from his native home to seek an asylum, for a mere existence, in a voluntary transportation from every thing he held dear and valuable.

The acquirements of Goronwy Owen were very extensive. To a perfect acquaintance with the Latin and Greek lan-

guages, he added a knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and Syriac. His Latin odes have been universally admired for the purity of their language, and for the elegance of their expression. As a Welsh poet, he ranks superior to all since the days of Dafydd ap Gwilym. Those parts of his works that have been printed are considered as perfect models of Welsh poetry. His poetry consists chiefly of odes, moral, serious, and religious; but his most celebrated performance is a poem on the day of judgment—"Cywydd y Farn fawr." The ideas in this are so grand, and it is throughout so crowded with poetic images, as deservedly to raise it superior to the works of any but a few of the most eminent bards. He had also a general knowledge of antiquities, which, from his various letters that are extant, he seems to have pursued with considerable ardour. Goronwy Owen died in Virginia, but the time of his death is uncertain.

About a mile from Redwharf bay, is the village of **PENTRAETH**, *The end of the Sands*. It is pleasantly situated, and its little church is so picturesque, that from this circumstance only Mr. Grose was induced to insert a print of it in his *Antiquities*. The ash and sycamore trees around seem to shelter it from the observation of the world. It is the place of interment of the Panton family, whose seat, *Plâs Gwynn*, *The White Mansion*, is about half a mile distant.

In a field near the porter's lodge of *Plâs Gwynn*, there are two stones, at a considerable distance from each other, which mark the place where tradition says Einion ap Gwalchmai, some centuries ago, obtained his wife by an uncommon exhibition of activity in leaping *fifty feet*! There were two competitors, and the female decided their claims by taking the man who could leap farthest. Einion, it is said, some time afterwards, went to a distant part of the

country, where he had occasion to reside several years, and he found on his return that his wife had, on that very morning, been married to another person. He took his harp and sitting down at the door, explained in Welsh metre who he was, and where he had been resident. His wife narrowly scrutinized his person, unwilling to give up her new spouse, when he exclaimed—

“ Look not, Angharad, on my silver hair,
Which once shone bright of golden lively hue :
Man doth not last like gold,—he that was fair
Will soon decay, though gold continue new.

“ If I have lost Angharad, lovely fair !
The gift of brave Ednyfed, and my spouse,
All I've not lost, (all must from hence repair,)
Nor bed, nor harp, not yet my ancient house.

“ I once have leap'd to shew my active power,
A leap which none could equal or exceed,
The leap in Aber Nowydd, which thou, fair flower !
Did once so much admire, thyself the meed.

“ Full fifty feet, as still the truth is known,
And many witnesses can still attest,
How there the prize I won, thyself must own,
This action stamp'd my worth within thy breast.”

From Plâs Gwynn to

BEAUMARIS,

The distance is about five miles. The entrance into the town is pretty : the bay and castle, with Penmaen Mawr and Ormes Head at a distance, are seen in a direct line in front ; and the road, which lies down a steep hill, is shaded on each side with trees. The town itself is finely situated on the western bank of the Menai, just where it opens into an extensive bay. The houses are in general neat, and

some of them extremely well built, and the principal street is very good. The population of Beaumaris is 2497. In the church and church yard there is nothing worth notice, except a fine monument by Westmacott in memory of the late Lord Bulkeley and a whimsical inscription on Meredith Davies.—

“ Who has been our parish clerk
Full one and thirty years, I say;
But here, alas! lies in the dark,
Bemoam'd for ever and aye.”

The Anglesey Assizes are held at Beaumaris. The principal inn is the Bulkeley Arms.

BEAUMARIS CASTLE,

Is situated close to the town, within the grounds of Baron Hill, the seat of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley. It covers a considerable space of ground, but its walls are at present so low, that it does not at a distance excite much attention. When it was in a perfect state, it consisted of an outer balium, or envelope, surrounded by a broad ditch flanked by several round towers; and it had on the east side an advanced work, called the gunner's walk; within these was the body of the castle, which was nearly square, having a round tower at each angle, and another in the centre of each face. The area is a square with the corners cut off, and measures about sixty yards on each side. In the middle of the north side is the hall, which is twenty yards long, and twelve broad, and has had five elegant windows in front.* The walls opposite to the hall are now desecrated by being made to form part of a tennis court, *which is appropriated exclusively to the use and amusement of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley and his friends.* There has been a communica-

*. Grose.

tion round the buildings of the inner court by means of a gallery somewhat more than a yard wide, which is yet in a great measure entire. In recesses in the sides of this gallery are several square openings, which seem to have been furnished with trap-doors, entrances to dungeons beneath; these must have been descended by ladders, for there are no remains of steps to be discovered in any of them. The two eastern towers of this building served the purpose of dungeons for the confinement of prisoners. On the east side of the area are the remains of a very small chapel, arched and ribbed with pointed and intersecting arches. Between each of the Gothic pilasters is a narrow window, and, behind some of them, there have been small closets gained out of the thickness of the wall.

History of the Castle.—After Edward I. had secured his conquests in Caernarvonshire by the erection of the castles of Caernarvon and Conway, he found it was necessary to have a fortress of some strength in the island of Anglesey, to prevent the Welsh from taking refuge there, and becoming sufficiently collected and powerful to harass his forces in other parts. Beaumaris castle was therefore founded for this purpose about the year 1295: it was built on private property, but Edward made full satisfaction to the proprietors of the ground, by bestowing on them other lands free from rent and service. The name of the town, which before had been Bonover, was now changed to Beaumaris, indicative, says Holinshed, of its pleasant situation in a low ground.

From the time of the foundation of the castle, to the reign of Charles I. there is no incident recorded of it of any importance. It is said to have been extremely burthensome to the country, on account of the frequent quarrels which took place betwixt the garrison and the people of the neighbourhood.

In the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. Beaumaris Castle was garrisoned for the king by Thomas Lord Bulkeley; and in the year 1648 the people of the whole island rose, in imitation of those in several counties of England, to set the king at liberty, and restore monarchy to the oppressed kingdom. Multitudes of royalists, from different parts of North Wales, resorted here, and a general muster was made, under the direction of Lord Bulkeley, in the middle of the island. The parliament, determining to bring them to submission, sent against them a division of their army, under the command of General Mytton. Some of the royalist officers conducted themselves with great bravery and spirit, but the islanders in general proved cowards. An Anglesey captain was directed to keep the church of Beaumaris: he posted his men in it, locked them safely up, and then ran away, with the key in his pocket. In consequence of this he was ever afterwards stigmatized with the title of Captain Church. When the enemy were seen marching over the heights of Penmaen Mawr, at least four miles distant, the Anglesey people began to bustle about, drums were beat, trumpets sounded, and volleys of both small and great shot were discharged. The parliament's army, somewhat more accustomed to fighting than to be alarmed at an enemy who could fire small shot at them when four miles off, approached the place, and with little difficulty put the whole to flight. The garrison surrendered upon honourable terms, and Mytton was immediately made governor. The castle is now the property of the crown.

When Edward I. built the castle, he surrounded the town with walls. He also incorporated it, and endowed it with great privileges and lands of considerable value.

THE BAY OF BEAUMARIS

Forms a fine opening before the town; and it is so sheltered that vessels of considerable burthen can lie secure in it, even during stormy weather. The depth of the water near the town is six or seven fathoms, even when the tide is out; but this deep channel scarcely extends more than a quarter of a mile in width. All the rest of the bay for several miles is left dry at low water, and has the name of the *Lavan Sands*. These are supposed by the Welsh people to have once formed a habitable hundred of Caernarvonshire, that was first overflowed during the sixth century. It seems by no means improbable that this was the case, for there is decided proof of the sea having encroached very greatly on some parts of this coast. In the churchyard of Abergele, a village on the coast of Caernarvonshire, about 18 miles distant, there is the following inscription :

Yma mae'n gorwedd
Ym monwent Mihangel ;
Gwr oedd a'i annedd,
Dair milltir yn y gogledd.

Under this stone lieth
In the churchyard of St. Michael,
A man whose dwelling was
Three miles to the northward.

Another evidence arises from the bodies of oak trees, tolerably entire, having been discovered, at low water, in a long tract of hard loam, far from the present banks of the sea.

BARON HILL.

On an eminence behind the town of Beaumaris stands this charming residence of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley, commanding a most delightful prospect of all the northern

mountains of Caernarvonshire, of the bay of Beaumaris, and a great expanse of sea. The house stands in front of the woods, and is esteemed by many tourists an ornament to this corner of Anglesey. It was built originally in the reign of James I., for the reception of Henry, the eldest son of that monarch, when on his way to Ireland. But his untimely death so much affected Sir Richard Bulkeley, the owner, that he gave up his original and magnificent plan, and used the part only that was then completed for his family seat. The house has since been enlarged and greatly improved.

About a mile from Beaumaris, and not far from the shore, are yet to be seen, in the walls of a barn, the poor remains of the house of Franciscan friars, founded in the thirteenth century, by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of Wales, called

LLANVAES,

Or *The Friars*. It is at present principally known as having been the place of interment of Joan, the wife of Llewelyn, and natural daughter of King John. The stone coffin of this princess, though now removed, served not long ago as a watering trough for horses. In this church there were also interred, at different times, a son of one of the kings of Denmark, Lord Clifford, and many barons and knights who were slain in the Welsh wars.

The church, and some other parts of the buildings, were destroyed soon after the death of Llewelyn, in an insurrection of the Welsh against the English forces; and Henry IV. again nearly destroyed it, on account of the friars having espoused the cause of Owen Glyndwr. His son, Henry V., re-established it, and added a provision for eight friars, of whom only two were to be Welshmen. At the dissolution the convent and its possessions were sold: they are at present the property of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley.

PENMON.

Two miles north of the Friars is the priory of Penmon, at present consisting of little more than the ruinous refectory, and part of the church. This was a house of Benedictine monks, dedicated to St. Mary, and endowed, if not founded, by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth before the year 1221. In the 26th year of the reign of Henry VIII. the revenues were valued at about 48*l. per annum*.

The parish of Penmon abounds with grey-coloured marble, which has been successfully employed in the erection of the Menai and Conway bridges, Penrlyn Castle, the Hall at Birmingham, &c.

The island of Anglesey is celebrated for some of its rare marine productions, and particularly for the variety of its shells and crabs. The places from whence the latter are principally to be obtained are the rocky coasts about Llandwyn, Roscolin, Holyhead, and Penmon; and the best times for discovering them are at low water, during the spring tides, which sometimes rise and fall near twenty feet. The mode is to turn up the stones, near low water mark, under which they will be found to lurk, hidden among the sea weed. The shells are principally taken in the dredges of the oyster catchers, betwixt Beaumaris and the island of Priestholme, and in Red Wharf Bay.

HOLYHEAD ISLAND

Is connected with Anglesey by means of two vast embankments, which commencing on opposite sides of the separating channel, advance near to each other, and are then connected by a bridge of one arch nineteen feet in span, under which the tide, compressed into a narrow compass, ebbs or flows with great force and rapidity.

THE TOWN OF HOLYHEAD,

Distant 260 miles from London, is situated at the extreme west point of the island. It contains 4282 inhabitants. From being the nearest point of this kingdom that lies towards Dublin, it has always been much resorted to by company passing to and from Ireland. The distance from Holyhead to Dublin is about twenty leagues, which the steam packets generally make in about six hours.

The church-yard is on a rock directly above the sea; it forms a quadrangle of about ninety yards by forty. Three sides are enclosed by strong walls, and the fourth is nearly open to the sea, having only a parapet defended by steep rocks.

The church is a handsome embattled edifice, built in the form of a cross. It is supposed to have been once a college of prebendaries, founded by Hwfa ap Cyndelw, lord of Llys Llivon, in Anglesey, and one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, who lived in the twelfth century. In the reign of Edward III. the whole of the church except the chancel was rebuilt; and the latter was repaired in the beginning of the last century.

The pier extends 1000 feet in length, and was built after designs by Rennie. At its entrance is a triumphal arch, erected in commemoration of the visit of George IV. in 1821, on his way to Ireland.

In an opposite direction, and in an elevated situation, is a monument to the memory of Captain Skinner, who was washed overboard whilst commanding one of the Post-office packets.

The principal inn is the Hibernian Hotel.

The promontary called the Head has a bold appearance towards the sea, and is in many parts indented with caverns formed by the action of the waves, of these one is called the parliament house.

The South Stack lighthouse stands on the summit of an isolated rock three or four miles westward from Holyhead, and separated from the island by a chasm ninety feet in width, over which a suspension bridge has been thrown. The elevation of the rock on which the lighthouse is erected is 140 feet above the level of the sea at high water mark; the height of the lighthouse, including the lantern, is 72 feet.

THE SKERRIES

Are a group of rocks, eight or ten in number, about eight miles from Holyhead, and two miles and a half from the west shore of Anglesey. The principal of these, on which a lighthouse is erected, is called by the Welsh *Ynys y Moel Rhoniaid*, or the Isle of Seals.

CHAPTER VI.

BANGOR TO CAERNARVON,

(9 Miles.)

*Caernarvon—Caernarvon Castle—Birth of Edward first Prince of Wales
—History of Caernarvon Castle—Roman City of Segontium.*

THE road from Bangor to Caernarvon is not particularly interesting; but after travelling for about four miles the straits of Menai, the well wooded island of Anglesey and the far distant Rival mountains on one side, open into a placid scene, to which the black precipices and shagged sides of the rocks of Caernarvonshire on the other form a most delightful contrast.

CAERNARVON*

Is situated on the eastern bank of the Menai and is a place extremely well adapted to afford during summer a few months retreat for a thinking mind from the busy scenes of the world. Its situation between the mountains and the island of Anglesey renders it a convenient place of residence for travellers who wish to visit both.

The walls round the town are even yet nearly entire, and as well as the castle, seem to bear much the same external appearance which they did in the time of their founder, Edward the First. They have a number of round

* The population of Caernarvon is returned with the parish, therefore here, as in all other similar instances, mention of it is omitted.

towers and two principal gates, entrances to the town. Over one of these is a spacious room, which is used as the town hall, and in which the assemblies are frequently held. The houses are, for the most part, tolerably regular, but the streets, as in all other ancient towns, are very narrow and confined. On the outside of the walls there is a broad and pleasant terrace walk along the side of the Menai, extending from the quay to the north end of the town walls, which is the fashionable promenade, on fine evenings, for all descriptions of people. The court-house, in which the assizes for the county are held, and where all the county business is transacted, stands nearly opposite to the castle gates. The custom-house, a small and mean building, is on the outside of the walls, not far from the quay.

From the top of Tuthill, the rock behind the Hotel, there is an excellent bird's eye view of the town. From hence the castle and the whole of the town walls are seen to the greatest advantage; and on a fine day, the isle of Anglesey, bounded on two sides by the Holyhead and Parys mountains, appears spread out like a map beneath the eye. Sometimes even the far distant mountains of Wicklow may be seen towering beyond the channel. On the opposite side to these is the fine and varied range of British Alps, where Snowdon rises, whose

“ Hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets, with three cheers, exulting.”

Caernarvon is in the parish of Llanbublich, and the *church* is situated about half a mile from the town. In this there is nothing curious except a marble monument, with two recumbent figures of Sir William and Lady Griffith, of Penrhyn, who died in the year 1587. There is a chapel of ease to this church, situated in the north-west corner of

the town walls, and originally built for the use of the garrison.

At Caernarvon there is a small but tolerably good harbour. This is used principally by the vessels that trade here for slates, of which many thousand tons are exported every year to different parts of the kingdom.

The principal inns are the Hotel, the Sportsman and the Goat.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

The entrance into this stupendous monument of ancient grandeur is through a lofty gateway, over which is yet left a mutilated figure, supposed by most writers to be that of Edward the First. In this gate there are the grooves of no fewer than four portcullises, evidences of the former strength of the fortress. The building is large but irregular, and much more shattered within than, from viewing it from the outside, one would be led to imagine. The towers are chiefly octagonal, but three or four of them have ten sides; among the latter is the *Eagle Tower*, the largest and by far the most elegant in the whole building. This tower, which received its name from the figure of an eagle yet left (though very much mutilated) at the top of it, stands at one end of the oblong court of the castle, and has three handsome turrets issuing from it. It was in the Eagle Tower that Edward, the first Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., was born, on St. Mark's day, the 25th of April, 1284.* Pennant says, that the prince was brought forth "in a little dark room not twelve feet long nor eight in breadth." This assertion he alleges to be founded on tradition, but it can scarcely be conceived how that gentleman should retain the opinion after he had once examined the place. This room has indeed had a window and a fire-place in it, but it very

* Matt. West. 372.

evidently was nothing more than a passage-room to some of the other apartments, which, though nearly the most magnificent in the castle, must, during the queen's confinement, have been shut up as useless. If the prince was born in the Eagle Tower, it must have been in one of the rooms, occupying in width the whole interior, in an apartment suitable to the majesty of the heir apparent to the English throne. From the top of the Eagle tower there is a very extensive view of the isle of Anglesey, the Menai, and the country for many miles round.

At the other end of the court, and opposite to this tower, is a gate called the queen's gate. This is said to be that through which the faithful Eleanor, queen of Edward I., first entered the castle. It appears to have been guarded by two portcullises, and it anciently had a communication with the outside of the castle by means of a drawbridge over a deep moat. At present it is considerably above the level of the ground, owing probably to the moat having been filled up with earth from this part.

The state apartments are larger, and appear to have been much more commodious than any of the others. The windows were wide, and not inelegant for the times. On the outside, the building containing these apartments is square, but on entering them, all the rooms are perfectly polygonal, the sides being formed out of the vast thickness of the walls.

A narrow gallery, or covered way, formerly extended round this fortress, by which, during a siege, a communication could be had with the other parts without danger. On one side this gallery remains yet undemolished. It was next to the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow slits that served as stations, from whence arrows and other missile weapons could be discharged with advantage upon an enemy.

The castle occupies the whole west end of the town; and was a place of such strength as, before the introduction of

artillery, to have been capable of withstanding the most furious attacks of an enemy. The exterior walls are in general about nine feet in thickness.

From a small hillock near the end of the court opposite to the Eagle Tower, an echo may be heard which repeats several syllables very distinctly. There is, however, only a single reverberation.

Caernarvon castle, as has very justly been observed, from whatever point, or at whatever distance it is viewed, has a romantic singularity, and an air of dignity that awes, at the same time that it pleases the beholder. Its ivy-clad walls are in some parts going fast to decay, while in others they even yet retain their ancient external form and appearance.

History of Caernarvon Castle.—After Edward the First had subdued the Welsh people, he began to think of securing his conquests by erecting several strong holds in different parts of their country. And, as it appeared to him that Caernarvonshire, on account of its mountains and morasses, was a country likely to encourage insurrections, he determined to guard as much as possible against such by erecting the castles of Conway and Caernarvon, two of the strongest in the whole principality.

We are informed by Mr. Pennant, upon the authority of the Sebright manuscripts, that Edward began this castle in the early part of 1283, and completed it within that year.* A record, however, formerly belonging to the exchequer of Caernarvon, states decisively that it occupied twelve years in building. The revenues of the archbishopric of York, which about that time was vacant, were applied towards defraying the expenses.†

The reason of the queen of Edward I. being brought here, will be mentioned in the account of the village of Rhyddlan given in a future chapter.

* Pennant, ii. 215.

† Gtose, vii. 8.

Very few events relative to Caernarvon or its castle have been given to posterity. In an insurrection of the Welsh, during a fair in the year 1294, the town was suddenly attacked: after the surrender it was set on fire, and all the English found within the walls were murdered in cold blood. This place, in 1404, was blockaded by Owen Glyndwr's adherents, but it was bravely defended for the king by Jevan ap Meredydd and Meredydd ap Hwlkin Llwyd, of Glyn Llivon in Evionedd. During the siege Jevan died in the castle, and his body was conveyed out privately by sea to be buried in his parish church of Llanvihangel. Owen's men, at length finding all efforts to take the castle fruitless, thought proper to raise the siege, and retire for the purpose of harassing the English in some other quarter. Caernarvon Castle was seized, in the year 1644, for the parliament by Captain Swanly, who took at the same time four hundred prisoners, and a great quantity of arms and ammunition. It must have been soon afterwards retaken; for in the following year, it is mentioned amongst the castles that were fortified for the king. Lord Byron was appointed governor, but on its being attacked in 1646 by General Mytton and General Langhorn, he surrendered it upon honourable terms. General Mytton and Colonel Mason were besieged here in 1648 by Sir John Owen with a small force consisting of only one hundred and fifty horse, and a hundred and twenty foot soldiers; and it is by no means improbable that the bravery of this handful of men would have been crowned with success, had not notice been brought to Sir John that a considerable detachment from the parliament's army were on their march to join General Mytton. He immediately drew off his troops from the castle, and determinately marched to attack them. The two forces met on the sands between Conway and Bangor, and, after a furious encounter, his party was routed, thirty of his men were

killed, and himself and about one hundred others were taken prisoners. After this contest, the whole of North Wales became subject to the parliament.

The property of Caernarvon castle is at present in the crown. It was formerly held by the Wynnes of Glynllivon and Gwyder, the Bulkeleyes of Baron Hill, and the Mostyns of Gloddaeth.

About half a mile south of Caernarvon there are yet to be seen a few walls, the small remains of

SEGONTIUM,*

The ancient Roman city mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus. This appears to have been the principal station which the Romans had in North Wales, all the rest being subordinate to it. It received its name from the river Sciont, which rises in the lower lake of Llanberis, passes under the walls, and discharges itself into the Menai near Caernarvon castle. The form of this city was oblong, and it appears originally to have occupied about six acres of ground. The road which leads from Caernarvon to Beddgelert now divides it into two parts.

Not far from hence was the fort which belonged to it; this was also of an oblong figure, and stood upon about an acre of ground. The walls are at present about eleven feet high, and six in thickness, and at each corner there was formerly a tower.

Along these walls there are three parallel rows of circular holes, each nearly three inches in diameter, which pass through the whole thickness: and at the ends are others of a similar kind. Much learned conjecture has been emi-

* This place is called by the Welsh *Caer Custeint*, the fort of Constantine, and *Caer Segont*, the fort of the river Sciont, and from its situation opposite to Mona, it obtained the British name of *Caer yn Arvon*, the stronghold in the country opposite to Mona, which appellation was transferred to the present town of Caernarvon.

ployed as to the original design of these holes. Some antiquaries have supposed them to have been used for discharging arrows through at an enemy, but their great length and narrowness render it impossible that this should ever have been the case. Others have fancied they might have been left in the walls to admit air for the purpose of hardening the liquid cement that was poured in; but this cannot have been so, since there are such at Salisbury that appear to have been closed with stones at the ends, and others have been found even below the natural surface of the ground at Manchester. Mr. Whitaker, in his history of that place, says, that he by chance met with a hole that was accidentally laid open from end to end; this, he thought, disclosed the design of all the rest, and he supposes that as the Romans carried their ramparts upwards, they took off from the pressure on the parts below, and gave a greater strength to the whole, by turning little arches in their work, and fixing the rest of the wall upon them. At Segontium, however, this cannot have been the case, for the holes are not only too small, but are at by far too great a distance from each other to have been of any material use in lightening the work. It is not however unreasonable to suppose that these were formed for no other purpose than merely to bear the horizontal poles for resting the scaffolding upon, necessary in the building of the fabric: they may have been left unfilled up in order to admit air to the interior of the work, or for some other purpose with which we are not now acquainted, and this conjecture is the more probable from their being exactly parallel, and the rows at a proper height above each other to admit the masons to work.

It was the opinion of Mr. Camden that this was the *Se-tantiorum Portus* of Ptolemy, but that place has been referred with greater propriety to the Neb of the Nese, a high promontory in the river Ribble, about eight miles west of Preston in Lancashire.

CHAPTER VII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO THE NANTTLE POOLS.*

Glangwna—View—Ascent to the summit of Moel Aelir, and view from thence—Bettws—Nant Mill—Llyn Cwellyn—Castle Cidwm—Tradition respecting the giant Cidwm—Llyn y Dywarchen—Nantlle Pools—Mountain pass—Beautiful views—Slate quarries.

ABOUT two miles from Caernarvon, to the left of the road, is

GLANGWNA.

One of the most charming retreats in the principality, now the property of Mrs. King. The house is small, but surrounded with wood, and so completely sequestered as scarcely to be seen from the road. The grounds are not extensive, but they have an elegant wildness; and the walks through the woods and along the banks of the river Seiont are delightful.

From an eminence in the road, about four miles from Caernarvon, the traveller is presented in front with a view along Nant Gwyrfaï, *the vale of Freshwater*. A range of sloping rocks forms the middle distance. The vale appears closed at some distance by part of the side of the lofty Arran. The dark and towering rock of Mynydd Mawr is seen to rise from behind, on the right of the vale; and on

* See note at the commencement of the next Chapter.

the opposite side, this is well contrasted by the smooth verdant and hemispherical mountain.

MOEL AELIR.

The Frosty hill. This may be ascended without much difficulty, and the prospect from the top is good. The Rival mountains appear quite near, and beyond them the whole remaining extent of the promontory of Llyn, as far as ~~Aberdaron~~. Part of Cwellyn Pool (by the road leading to Beddgelert) is seen just below; from the edge of which the immense Mynydd Mawr rears his black and rugged sides. Beyond this is one of the Nantlle Pools, and near the latter the small pool of Llyn Cwm Ffynnon. Extending from hence southwards, is a long range of mountain summits and hollows, some verdant, and others totally destitute of vegetation. The distant mountains of Merionethshire close the scene in this direction. On the south-east side may be observed a dreary vale, with nearly perpendicular boundaries called Cwm Dwythwel, *the hollow of the rapid burrowing river*, containing a small pool, in which the finest and best flavoured of all the Caernarvonshire trout are said to be caught. Beyond this, Snowdon is seen, rearing his pointed summit into the sky. His red and precipitous cliffs and huge bulk, compared with the adjoining mountains, render him easily distinguishable from the rest. Part of the vale and lakes of Llanberis, with the castle of Dôlbadarn, are visible, in a somewhat different direction.

The descent from the mountain leads into the road at a little distance beyond the romantic little village of

BETTWS,

Or, as it is sometimes called, for the sake of distinction, Bettws Garmon. Its church is dedicated to Saint Ger-

manus, who led on the Britons to the famous "*Alleluia*"* victory obtained over the Saxons at Maes Garmon near Mold.

NANT MILL.

About half a mile beyond Bettws, are a beautiful little cascade and bridge, at a place called Nant Mill. This waterfall would appear to much greater advantage in almost any other situation than the present; for here the black and majestic mountain of Mynydd Mawr, on the right, and the more smooth and regular, though lofty Moel Aelir, on the left of the vale, attract to themselves so much of the traveller's attention, that the little waterfall appears diminutive amidst such surrounding grandeur.

On the right of the road is a pool called

LLYN CWELLYN,

Which extends itself for nearly a mile and a half. During the winter season, the *Red char*† were formerly caught here in considerable quantities. These fish are called by the Welsh Torgoch, or *Red belly*, and are in season only during the winter.

On the farther edge of the lake, just under and forming part of the mountain of Mynydd Mawr, is

CASTELL CIDWM,

Cidwm's fort. This is a high and steep rock, on the summit of which, we are informed, there was once a fortification, one of the guards to the interior of the mountains. This is said to have been founded by the Britons, some time prior to the sixth century. The Welsh people have a tradition respecting this rock, that its summit was formerly inhabited by a giant, or a warrior, called *Cidwm*. As Constantine, the son of Helen, was marching in the rear of an army,

* An account of this battle is given in an ensuing Chapter.

† *Salmo Alpinus* of Linnæus.

towards Merionethshire, he was distinguished from his soldiers by the watchful Cidwm, who was on his station; and though the distance is many times as great as our modern degenerated bows would twang their arrows, yet he aimed one, that, with instant celerity, proved fatal. He was interred in the meadow at the lower end of the lake, in a place now called *Bedd y mab, the grave of the son.*

LLYN Y DYWARCHEN.

Higher up amongst the mountains is a small pool, about the size of a good horse pond ealled Llyn y Dywarchen *the pool of the sod*, first celebrated by Giraldus Cambrensis in the account of his journey through Wales in the twelfth century, as containing a floating island.

After passing Llyn Cwellyn, the traveller must proceed westward, between Llyn Cader and Llyn y Dywarchen, and a wild mountainous pass will lead him into Nant Lle, *the vale of Lle*. The mountains rise on each side to an immense height, those towards the north forming a long range of precipices, singularly marked by the innumerable gullies of the mountain storms. The whole scene is that of savage wildness, of nature in her most dreary attire. It is a narrow pass, encompassed by mountains, uncultivated, and unsheltered on all sides from the fury of the tempests. Proceeding onwards, the scene by degrees begins to extend its limits, and the mountains to attain more varied and elegant forms. At length the two NANTLLE POOLS, ealled by the Welsh *Llyniau Nantlle*, and the whole range of the vale, with the gradually declining mountains, become visible nearly to the sea. The prospect is exceedingly beautiful; and the number of trees in different parts, and particularly about the foreground, add greatly to the effect. At some distance beyond the farthest lake, the view on looking back is elegantly picturesque, Snowdon in all its grandeur bounds the

end of the vale. The steep black rocks of Mynydd Mawr, on the left, and the craggy summits of the elegant and varied range of the Drys y Coed mountains, on the right of the vale, form a truly elegant middle distance. The expanse of the water of the two lakes, intersected by a narrow isthmus, appears in the bosom of the vale. The rude trunks and weatherbeaten limbs of the old oaks around, not only add beauty to the foreground, but vary, by their intervention, the otherwise too uniform appearance of the meadows of the vale, and of some parts of the mountain's sides. This landscape is not exceeded in beauty by any in North Wales.

Near this place are some *slate quarries*, where may be found a chasm formed in the rocks that, from its peculiar appearance, is almost as surprising as the excavations in the mountains of Nant Frangon belonging to Mr. Pennant. This is very narrow, long, and deep, its sides being nearly all perpendicular; and to a stranger, unaccustomed to sights of this nature, it will be found very interesting. The mountain in which these quarries are formed is called Cilgwyn, *the white retreat*; it is in the parish of Llanllyfni.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON INTO THE PROMONTORY OF LLYN, &c.*

The Promontory of Llyn—Dinas Dinlle and other Ancient Forts—Clynog—Beuno's Chapel and Chest—Curiosities in the Neighbourhood of Clynog—Nevin—Porthdinllyn—Pwllheli—Island of Bardsey—History of Bardsey—Hell's Mouth—Criccieth and Castle—Sir Howel y Fwyall—Penmorfa—Sir John Owen.

THE promontory of Llyn, or that division of Caernarvonshire which juts out into the Irish sea, affords very little that can be interesting to the tourist. In the more northerly parts a considerable quantity of corn is grown ; so much indeed as to supply nearly all the rest of the county. The further extremity is, in general, bleak, open and exposed.

DINAS DINLLE,

An ancient fort, is the first place of any consequence that the traveller arrives at. This is situated on the summit of a green eminence, immediately on the coast. In a stream called Voryd, that flows not far from the place, there are two fords, which to this day retain the names of *Rhyd equeste* and *Rhyd pedestre*, (Rhyd being the Welsh word for ford), and are understood by these names to mean the horse and foot fords. The mount on which the fort was

* Those persons who are desirous of making this excursion, had better defer seeing the objects described in the last Chapter, and take them in their return from Penmorfa by Beddgelert to Caernarvon.

constructed is supposed to have been artificial. It is so near the sea, that at high tides the water comes entirely up to it; on the side towards the water, the bank is very steep. The fort was of a circular form, and about 400 feet in diameter. On all sides, except towards the sea, it was defended by a deep fosse, five or six yards wide. The principal entrance was on the east side. The station not only commanded the whole of Caernarvon Bay, its creeks and harbours, but a great part of the county of Caernarvon and of the isle of Anglesey was also within sight of the garrison. To this great centre of observation and action correspond several other forts, that lie diagonally across the country, some towards the north and others towards the south; which, like the wings of an army, were of infinite service to this part of the country, in times of danger, for its safety and protection. The most considerable on the east are Dinorddwig in the parish of Llanddiniolen, and Yr Hên Gastell and Dinas Gorfau, both in the parish of Llanwnda, and about three miles distant. Towards the south, one of the most rocky is Craig y Dinas. On the river Llyfni, about a mile and a half distant, Dinorddwig, or as it is now called, Pen Dinas, is still entire, and has a ditch and rampart. Yr Hên Gastell, *the old castle*, near the brook Carrog, is a small entrenchment with a single rampart, about fifty paces in length. Dinas Gorfau, near Pont Newydd, *the new bridge*, has merely the name remaining. Craig y Dinas, *the rocky fort*, is a circular encampment, about 100 paces in diameter, very steep towards the river that passes it on the south, as it is also on every other side except the west. The ramparts, with a treble ditch, are composed of loose stones. The entrance is towards the north, very narrow, and forty paces in length. This fort is about a mile from Caernarvon and Pwllheli. Farther on towards the extremity of the diagonal line, is the foot of Llanhaiarn

mountain, and not far from that place where that parish joins upon Llan Gybi, there is a small fort upon the top of a high rock called *Caer*. This was a fort of observation to guard not only the passes of the mountains, but to overlook Llyn, the ancient division of Caernarvonshire, called Evionedd, and St. George's Channel. There are other smaller forts, interspersed about the country, connected, no doubt, in some shape or other, with Dinas Dinlle. These were either the residences of generals, as Gad-lys, in the parish of Llanwnda, or places of observation for some peculiar military uses, as Dinas y Prif, in the parish of Llanwnda, where there is one deep ditch and a western entrance looking towards the principal fort, Dinas Dinlle.

On the left of the road, about half a mile beyond the village of Llandurog, are the grounds of *Glynnllivon*, the seat of Lord Newborough. At a little distance to the right is the sea; and on the opposite side, a few miles off, are the mountains around Snowdon.

Approaching the *Rival* or *Eifl* (forked mountains,) they begin to assume a very grand aspect. They seem to oppose an impassable barrier to the still extensive country beyond them. The mountain next the sea presents a perpendicular precipice to the waves. Eight miles and a half from Caernarvon is the village of

CLYNOG,

Which, with its elegant Gothic church appearing among the trees and the mountains in the back ground, forms, at the distance of about half a mile from the place, a most picturesque scene. The houses are half hidden by the foliage of the trees, and the tower of the church rises very beautifully from among them. The sea, on the right, forms an essential part of the view.

The *Church* is a large gothic building, with some of the

windows of painted glass. In different parts of it are the tombs of several members of a Yorkshire family of the name of Twisleton, who retired into Wales, and lived chiefly in this parish. A passage called *Yr heinous, the heinous*, (from its having been used as a place of confinement for disorderly persons,) leads from the church to a small gothic building, called *EGLWYS BEUNO, the chapel of Beuno*, supposed to have been originally founded about the year 616. This Welsh saint was the son of one of the kings of Powys, and uncle to Wenefred, the celebrated virgin of Holywell. He is reported to have been interred in the chapel, and an ill-wrought stone figure, now placed in the belfrey, headless and mutilated, was supposed to have covered his grave. In consequence of this opinion, Lord Newborough in the year 1793 ordered the ground to be examined for his remains, but nothing could be discovered. In the south-east corner of the church, near the altar table, there is an old wooden chest, belted with iron, and fastened to the floor, called *CYFF BEUNO, Beuno's chest*. It has a slit in the cover to receive the offerings of money from the devotees of the saint. If a person was affected with any disorder, he deposited his offering, (usually a four-penny piece of silver, if such could be obtained,) in this chest, and having sat down on Beuno's grave, and addressed his prayers to the saint, he expected immediate relief. On Trinity Sunday, bread and cheese were usually offered to Beuno; and the church formerly claimed all the calves and lambs that were cast with a slit in their ear.

The other *curiosities* in the neighbourhood of Clynog are, the *well* dedicated to St. Beuno, enclosed in a square wall on the left hand side of the road, about a quarter of a mile beyond the village; a *cromlech*, which is to be seen from the road a little further on in a field near the sea; and

a waterfall called *Rhaiadr Dibbin Mawr*, in the mountains about two miles distant.

From Clynog the route is towards the Rivals. The road leads up a tolerably steep hill, to *Llanhaiarn*, whose white-washed church on its elevated site affords a landmark to the distant mariner. From *Llanhaiarn* there is a road that winds along the hollows of the Rival mountains, and passes for a considerable distance through a country as desolate and barren as can be well imagined. Emerging from these dreary wilds, it reaches a small and insignificant place called *NEVIN*, surrounded by mountains, and appearing altogether separated from the rest of the world.

Descending from hence to the shore, the traveller will arrive at *PORTHIDINELBYN*, *the Harbour in Llyn*, about a mile distant. Here are a few houses situated at the foot of a small semicircular range of low mountains, with, in front, a large and extensive bay. This place is even more secluded from the world than *Nevin*; it cannot be seen except from the edges of the hills that immediately surround it. The entire extent of land betwixt the hills and the sea is so small, as scarcely to be more than a mile and a half across, and a quarter of a mile deep. The harbour is chiefly frequented by coasting and Irish vessels.

PWLLHELI

Is a well built market town, containing 1500 inhabitants, and supported principally by its coasting trade. Vessels are built here of a tolerably large size. The harbour is a pretty good one, but at the ebb of the tide it is nearly left dry. *Pwllheli* is the principal town in the promontory, and has in its neighbourhood the seats of several families of great respectability. The surrounding country is more cul-

tivated than in most other parts of Llyn; and it is in many parts varied with wood.

The principal inn is the Crown and Anchor.

THE ISLAND OF BARDSEY,

The property of Lord Newborough, is somewhat more than two miles long, and one in breadth; and contains about 370 acres of land, of which nearly one-third is occupied by a high mountain, that affords feed only for a few sheep and rabbits. Its distance from the main land is about a league, and from Pwllheli by water about 24 miles. Towards the south-east and south-west it lies entirely open, but on the north and north-east it is sheltered by its mountain, which to the sea presents a face of perpendicular, and in some parts even overhanging rocks. Among these precipices the intrepid inhabitants, in the spring of the year, employ themselves in collecting the eggs of the various species of sea-fowl that frequent them. This is usually done barefooted, to prevent their slipping from heights whence were they to fall they must be dashed to pieces; and their concern for their safety, while seizing these eggs, is infinitely less than that of the beholder:

Nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half o'ershades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of dashing waves, do gather them.

These poor fellows do not often meet with accidents, except by the giving way of pieces of the rock. In this case they are irrecoverably lost. The men who venture without ropes are accounted by the natives the most bold climbers: those who are more cautious fix a rope about their middle, which is held by some persons on the top of the rock. By this they slip down to the place where they think the greatest number of eggs are to be found; untying the rope from their

body, they fasten it to the basket that is to contain the eggs, which they carry in their hand. When this is filled, they make a signal to their companions to draw them up. In this manner they proceed from rock to rock, ascending or descending as they find it necessary. They adopt the same modes in collecting samphire, with which the rocks also abound.

On the south-east side of the island, the only side on which it is accessible to the mariner, there is a small but well sheltered harbour, capable of admitting vessels of 30 or 40 tons burthen. In this the inhabitants secure their own fishing boats.

The soil is principally clayey, and produces excellent barley and wheat; vetches, peas and beans, are said to succeed sufficiently well, but to oats it is not so favourable. Trees will not grow here, the keen westwardly winds immediately destroying the young plants. Indeed, with the exception of a small quantity of fine meadow land, all the lower ground of the island is of little value. No reptile is ever seen in this island, except the common water lizard. None of the inhabitants ever saw in it a frog, toad, or snake of any kind. Till about forty years ago, no sparrows had been known to breed here; three nests were, however, built during the same spring, and the produce have since completely colonized the place.

The number of inhabitants is 84. The sheep are small and very wild.

In the year 1821 a lighthouse was erected on this island, the light of which is 146 feet above high water mark at spring tides.

History of Bardsey.—The Welsh name of this place is *Yuys Eulli*. During the violent struggles between the Welsh and English, it was styled by the poets the Sanctuary, or Asylum of the Saints, and it was sometimes deno-

minated the Isle of Refuge. Some of these poets assert that it was the cemetery of *twenty thousand saints*! The reputed sanctity of this island induced the religious to resort to it from many very distant parts of the country.

It has been asserted by several writers that Roderic Moelwynog, Prince of North Wales, first founded upon this island a monastery, some time in the eighth century. He might perhaps have rebuilt or enlarged it, but there are good grounds, from facts stated in Welsh manuscripts, for supposing that there was a religious house in this island of a much earlier date.

There is an old legend yet extant, written in monkish Latin, which assures us that the Almighty had entered into a particular covenant with Laudatus, the first abbot of Bardsey, in return for the piety of his monks. By this the peculiar privilege of dying according to seniority, the oldest always going off first, was assured to all the religious of the monastery of Bardsey. By this privilege, it is stated, that every one knew very nearly the time of his own departure. The following is a translation of it: "At the original foundation of the monastery of this island, the Lord God, who attendeth to the petitions of the just, at the earnest request of the holy Laudatus, the first abbot, entered into a covenant with that holy man, and miraculously confirmed his promise unto him and his successors, the abbots and monks, for ever, while they should continue to lead holy and religious lives, that they should die by succession, that is, the oldest should go first, like a shock of corn ripe for the sickle. Being thus warned of the approach of death, each of them, therefore, should watch, as not knowing at what exact hour the thief might come; and being thus always prepared, each of them, by turns, should lay aside his earthly form. God, who is ever faithful, kept this covenant, as he formerly did with the Israelites, inviolate, until

the monks no longer led a religious life, but began to profane and defile God's sanctuary by their fornications and abominable crimes. Wherefore, after this, they were permitted to die like other men, sometimes the older, sometimes the younger, and sometimes the middle aged first: and being thus uncertain of the approach of death, they were compelled to submit to the general laws of mortality. Thus, when they ceased to lead a holy and religious life, God's miraculous covenant also ceased: And do thou therefore, O God, have mercy upon us."

The ancient building is now entirely destroyed; but, about the ground where the monastery stood, a great number of graves have even lately been discovered, lined with white stone or tile, and distant about two feet from each other.

All the religious duties of the inhabitants are now performed in the parish church of Aberdaron. Sometimes, however, in stormy weather, they are under the necessity of interring their own dead in the island.

HELL'S MOUTH.

Few places present so favourable an appearance, and at the same time are so much dreaded by the mariners, as this. It is at the very end of the promontory, and from point to point is supposed to measure about eight miles: it is nearly semicircular. None but strange vessels, even in the most boisterous weather, ever seek for shelter here, for they are soon stranded, and never again return. From whatever point of the compass the wind blows out at sea, it always (on account of the surrounding high rocks) comes into the mouth of the bay; and from whatever quarter the tide flows, the upper current always sets inward here. From these circumstances the place seems to have obtained the appellation of *Hell's Mouth*.

CRICCIETH

Is situated at the north corner of Cardigan bay, about nine miles from Pwllheli. It is an insignificant place, containing but 648 inhabitants, and, with the exception of the few remains of its CASTLE, affords nothing which can claim attention from the traveller. This is situated on a rising ground, at the end of a long neck of land that juts into the sea. The entrance to it is between two round towers, which are square within; all the other towers are entirely square. There have been two courts, but neither of them very large, nor indeed has the whole castle ever been a building of any great extent. At present it is in a very ruinous condition. From the eminence on which it stands, there is a beautiful view across the bay towards Harlech.

From the architecture of Crickieth Castle, it appears undoubtedly to have been of British origin; and its reputed founder, Edward I., seems only to have eased the two towers at the entrance, their exterior workmanship being very different from that of the interior. It is conjectured by Rowlands to have been in existence before the sixth century.* The constable appointed by Edward was allowed a salary of a hundred pounds a year, but out of this it was stipulated that he should maintain a garrison of thirty men, a chaplain, surgeon, carpenter, and mason.

SIR HOWELL Y FWYALL,

A native of the adjoining parish of Llanstyndwy, was constable of this castle. This valiant officer attended the Black Prince in the battle of Poitiers, where, although on foot, and armed only with a battle-axe, he performed several acts of the utmost bravery and heroism. The principal of his services was the cutting off the head of the French

* Rowlands, 149.

king's horse, and taking him prisoner. As a recompense for his valour he received the honour of knighthood, and was allowed to bear the arms of France, with a "battle-axe in bend sinister;" and to add to his name, y Fwyall, *the battle-axe*. In further commemoration of his services, it was ordered that a mess of meat should, at the expense of the crown, be every day served up before the axe with which he had performed these wonderful feats. This mess, after it had been brought to the knight, was taken down, and distributed among the poor. Even after Sir Howell's death the mess continued to be served as usual, and, for the sake of his soul, given to the poor, till so lately as the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Eight yeomen attendants, called yeomen of the crown, were appointed to guard it, who received each eightpence a day constant wages. The parish clerk of Criccieth, in digging a grave in the church-yard, about forty years ago, found a human skull of enormous size, capable of containing in the cavity for the brain more than two quarts of water. He used it for some time, in the place of a more convenient implement, to throw water out of newly made graves; and supposed it to have been the skull of this renowned hero, probably, however, without any other reason than that afforded by its enormous size: for the ignorant generally associate the idea of gigantic stature with the character of a valiant man.

Three miles from Criccieth is

PENMORFA,

The Head of the Marsh, a wood clad village, containing 982 inhabitants, and romantically situated on the western bank of Traeth Mawr. The church contains a small monument to the memory of SIR JOHN OWEN, a valiant commander in the army, and a staunch supporter of Charles I. This hero, after the execution of his royal master and se-

veral of the nobility, was condemned by the parliament to lose his head. During his trial he exhibited a spirit of intrepidity worthy so brave a man; and after his condemnation he bowed to the court, and expressed his thanks for the honour they intended him. One of the members asked what he meant, and he replied, loud enough to be heard by most of the persons present, "I think it a great honour for a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords: by G——, I was afraid they would have hanged me." By great good fortune, however, and by the interest of Ireton, who became his advocate, he was set at liberty, and restored to his friends, after only a few months' imprisonment.*

From Penmorfa the tourist should return by Beddgelert to Caernarvon, and on his way visit the scenery and objects described in Chapter VII.

* Pennant, i. 279.

CHAPTER IX.

CAERNARVON TO LLANBERIS.*

(Ten Miles.)

*Road—Cwm y Clo—Vale of Llanberis—Lakes—Margaret Uch Evan—
Dôlbadarn Castle—Slate Quarry—Caunant Mawr—Copper Mine—
Village of Llanberis.*

THE road from Caernarvon to Llanberis, *the Church of Peris*, a village about ten miles distant, is, for the first four miles, flat and uninteresting; but by the time these are passed, the stranger is fully prepared for the beautiful scene about to present itself. At the further distance of about a mile and a quarter commences the lower lake of Llanberis. The vale at the foot of this lake is called

CWM Y CLO,

The vale of the eminence, from the insulated rock that forms one side of it, on which the Britons had a strong hold called *Caer Cwm y Clo*.

From the top of this eminence, there is an extensive and a most lovely prospect. Towards Llanberis the vale and the lakes are seen bounded on each side by their lofty and precipitous rocks—on the right is Snowdon, the broadest

* At the village of Llanberis there is no accommodation for travellers; but at Dôlbadarn, about two miles on the Caernarvon side of Llanberis, there is a capacious and excellent inn called the Royal Victoria Hotel, and another upon a smaller scale called the Dôlbadarn Arms.

and most tremendous of the group—on the opposite side of the vale are Llider Fawr and Glyder Fawr. The narrow isthmus that separates the lakes, and the insulated rock on its right bank with the remains of Dôlbarn tower, form distinct features in this interesting scene, and the workmen's cottages scattered in every direction have an enlivening and pleasing effect. The intervening space between the lake and the eminence is occupied by a dreary extent of moor, through which the river Seiont extends, whilst in the direction opposite to Llanberis may be seen the sea and the island of Anglesea.

VALE OF LLANBERIS.

The entrance into the vale of Llanberis from the bottom of the lower lake is exceedingly grand and romantic. The mountains arrange themselves in the most beautiful manner imaginable. Snowdon, with its deep and perpendicular precipice and summits, forms an immense mass of mountain, which constitutes the principal feature in the scene. The lake, the round tower of Dôlbarn, the distant vale and mountains, and on the other side the huge rock of Glyder Fawr, lend each its characteristic to heighten the effect of the whole.

The vale of Llanberis is nearly straight, and of no great width throughout. It contains two small lakes.* The upper is about a mile in length, and rather less than half a mile across; the lower somewhat larger. These are separated by a small neck of land, but have a communication by a stream which runs from one into the other. On the left hand side of the bottom of the lower lake is a cottage once inhabited by

MARGARET UCH EVAN.

Few females in this country have attained so great cele-

brity as Margaret. Being passionately fond of the sports of the chase, she kept a great number of all the various kinds of dogs used in this pursuit. She is said to have destroyed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts did in ten. She rowed well; and could play both on the harp and the fiddle. Margaret was also an excellent joiner; and, at the age of seventy, was the best wrestler in the country. She was likewise a good blacksmith, shoemaker, and boatbuilder. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and, while she was under contract to convey the ore from the Llanberis copper mine, down the lakes, she built her own boats. This wonderful female died about fifty years ago at the advanced age of ninety-two.

DÔLBADARN CASTLE.

On a rocky eminence between the two pools stands the old tower of Dôlbadarn Castle. This is about nine yards in its inner diameter, and, with a few shattered remains of walls and offices, occupies the entire summit of the steep. Its name of Castell Dôlbadarn, *the Castle of Padarn's Meadow*, is supposed to have originated in its having been erected on the verge of a piece of ground called Padarn's Meadow, to which a holy recluse of that name retired from the world, to enjoy religious meditation and solitude.

Dôlbadarn Castle very evidently appears, from its construction, to have been of British origin. It was built, no doubt, to defend the narrow pass through the vale into the interior of the mountains; and, from its situation, it seems to have been capable of affording perfect security to two or three hundred persons in cases of emergency. In this castle it was that Owen Goch, *Owen the Red*, was confined by his brother Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of Wales, upwards of twenty years, for having attempted to

excite an insurrection among the people, injurious to his rights and dignity. It has been long in ruins, for Leland mentions it in his time as only a "piece of a tower."*

· SLATE QUARRY.

In the mountain on the opposite of the lake, called Allt Dû, *the black cliff*, there is a large slate quarry belonging to Thomas Asheton Smith, Esq.

CAUNANT MAWR.

About half a mile south of the castle, at the end of a long and deep glen, there is a tremendous cataract called Caunant Mawr, *the waterfall of the great chasm*. It is upwards of sixty feet in height and is formed by the mountain torrent from Cwm Brwynog. This rushes through a cleft in the rock above, and after proceeding for a few yards in a direct line, suddenly takes a turn with a broad stratum of the rock, and thus descends aslant, with a thundering noise, into the deep black pool below.

COPPER MINE.

This work was commenced in the year 1791. The ore is brought in small waggons to the mouth of the mine, where it is broken into small pieces with hammers. It is then sorted, and the best and smallest piece taken out, and conveyed in boats down the lakes whence, it is carted to the Menai, where a vessel is ready to carry it to Glamorgan-

* Leland's Itin. v. 44. It is highly probable that this was anciently called *Bere Castle* (a corruption probably of *Peris* or *Beris Castle*) which some of the historians relate to have been in Caernarvonshire, seated in the midst of a morass, inaccessible but by a single causeway, and not to be approached except through the narrow and rugged defiles of the mountains. About the 13th century, it was esteemed the strongest castle that the Welsh possessed in this part of the country.

shire, to be smelted and wrought into copper. The larger fragments are conveyed to a stamping mill on the opposite side of the lake, where they are crushed into powder. The proprietors have some pits for the corrosion of iron as in the Parys mines.

THE VILLAGE OF LLANBERIS

Is situated in a narrow grassy dell, surrounded by immense rocks. "Nature has here" (says Camden, speaking of these parts of Caernarvonshire) "reared huge groups of mountains, as if she meant to bind the island fast to the bowels of the earth, and make a safe retreat for the Britons in time of war. For here are so many crags and rocks, so many wooded vallies rendered impassable by so many lakes, that the lightest troops, much less an army, could never find their way among them. These mountains may be truly called the British Alps; for besides that they are the highest in the whole island, they are, like the Alps, bespread with broken crags on every side, all surrounding one, which, towering in the centre far above the rest, lifts its head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky."

All the parts immediately surrounding the village were formerly covered with wood; but except some saplings from the old roots, there are at present very few trees left. In the memory of persons now living, there were great woods of oak in several different parts about these mountains. In the 10th century the whole country must have been nearly covered with wood, for one of the laws of Howel Dda, *Howell the Good*, directs that "whoever cleared away timber from any land, even without the consent of the owner, he should, for five years, have a right to the land so cleared; and after that time it should revert to the owner."

The whole village consists but of a few scattered cottages, and these apparently the most miserable. The church* is an ill looking place of worship, and sufficiently rude to accord well with the surrounding mountains.

At no great distance from the church there is a well dedicated to St. Peris, and enclosed within a square wall.

* This is dedicated to Peris, a cardinal missioned from Rome as a legate to this island. He is said to have settled and died here.

CHAPTER X.*

EXCURSION FROM LLANBERIS TO THE SUMMIT OF TRIVAEN, &c.

*Llyn y Cwm—Llyn Idwal—Tull Dû—Trivaen—Glyder Bach—Glyder
Fawr—Evening Scene in Llanberis—Plants found near Tull Dû.*

ABOUT seven o'clock in the morning we set out from the village of Llanberis, and directed our route up the mountains on the north east side of the vale of Llanberis.

When we had attained the brow of the first eminence immediately above the village, we agreed to rest about five minutes in order to observe the appearance of the vale and mountains. The church with its half-dozen houses, and a few trees and meadows, were seen almost as on a map. Beyond these, and exactly opposite to us extended a long range of serrated rocks, marked with innumerable intersecting streaks of red, the effect of the mountain storms. The sun shone with great brilliancy on these rocks, whilst Snowdon and all the other mountains behind them were entirely veiled in clouds. The lakes of Llanberis were in part visible. Having ascended to the eminence next above us, we found that the whole extent of the lakes was now brought into the view. The scene became altogether more

* As the Editor did not make this Excursion himself, and as this Chapter requires but little alteration, it is preserved almost entire from the 2d edition of this book, and is, consequently, a description in his own language of the Rev. W. Bingley's visit to Trivaen, &c.

extended, for we had now a view over the intervening mountains into the other parts of Caernarvonshire. Parts of the island of Anglesey and the strait of Menai were seen filling up the openings of the mountains. We observed a few light and transparent clouds float down the vale of Llanberis, and over the dark pools, frequently whirled in eddies by the wind.

We at length arrived at a very small pool known to all Welsh botanists and called

LLYN Y CWM,

The Pool of the Dogs.—This alpine lake was first made generally known from the assertion of Giraldus Cambrensis, that it contained a singular kind of trout, perch and cels, which all wanted the left eye. Few people seem to have given credit to this account. Mr. Edward Lhwyd, however, says that a Caernarvon fisherman informed him that he had several times caught monocular trout in Llyn y Cwm, and that these had all a distortion in the spine. The Honourable Daines Barrington also declares, that on accurate inquiry he had heard of monocular trout being taken here within the memory of persons then living. There are no fish of any description in the pool at present.*

From Llyn y Cwm we proceeded about three quarters of a mile along a flat swampy piece of ground till we came to an immense precipice above a hundred yards in perpendicular height, which forms one side of the hollow which incloses the black waters of

LLYN IDWAL.

This hollow, surrounded on all sides by dark and prominent rocks, is called Cwm Idwal. It is said to have been the place where Idwal, the son of Owen Gwynedd, was mur-

* Phil. Trans. vol. xxvii. p. 464, and the volume for the year 1767.

dered by a person to whose care and protection his father had entrusted him. The shepherds believe the place to be the haunt of demons, and that, fatal as that of Avernus, no bird dare fly over its waters.

We descended along the broken rocks on one side of this precipice to a great depth into the hollow; and turning among the larger masses that lay in rude heaps somewhat more than half way down, where the descent became more gradual, we soon found ourselves at the foot of a tremendous rent or chasm in the mountain, called

TULL DU,

The Black Cleft.—A more grand or sublime scene the pencil even of Salvator Rosa could not have traced. The stream that runs from Llyn y Cwm is seen to roll down the deep cleft at a vast height above, and is broken in its descent by numerous interrupting rocks. There had been much rain the day before we were here, and the accumulated volume of water rushing from the astonishing height of *a hundred and fifty yards*,

“ In one impetuous torrent down the steep,
Now thundering shot, and shook the country round.”

Amongst the rocks at the bottom I observed a great number of circular holes of different sizes, from a few inches in diameter to two feet and upwards, which had been formed by the eddy of the torrent from above. These hollows are frequently called by the Welsh people *devil's pots*, and from this circumstance, the place itself is sometimes denominated the devil's kitchen.

We descended from Tull Dû, and crossing the foot of the range of rocks on the east side of Cwm Idwall, came at length so close to Nant Frangon as to have a view nearly of its whole extent. Still proceeding, after a while we at-

tained the highest part of the rocks immediately surrounding Cwm Idwall. Here we found ourselves on the verge of another mountain hollow, smaller indeed than the last, but equally cheerless and dreary, called *Cwm Bochlwyd*, containing a small black pool, *Llyn Bochlwyd*. From this situation we had the whole conical summit of

TRIVAEN

In view before us. Its sides appeared not greatly inclining from a perpendicular; and the huge masses of rock that covered them seemed destitute of vegetation, except where the clefts gave lodgment to a few mosses, bilberries and a few species of saxifrage. To ascend its summit appeared, as in truth we found it, a most arduous undertaking; no part of Snowdon, frequented by travellers, can be in any degree compared to it. We were determined not to be alarmed by appearances, however unfavourable they might be, and though I believe we each felt a secret persuasion that all our attempts would be to no purpose, we crossed Cwm Bochlwyd, and approached the foot of this upper part of the mountain. Here we mustered all our resolution, and commenced the laborious task; and after a continued climbing of about three-quarters of an hour, for we could scarcely take half a dozen steps together in any place without at the same time using our hands, we found ourselves on the summit. Here, from the massy crag, we contemplated all the scene around us, which was rude as mountain horror could render it. We stood on a mere point, and on one side of us was a precipice more deep than any I had before seen. We united our strength, and rolled down it several huge pieces of rock, these continued their thundering noise for several seconds, and by their friction and dashing into hundreds of pieces, emitted a strong sulphureous smell, which ascended even to our sta-

tion. The summit of Trivaen is crowned by two upright stones, twelve or fourteen feet in height, about a yard and a half asunder, and each somewhat more than a yard across at the top. To stand upright on one of these and look down the side of the mountain, would inspire even a tolerably stout heart with terror; to fall from hence would be inevitable destruction. But my companion leapt from the top of one to that of the other. I am not easily alarmed by passing among precipices, and my head is, I believe, as steady as that of most persons, but I must confess I felt my blood chill with horror at an act which seemed to me so rash. The force necessary for the leap, without great management in its counteraction, would have sent him a step farther than he intended to have gone, and thrown him headlong down the precipice. He informed me that a female of an adjacent parish was celebrated for having often performed this daring leap.

We descended from the summit, and crossing a mountain vale, ascended the side of

GLYDER BACH,

The lesser Glyder. This mountain, though considerably higher than Trivaen, is neither so steep, nor on its exterior so rocky. On its summit there are several groups of columnar stones, some standing upright, others laid across, and, in short, in all directions. On measuring them, we found many of them to be from sixteen to twenty feet long, and twelve or fourteen broad. In one place there is a particularly large one, laid over some others, and projecting far beyond them. My companion walked to the end, and evidently moved it by jumping on it. "Many of the stones (says Mr. Pennant in his account of this mountain) had shells bedded in them; and in the neighbourhood I found several pieces of lava. I therefore consider this mountain

to have been a sort of a wreck of nature, formed and flung up by some mighty internal convulsion, which has given these vast groups of stone fortuitously such a strange disposition, for had they been the settled strata bared of their earth by a long series of rains, they would have retained the same regular appearance that we observe in all other beds of similar matter."*

From hence we passed to the summit of

GLYDER FAWR,

The greater Glyder, and observed in our way several of the same kind of insulated masses of rock scattered in different directions around us. From this situation we had a grand and unbounded prospect. On one side, the immense mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire appeared, with their towering precipices in such rude order that they seemed "the fragments of a shattered world;" these were intersected by green meadowy vales and deep glens. On the other side, towards the town of Caernarvon, we had the whole of the Isle of Anglesey in sight, and at a great distance northward we saw the Isle of Man, resembling a faintly formed cloud. All the intervening space in that direction betwixt us and the sea was filled up by the varied scenery of mountains and vales, interspersed with their lakes and streams. Glyder Fawr is the most lofty of all the Caernarvonshire mountains except Snowdon and Carnedd Llewelyn; and in all the scenery of the vale of Llanberis it forms a prominent feature. Having admired this delightful prospect for some time, we descended, and shortly afterwards arrived at the bank of Llyn y Cwm. About eight o'clock, after a fourteen hours' ramble among crags and precipices, we found our-

* Pennant's Tour, ii. 160.

selves once again in the vale of Llanberis, and not a little fatigued with our day's excursion.

As it was not probable that I should remain another night here, after resting myself about a quarter of an hour, I determined to make the best of my time, tired as I was, and watch the close of an

EVENING SCENE AT LLANBERIS,

I strolled to the end of the lake. Scarcely a breath of air was to be felt. A white fog was extended in long dense streaks, low down in the vale. The evening clouds appeared across the end of the lakes, tinged with various hues of red and orange from the refracted rays of the departing sun. These were reflected in full splendour along the water. The rocks gave forth various shades of purple as the prominences were presented to the eye, or as the heath or verdure most prevailed. These colours after a while became a mass of dark greenish blue. The clouds lost their splendour; and the pool began to darken from the shades of the mountains. Scattered clouds now settled on various parts of the rocks, their light colours singularly contrasting with the sombre mountain tints. On turning round and looking from the pool towards the village, I was just able to distinguish it in the gloom, its place being marked by the smoke of the peat fires rising a few yards perpendicularly from the chimnies, and then spreading into a cloud, and hovering directly over it. The rocks and precipices softened by degrees into an uniform mass of shade. The general features now became entirely lost, and only the upper outline was distinguishable in the obscurity. The evening fogs soon after came on, and in a short time so enveloped the whole scene, that not a single former trace was visible.

The following is a catalogue of the *plants* that have been

found near Tull Dû, and about the pool of Llyn y Cwm; and I much doubt whether any other part of the kingdom, in so small a space of ground, will afford so many uncommon plants as are to be met with here.

<i>Melica cœrulea.</i>	<i>Sedum rupestre.</i>
<i>Festuca rubra.</i>	<i>Rubus saxatalis.</i>
———— <i>Cambrica.</i>	———— <i>cliamæmorus.</i>
<i>Plantago maritima.</i>	<i>Thalictrum alpinum.</i>
<i>Galium boreale.</i>	———— <i>minus.</i>
<i>Lobelia dortmanna.</i>	<i>Subularia aquatica.</i>
<i>Parnassia palustris.</i>	<i>Draba incana.</i>
<i>Saxifraga stellaris.</i>	<i>Cochlearia officinalis.</i>
———— <i>nivalis.</i>	———— <i>grænlandica.</i>
———— <i>oppositifolia.</i>	<i>Hieracium alpinum.</i>
———— <i>hypnoides.</i>	———— <i>taraxaci.</i>
———— <i>palmata.</i>	———— <i>sylvaticum.</i>
———— <i>cæspitosa.</i>	<i>Statice armeria.</i>
<i>Silene acaulis.</i>	<i>Anthericum serotimum.</i>
<i>Arenaria verna.</i>	<i>Juncus triglumis.</i>
———— <i>var. 1, laricifolia.</i>	<i>Rumex digynus.</i>
———— <i>var. 2, juniperina.</i>	<i>Lycopodium selaginoides.</i>
<i>Vaccinium myrtillus.</i>	———— <i>selago.</i>
<i>Chrysosplenium oppositifolium.</i>	———— <i>alpinum.</i>
<i>Gnaphalium dioicum.</i>	<i>Isoetes lacustris.</i>
<i>Carex dioica.</i>	<i>Pteris crispa,</i>
———— <i>flava.</i>	<i>Asplenium viride.</i>
———— <i>atrata.</i>	<i>Polypodium phegopteris.</i>
———— <i>pilulifera.</i>	———— <i>rhœticum.</i>
<i>Empetrum nigrum.</i>	<i>Cyathea fragile.</i>
<i>Rhodiola rosea.</i>	
<i>Juniperus communis, var.</i>	

CHAPTER XI.

EXCURSION FROM DÔLBADARN TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

Instructions to the Tourist—Height of Snowdon—Prospect from the Summit—Name—Royal Forest—Clogwyn y Garnedd—List of Snowdon Plants—Well near the Summit—Copper Mine—Further Instructions to the Tourist.

THE ascent of Snowdon from Dôlbadarn, in the vale of Llanberis, is so gradual that a person mounted on a Welsh pony may ride to the summit.

From the Royal Victoria Hotel, the tourist must cross the turnpike road, and passing along a road connected with the copper mine, proceed along the ridge immediately over the vale of Llanberis, till he comes within sight of a black and almost perpendicular rock, with a small lake at its foot, called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, *the black precipice*. This he is to leave about a quarter of a mile on his right, and then ascending a steep called Llechwedd y Rê, *the rapid descent*, must direct his course south-west to a well (a place sufficiently known to the guides), from whence he will find it about a mile to the highest peak of the mountain.

The perpendicular height of this mountain, according to late admeasurements, is 3571 feet (somewhat less than three quarters of a mile) from the level of the sea. On the summit is piled a heap of stones to which is fixed, perpendicularly, a plank of wood about fourteen feet in height.

The view from the summit is very extensive. From this point the eye is able to trace, on a clear day, part of the coast with the hills of Scotland; the high mountains of Ingleborough and Penygent in Yorkshire; beyond these the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and, on this side, some of the hills of Lancashire. When the atmosphere is very transparent, even part of the county of Wicklow, and the whole of the isle of Man, become visible. The immediately surrounding mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire all seem directly under the eye, and the highest of the whole appear from this station much lower than Snowdon.

Many of the vales are exposed to the view, which, by their verdure, relieve the eye from the dreary scene of barren rocks. The numerous pools visible from hence, in number from thirty to forty, lend also a varied character to the prospect. The mountain itself, from the summit, seems as it were propped by five immense rocks as buttresses. These are Crib-y Ddistil, and Crib Coch, between Llanberis and Capel Curig; Lliwedd towards Nant Hwynan; Clawdd Coch towards Beddgelert; and Llechog, the mountain which forms the south side of the vale of Llanberis, towards Dôlbadarn.*

The summit of Snowdon is so frequently enveloped in clouds and mist, that, except when the weather is perfectly fine and settled, the traveller may wait some time without meeting with a day sufficiently clear to permit him to ascend the mountain with any degree of pleasure. When the wind blows from the west the summit is almost always completely covered with clouds; and at other times, even when the state of the weather seems favorable, it will often become suddenly enveloped, and will remain in that state for hours. Most persons, however, agree that the prospects

* For a further description of Snowdon see the ensuing Chapter.

are the more interesting, as they are the more varied, when the clouds just cover the summit. The following description of the scenery from Snowdon, when the mountain is in this state, is perfectly accurate.

Now high and swift flits the thin rack along
 Skirted with rainbow dies, now deep below
 (While the fierce sun strikes the illumined top)
 Slow sails the gloomy storm, and all beneath,
 By vaporous exhalation hid, lies lost
 In darkness ; save at once where drifted mists,
 Cut by strong gusts of eddying winds, expose
 The transitory scenes.
 Now swift on either side the gather'd clouds,
 As by a sudden touch of magic, wide
 Recede, and the fair face of heaven and earth
 Appears. Amid the vast horizon's stretch,
 In restless gaze the eye of wonder darts
 O'er the expanse ; mountains on mountains piled,
 And winding bays, and promontories huge,
 Lakes and meandering rivers, from their source
 Traced to the distant ocean.

The name of Snowdon was first given to this mountain by the Saxons ; its signification is, *a hill covered with snow*. The Welsh call all this cluster of mountains that lie in the county of Caernarvon, Creigiau yr Eryri, the *Snowy Cliffs*. The highest point of Snowdon is called Yr Wyddfa, *the Conspicuous*. Most of the old writers who have mentioned this mountain, assert that it is covered with snow through the whole year. Such, however, is by no means the case, for this, as well as all the other Welsh mountains, has in general no snow whatever upon it from the months of June to November.

Snowdon was formerly a *royal forest* that abounded with deer ; but the last of these were destroyed early in the 17th century.

The parts of this mountain on which the uncommon alpine plants are chiefly to be found are the east and north-east sides. These form a range of rocks called Clogwyn y Garnedd, which abound in the most dangerous steepes. There is at all times some difficulty in searching them, but when the rocks are rendered slippery from heavy mists or rain, this becomes, from the insecurity of the footing, greatly increased. A list of the plants that *have* been found here may not be unacceptable at least to a young botanist, though but few of them are now to be met with.

Poa alpina.	Arenaria verna.
—— glauca.	—— var. 1, laricifolia.
Festuca cambrica.	—— var. 2, juniperina.
Rumer digynus.	Cerastium alpinum.
Chrysosplenium oppositifolium.	—— latifolium.
Saxifraga stellaris.	Gcum rivale.
—— nivalis.	Serratula alpina.
—— oppositifolia.	Salix herbacea.
—— hypnoides.	Rhodiola rosea.
Lycopodium alpinum.	Lycopodium selago.
—— selaginoides.	Polypodium lonchitis.
Pteris crispa.	—— ilvensc.
Asplenium viride.	—— arvonicum.
	Cyathea fragile.

It is a singular fact that nearly at the top of Snowdon there is a fine *spring of water*, which is seldom increased or diminished in quantity either in winter or summer. From its very elevated situation, this water is extremely cold.

A considerable vein of copper ore was discovered some years ago in Cwm Glâs Llyn, *the Hollow of the Blue Pool*, near the foot of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

Welsh tourists have been much in the habit of overrating the difficulties that are to be encountered in the journey to the summit of this mountain. To provide against these, one of them recommends a strong stick with a spike in the end, as a thing absolutely necessary; another advises that the soles of the shoes be set round with large nails; and a third inveighs against attempting so arduous and difficult an undertaking in boots. To have nails in the shoes, and to take a stick in one's hand, may both be useful in their way, but the tourist will find that good health and spirits are more essential than either of the other auxiliaries. He should allow himself sufficient time, and be upon the journey early in the morning, before the sun attains much power, and when the air is cool and refreshing. The chief thing required is a little labour, and this, by progressing gently, will be rendered much lighter. There is also another advantage in having sufficient time; by stopping frequently to rest himself, he will be enabled to enjoy the different distant prospects as he rises above the mountains, and to observe how the objects around him gradually change their appearance as he ascends. It will always be necessary to take a guide, for otherwise a sudden change in the weather might render the attempt exceedingly perilous to a stranger. But these changes are of no consequence to men who are in the habit of frequently ascending the mountain, as they have marks by which they would know the paths in the most cloudy weather. A sufficient supply of eatables is also absolutely necessary; the traveller will find the utility of them long before he returns.

CHAPTER XII.

DOLBADARN TO BEDDGELERT,

(14 Miles.)

The Pass of Llanberis—The Cromlech—Caddy of Cwm Glâs—Gorphwysfa—Nant Iheynan or Gwynant—Rhaiadr Cwn Dyli—Cwm Llan—Llyn y Dinas—Dinas Emrys—Beddgelert—Llewellyn and his Dog—Poem founded on this Story—Priory.

EXCURSION FROM BEDDGELERT TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

THE PASS OF LLANBERIS,

A part of which is called Cwm Glâs, *The Blue Vale*, is hemmed in on each side by high rocks. In this pass there are no characters of softened beauty, none of the delicate features of a cultivated vale, not even a single tree, but rocks towering over rocks till their summits reach the clouds. In some places there appear three or four ranges one above another, with the most fantastic outlines imaginable, and receding in distance as in height. The foreground is overspread with masses of rock, and a mountain stream forces its way along the middle of the narrow vale. Such is this tremendous hollow, whose grandeur continues undiminished for almost four miles.

About three miles from Llanberis there is an immense stone that has once been precipitated from above, called

THE CROMLECH.

This stone is of some thousand tons weight, and many

times larger than the celebrated mass of rock in Borrowdale called *Bowdar Stone*. It lies in a place called Ynys Hettws, *Hetty's Island*; and two of its sides meeting at an angle with the ground, it was once used as the habitation of an old woman, who, in summer, resided in the vale to tend and milk her cows. The enclosures are yet nearly entire, and are at present used as a sheep-fold.

Not far from this stone, on the opposite side of the road, is the cottage where resided

CADDY OF CWM GLAS.

This athletic female, who died about a year and a half ago, was accustomed to masculine employments of every description, and such was her muscular power that no man of the village would dare to try a fall with her. Mr. Jones, of the Copper-mine, had often rallied her on the subject of her great strength, and told her that he did not believe half the stories that he had heard related; she one day, in perfect good humour, came behind him as he was standing on the bank of the pier, near the stamping mill, and, lifting him from the ground, held him (though by no means a small man) in her arms, with great apparent ease, over the water. "Now, Sir, (says she) I suppose you will believe that I am tolerably strong; you must confess it, or I shall throw you in." He immediately acknowledged her powers and was relieved from his predicament. A man some years ago entered her cottage during her absence, and had collected together some eatables and clothes, with which he was escaping just as she returned. Though this cottage is in a very solitary situation, and she was entirely alone, she resolutely went up and insisted on his returning every thing he had taken. He opened his wallet and gave up the eatables. Supposing these to be all, she returned with them to the cottage; but soon after discovering that a silk handkerchief,

which she had left on the table, was gone, she immediately seized hold of one of the bars of a small grate and went in pursuit of the thief. She overtook him in the most solitary part of the vale, and brandishing the bar over his head with the utmost courage, demanded restitution of the remainder of her property. An answer she did not wait for, but seizing the bag, shook the whole contents out upon the ground. When she had selected her own property, she threw the bag in the fellow's face; and after bestowing a hearty thawck with her cudgel on each of his shoulders, left her opponent to comfort himself with the idea of having escaped a more sound drubbing, which, as she afterwards declared, she would have inflicted had she thought it necessary.

GORPIIWYSFA,

The Resting-place, is an eminence, rather more than four miles from Llanberis, that overlooks a considerable part of the vale. It also commands a view into the mountain vale that joins Nant Hwynan and the vale of Capel Curig.

The tourist, if he chooses it, may from this place proceed onwards nearly in a direct line through the village of Capel Curig to Llanrwst; or, adopting another route, may keep the right-hand road, which will lead him through the vale called Nant Hwynan to Beddgelert. From Beddgelert he may either return to Caernarvon or continue his journey in a direction towards Dolgelley or Bala.

NANT HWYNAN,

Also called Nant Gwynant, *the Vale of Waters*, is about six miles long, and affords, in its whole length, such a variety of scenery, of wood, lakes and meadow, bounded on each side by lofty mountains, that one can scarcely conceive it to be excelled. The vale of Llanberis is the only one

that seems to rival it; but the characters of the two are so essentially different, and the beauty of each is so exclusively its own, that they cannot be put into comparison. The softened beauties of Nant Hwynan must be particularly pleasing to a tourist who has lately visited the more rude vales of Caernarvonshire. This vale is varied by all the elegant features that meadows, woods and corn fields can furnish; it contains two beautiful little pools, and is bounded by high rocks and mountains. In some places the specimens of picturesque scenery are so perfect, that all the order and beauty of colouring, so well described by Mason, may be traced in them,—

“ Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opake the foreground bears
Conspicuous. Sober olive coldly marks
The second distance. Thence the third declines
In softer blue, or lessening still, is lost
In faintest purple.”

On the right hand of the vale, at a considerable height, is

RHAIADR CWM DYLI,

The Waterfall of the Vale of Dyli.—The rivulet that runs from the Alpine pool, Llyn Llwydau, in the mountains above, breaks in foam and spray down the rugged points of the rocks, which have in themselves an appearance of grandeur. The fall of water, which forms five cascades, cannot be reckoned at less than 230 feet.

The first of the pools is called LLYN GWYNANT. Immediately beyond this to the right, is

CWM LLAN,

A romantic hollow, extending into the mountains on the right towards Snowdon, the summit of which is visible from hence. The scene from this station is remarkably fine,

there are many trees about the foreground, and others are distributed among the rising steeps, disclosing the rocks in various places, and thus elegantly varying the otherwise dull uniformity of the sides of the mountains. Two miles beyond is LLYN Y DINAS, *the Pool of the Fort*, taking its name from its neighbouring rock of Dinas Emrys. It abounds with large and well-flavoured trout. A little further on is

DINAS EMRYS,

A round high rock, with many trees growing from the clefts and shelves of its sides; here—

“ Prophetic Merlin sate, when to the British King
The changes long to come auspiciously he told.”

It was to this place that Vortigern* retired to hide his shame and provide for his security, when he found himself under the general odium of his subjects, and unable any longer to contend with the treacherous Saxons whom he had introduced into his kingdom. It is probable that upon this insular rock he erected a temporary residence of timber (for the country at that time abounded with wood) that lasted him till he went to his final retreat in Nant Gwrtheyrn, or *Vortigern's Valley*, not far from Nevin, in the promontory of Llyn. Many of the ancient British and monkish writers assert, that on his coming to Dinas Emrys, he attempted to erect a place of defence, but that what was built in the day-time always disappeared during the night. He therefore consulted his magicians, for such all the men of learning in those dark ages were esteemed, as to the manner in which he ought to act in this dreadful predicament. “ They advise (says the Author of the Notes on Drayton) that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and then the castle would stand on a firm foundation.” They no doubt consi-

* Vortigern was king of Britain from the year 449 to 466.

dered this to be a tolerable secure mode of solving the difficulty; but for once, as the story goes, they were disappointed! Emissaries were sent in all directions through the kingdom, and one of these as he was going along the streets of the town, since called Caermarthen, overheard some boys quarrelling at play, one of whom reproached his adversary with the epithet of "unbegotten knave." This was the very boy that he wanted; he ran up to them, took him from among the rest, and having found out his mother, brought them both to the king. The boy, whose name was Merlin, it is said, was ordered to be sacrificed, but he obtained his liberty by confounding all the magicians with his questions, and himself explaining the cause of the failure of the work. "He being hither brought to the king (continues the above writer) slighted that pretended skill of his magicians as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to show the *true cause* of that amazing ruin of the stone work. He tells them that in the earth there was a great water which could endure the continuance of no heavy superstructure. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeched the king to cause further inquisition to be made, and affirmed that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons, the one white and the other red, which proved so likewise. The white dragon he interpreted for the Saxons whom the king had brought over, and the red one for the oppressed Britons; and upon this event in Dinas Emrys, he began those prophecies to Vortigern, which are to this day common in the British storie."*

The only probable part of this story is, that Myrddin Emrys, for so he is called by the Welsh writers, may have been employed by Vortigern to search out for him a secure

* Selden's notes on Drayton's Polyolbion. Matthew of Westminster has given us a long account of the latter part of Vortigern's life, and a full detail of all Merlin's prophecies, p. 161--170.

retreat from the just vengeance of his injured subjects; and that being a skilful architect and mechanic, he superintended the building of a fortress in this place.*

BEDDGELERT,†

Is a village completely embosomed in mountains, whose rude sides form a fine contrast with the meadows of the vale below. Moel Hebog, *the Hill of Flight*, rises to a point just in front of the village. In a deep hollow high up the side of this mountain there is a cave in which Owen Glyndwr, on one of his expeditions, sought for some time a shelter from his enemies. The houses of the village are few and irregular; the church is small, but the interior, which has been recently redecorated, extremely neat.

At Beddgelert there is a most excellent inn called the Goat.

Llewelyn the Great, Prince of Wales, is said to have had a hunting seat at this place. Among many others, he possessed one greyhound, a present from his father-in-law, King John, so noted for excellence in hunting, that his fame was transmitted to posterity in four Welsh lines, which have been thus translated—

The remains of famed Gŵlert, so faithful and good
The bounds of the cantred conceal,
Whenever the doe or the stag he pursued,
His master was sure of a meal.

During the absence of the family, tradition says, a wolf en-

* There was another Merlin, (frequently confounded with the above,) a native of Caledonia, called *Myrddin ap Morvryn* and *Myrddin Wyllt*, who in the year 542, when fighting under the banner of King Arthur, accidentally slew his own nephew. In consequence of this he was seized with a madness which affected him every alternate hour during the rest of his life. He retired into Scotland, and in his lucid intervals composed some of the most beautiful pieces of poetry extant. This Merlin afterwards resided in North Wales, where he died; he was buried in the island of Bardsey.

† Pronounced Bethgelert.

tered the house; and Llewelyn, who first returned, was met at the door by his favourite dog, which came out, covered with blood, to salute his master on his arrival. The prince, alarmed, ran into the nursery, and found his child's cradle overturned, and the ground flowing with blood. In this moment of his terror, imagining that his dog had slain his child, he plunged his sword into the animal's body, and laid him dead upon the spot. But on turning up the cradle he found his darling boy alive, and beside him a dead wolf. This circumstance had such an effect on the mind of the prince, that on the spot where the dog was slain he caused a church to be erected, and a tombstone to be raised over the remains of the faithful animal, which were deposited in the valley, called from this incident *Bedd Gêlert*, or *the Grave of Gêlert*. A neatly kept footpath leads to the grave from the little shrubbery opposite to the Goat Inn. From this story was derived a very common Welsh proverb, "I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound."

The following beautiful stanzas, the composition of the Hon. W. R. Spencer, are founded on the above tradition. They were written at Dolmelynlyn, the seat of W. A. Maddocks, Esq., after a perusal of the story in the first edition of this book.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a *bruch*, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come Gêlert, come; wer't never last,
"Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
"The flower of all his race,
"So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
"A lion in the chace?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinell'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprize,
Unus'd such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
And on went Gêlert too,
And still where e'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood stain'd cover rent,
And all around, the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild,
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devour'd,"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gêlert's dying yell,
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe,
"Best of the kind, adieu!"
"The frantic blow which laid thee low,
"This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd,
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
 Or forester, unmov'd ;
 There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
 Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
 And there, as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

PRIORY.

On this spot there was formerly a priory of Augustine monks, of a foundation so ancient, that Anian, Bishop of Bangor, who lived in the thirteenth century, asserts it to have been the oldest religious house in Wales except one. Part of the south walls of the present church were evidently formed from the old building. In the year 1283, this priory was so much injured by fire, that, in order to encourage benefactors to contribute towards the rebuilding of it, the bishop gave notice that he would remit to all such persons (who sincerely repented of their sins,) forty days of any penance inflicted on them.*

EXCURSION FROM BEDDGELERT TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

The distance from Beddgelert to the summit of Snowdon is about six miles ; this ascent is generally reckoned more difficult than that from Dolbadarn ; but even from Beddgelert the summit is accessible to a Welsh pony ; although, in

* The name of this priory was "Abbey de Valle, S. Mariæ Snodonia." Its revenues, at the dissolution, amounted to about 70*l.* per annum.

general, equestrians dismount and walk the last two or three hundred yards.

In order to ascend Snowdon from Beddgelert the tourist must proceed along the Caernarvon road for about three miles, and then turning to the right, commence the ascent. After ascending some hundred yards, Llyn Cwellyn below, shaded by the vast Mynydd Mawr, with Castell Cidwm at its foot, appears extremely beautiful. Upon a clear day may be seen Caernarvon and the whole Isle of Anglesey, spread out like a map before the view. The mountains which from below appear of immense height, seem now to sink, the lakes and vallies grow more exposed, and all the little rills and mountain streams by degrees become visible, like silver lines intersecting the hollows around.

Towards the upper part of the mountain is a tremendous ridge of rock, called Clawdd Coch, *the red ridge*. This narrow pass, not more than ten or twelve feet across, and two or three hundred yards in length, is so steep, that the eye reaches on one side down the whole extent of the mountain. And in some parts of it, if a person was to hold a large stone in each hand, and let them both fall at once, each might roll to such a distance that, when they stopped, they would be more than half a mile asunder.

A path is now formed which avoids the summit of this ridge, by passing several feet below it, but unless the wind is very high, or the traveller *extremely timid*, he should by no means avail himself of it, for the view from the summit of the ridge is very grand and wild.

There is no danger whatever in crossing Clawdd Coch in the day-time, but many instances occurred (previous to the formation of the above-mentioned path) of persons who, having passed over it in the night, were so terrified at seeing it by daylight the next morning, that they have not dared to return the same way, but have taken a very circuitous route by Bettws.

In the hollow, on the left of the ascent, are four small pools, called Llyn Coch, the red pool; Llyn y Nadroedd, the adder's pool; Llyn Glas, the blue pool; and Llyn Flynnon y Gwas, the servant's pool.

After passing Clawdd Coch the summit is soon reached.*

* There are two other ascents of Snowdon, the one from Llanberis, the other from Llyn Cwellyn on the Caernarvon road, which were frequently selected by tourists; but the former of these is now much neglected on account of its difficulty, and the latter on account of its being less interesting than the rest. When speaking of the ascent from Llanberis, care should be taken not to confound it with that from Dolbadarn, which is perhaps the best of any.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEDDGELERT TO TAN Y BWLCH.

(By Tremadoc $14\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.)

*Pont Aberglaslyn—Tradition respecting the Bridge—Salmon leap—
Roads to Tan y Bwlch—Tremadoc—Embankment—Tan y Bwlch—
Vale of Festiniog.*

EXCURSION FROM TAN Y BWLCH TO THE FALLS OF THE CYNFAEL.

Village of Festiniog—Falls of the Cynfael.

PONT ABERGLASLLYN,

The Bridge of the Conflux of the Blue Pool, or as it is sometimes called, the Devil's Bridge, is about a mile and a quarter distant from Beddgelert.

About a mile beyond Beddgelert, the rocks on each side become incomparably grand. The road winds along a narrow stony vale, where the huge cliffs so nearly approach as only just to leave sufficient width at the bottom for the road, and the bed of the impetuous torrent that rolls along the side of it. These lofty rocks, which oppose nothing to the eye but a series of the rudest precipices, "raised tier on tier, high piled from earth to heaven," seem to forbid all further access and to frown defiance on the traveller.

Fled are the fairy views of hill and dale,
Sublimely thron'd on the steep mountain brow
Stern nature frowns: her desolating rage
Driving the whirlwind, or swollen flood, or blast

Of fiery air imprison'd, from their base
 Has wildly hurled the uplifted rocks around
 The gloomy pass, where Aberglasslyn's arch
 Yawns o'er the torrent. The disjointed crags,
 O'er the steep precipice in fragments vast
 Impending, to the astonish'd mind recall
 The fabled horrors by demoniac force
 Of Lapland wizards wrought; who borne upon
 The whirlwind's wing, what time the vex'd sea
 Dash'd against Norwegia's cliffs, to solid mass
 Turn'd the swoln billows, and the o'erhanging waves
 Fix'd e'er they fell.

It was, probably, from having beheld this very scene, that Giraldus Cambrensis asserted of Merionethshire that it was "the roughest and most dreary part of Wales, for its mountains were both high and perpendicular, and in many places so grouped together, that shepherds talking or quarrelling on their tops could scarcely, in a whole day's journey, come together.*

In the structure of the bridge there is little else remarkable than that many of the ignorant people of the neighbourhood believe it to have been formed by supernatural agency. They attribute it to the devil, who, they say, proposed to the neighbouring inhabitants, that he would build them a bridge across the pass, on condition that he should have the first that went over it for his trouble. The bargain was made, and very soon afterwards the bridge appeared in its place. But the people were too cunning to adhere to any other than the literal terms of so unequal a bargain; and they cheated the devil by dragging a dog to the spot, and whipping him over the bridge. This, say those who tell the story, was all the recompense this universal agent in difficult undertakings was able to obtain for his labour. Hence they account for this structure having

* Itip. Cam. lib. ii. c. 5.

the name of the "*Devil's Bridge*." The formation of the Devil's Bridge in Cardiganshire is also accounted for in the same manner.

A few yards above the bridge the river flows down a range of rocks, eight or ten feet from the surface of the lower water. This cataract is chiefly noted as a salmon leap. Salmon come up the fresh water streams to deposit their spawn on the sandy shallows, and, when impeded in their progress by rocks or dams across the water they have the power of springing to an amazing height above the surface in order to pass over them. This extraordinary power of leaping out of the water is owing to a sudden jerk which the fish give to their body upon changing from a bent into a straight position. The general weight of the salmon caught near Pont Aberglaslyn in August and September is from one to eighteen pounds. About the month of October they become much larger.

From this celebrated bridge there are two roads, that to the left, leading to Tan y Bwlch direct, that to the right, to Tan y Bwlch through Tremadoc, the former of these occupies about 9, and the latter 14½ miles;* and the varied scene of wood, rock, and mountain, accompanying both these roads, is uncommonly fine.

TREMADOC,

The town of Madocks, is a neat market town 6 miles distant from Beddgelert, and built on land which originally formed Penmorfa Marsh. This land, to the extent of nearly 2000 acres, was about the year 1800 recovered by the late William Alexander Madocks, Esq. from the sea. It lies three feet below low water mark, and is completely protected from the encroachment of the waters by a substantial embankment.

* Taking post horses the charge is for 16 miles.

Encouraged by the success of his first attempt, Mr. Madocks was induced to follow up the design originally conceived by Sir John Wynne of Gwydir of recovering for cultivation the arm of the sea called Traeth Mawr by embanking out the water. In the year 1625, Sir John applied to Sir Hugh Middleton (who in the Isle of Wight had, not long before, gained upwards of 2000 acres of land from the sea) for the purpose of recovering for cultivation the two arms of the sea, called Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bach. The design, however, probably from want of money to execute it properly, was never carried into execution, and the subject was not again brought forward until 1808, when Mr. Madocks obtained an act of parliament vesting in him and his heirs the whole extent of these sands from Pont Aber Glâs-llyn downwards. The embankment which now extends from Tremadoc across Traeth Mawr was soon afterwards commenced. This embankment extends nearly a mile in length; its breadth at the bottom varies from 100 to 400 feet, but at the top its breadth is 30 feet throughout; its height is about 100 feet; where it crosses the channel of the river there are 5 flood gates, one of which is now blocked up: as the tide advances these gates are closed, and the waters of the river accumulate in its channel, which at the time the embankment was formed was considerably widened and deepened in order to contain for a time the accumulated water; and when the tide recedes, these flood gates are opened and the accumulations of water discharged. Had this embankment been formed in such a manner as to be quite impervious when the tide arose, the project might have succeeded, but unfortunately there are now many apertures through which the tide pours, and consequently a very small portion of the recovered land is rendered available for the purposes of cultivation.

The Tremadoc Arms is the only inn of any note.

The carriage road from Tremadoc to Tan-y-Bwlch and Harlech extends along the summit of this embankment from the middle of which there is a magnificent view of the Snowdonian range of mountains. Upon leaving the embankment, there is a short way to Harlech, at the ebb of the tide across the sands and avoiding Tan y Bwlch; a guide, however, must be taken who is acquainted with the track, as it is unsafe for strangers to venture alone.

TAN-Y-BWLCH,

Below the pass, so called from its being situated on the brow of the hill overlooking the vale of Ffestiniog,* consists only of a large and exceedingly comfortable inn and an elegant mansion embowered in woods, the residence of Mrs. Oakley. This vale watered by the little river Dwyryd, *Two Fords*, contrasted with the black and dreary mountains on the opposite side affords a most delightful prospect. A former traveller, H. P. Wyndham, Esq. was so highly gratified with the scene, as to make the singular remark, "That if a person could live upon a landscape, he would scarcely desire a more eligible spot than this."

VALE OF FESTINIOG.

There are few vales in this country that afford such lovely prospects as the vale of Festiniog. Many of the high mountains bounding its sides are shaded with lofty oaks, and the silver Dwyryd serpentine placidly and silently along the bottom, amidst the richest cultivated lands. The sea, at a distance, closes the view; and Traeth Bach, a wide arm of it, is seen to receive the Dwyryd a little below Tan-y-Bwlch hall. The little village of Maentwrog is

* Or more properly the vale of Maentwrog.

nearly in the middle. The character of the vale of Ffestiniog is very different from that either of Llanberis or Nant Hwynan: the former is majestic, grand, and sublime; Nant Hwynan bears a middle character, its bottom is varied by insulated rocks, and clad with trees; the vale of Ffestiniog is simply elegant; the bottom is open and cultivated from end to end, with trees scattered along the walls and hedge rows. The thick woods on the mountains to the north soften very beautifully what would be otherwise a bleak and dreary feature in the scene. “With the woman one loves, with the friend of one’s heart, and a good study of books, (says Lord Lyttleton to his friend Mr. Bower,) one might pass an age in this vale, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower and settle at Ffestiniog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honest Welsh farmer, who was 105 years of age. By his first wife he had *thirty* children, *ten* by his second, *four* by his third, and *seven* by two concubines; his youngest son was *eighty-one* years younger than his eldest; and 800 persons descended from his body attended his funeral.”

EXCURSION FROM TAN-Y-BWLCH TO THE FALLS OF CYNFAEL.

Two miles and a half from Tan-y-Bwlch is

THE VILLAGE OF FESTINIOG,

The place of hastening. This little place and the vale have been justly celebrated by the elegant pen of Lord Lyttleton, who made a tour through Wales in the year 1756. The village of Festiniog, containing about 1648 inhabitants, is

built upon an eminence, and commands a delightful prospect down the vale.

FALLS OF THE CYNFAEL.

These are three in number; the two lowest are situated the one about 300 yards above, and the other 300 yards below a rustic stone bridge over the river, to which a path leads from the village of Festiniog over some fields to the right.

The upper cataract is more broken, but not so grand as the other. This is formed by a sheet of water slightly indented, and darkened by the foliage around it, which closes in almost to the edge of the stream. After the water has reached the bottom of the deep concavity, it rushes along a narrow rocky chasm there.

Raging amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale

Between this cataract and the bridge there is a tall columnar rock, which stands in the bed of the river, called *Pulpit Hugh Lloyd Cynfael*, or Hugh Lloyd's Pulpit, the place from whence, as the peasantry say, a magician of that name used to deliver his nightly incantations.

Three miles from Ffestiniog on the Bala road, to the right, is visible the other fall, called *Pistyll y Cwm*; this is lofty and the rocks abrupt but completely destitute of foliage.

CHAPTER XIV.

TAN-Y-BWLCH TO HARLECH.

(10 Miles.)

*Maentwrog—Falls of the Velen Rhydd—Harlech—Harlech Castle—
History of Harlech Castle—Mephitic Vapour.*

EXCURSION FROM HARLECH TO CWM BYCHAN, &c.

*Cylch Cyngrair or Druidical Circles—Cwm Bychan—Bwlch Tyddiad—
Drws Arduhwyl—Cromlech—Sarn Badrig—Cantref Gwaelod.*

ON the side of the river opposite Tan-y-Bwlch stands the church and village of

MAENTWROG,

The stone of Turog, so denominated from a large stone in the church-yard at the north-west corner of the church. Turog was a British saint who lived about the year 610, and was the writer of Tiboeth, a romantic record belonging to St. Bueno, that was formerly kept in the church of Cly-nog, in Caernarvonshire.

At the distance of half a mile from Maentwrog there is a branch road to the left, which leads to the

FALLS OF THE VELEN RHYDD.

These are two in number,—the first or lower fall, called Rhaiadr Dû, is about three quarters of a mile distant from the Harlech road. It is surrounded with dark and impend-

ing scenery, and the water is thrown with vast impetuosity down a shelving rock. The tourist can only procure a view of this from above, for the bottom is very difficult of access. The second fall, called the Raven Fall, is about three quarters of a mile beyond the first; its total height is about 140 feet; the water rushes down a narrow channel for about 100 feet, and then shelves out in a conical form, and falls into a circular basin about fifty yards in diameter, this is situated in a beautifully secluded spot, and surrounded by rocks and trees.

Regaining the road to Harlech, the scenery for the first four miles is pleasing, but for the remaining distance not particularly interesting.

HARLECH,

Once the principal town in Merionethshire, is now dwindled into an insignificant village, containing not more than four or five hundred inhabitants. It is in the parish of Llanfair, and on the sea coast, near Cardigan bay: the houses and castle are built on a cliff that immediately overhangs the marsh. Not far from the castle there is a small building, once the town-hall, now a school-room, in which, however, the member of parliament for the county is still elected.

Harlech was made a free borough by Edward I., who confirmed to it several grants of lands, and other immunities.

The Blue Lion is the only inn of any note in Harlech; and even this is upon a small scale, but pleasantly situated.

HARLECH CASTLE.

This venerable structure is in tolerable preservation. It is a square building, each side measuring about seventy yards, and has at every corner a round tower. From each of these issued formerly a circular turret, nearly all of which

are now destroyed. The entrance is betwixt two great rounders. The principal apartments appear to have been over the gateway, in a building which projected into the court; and at each angle of this building there is yet left a round tower. The castle was defended on the east side by a deep foss; and its situation, on the verge of an almost perpendicular rock, rendered it impregnable in nearly every other part. Viewing it from the marsh, it is said, except in size, to bear a considerable resemblance to the castle of Belgrade in Turkey.

The walls of the castle command an extensive view, embracing Snowdon, the Promontory of Llyn, Criccieth Castle, and the fine though dangerous Bay of Cardigan.

History of Harlech Castle.—The ancient name of this fortress was Twr Bronwen, *Bronwen's Tower*; so called from Bronwen, *the white necked*, sister to Bren ap Llyr, Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards King of Britain. She lived in the third century, and was the wife of Matholwch, an Irishman. Her husband one day, *unfortunately*, struck her a violent blow in the face, and she resented the outrage by inciting an insurrection among the people, and causing a civil war. This blow is called, in the ancient Triads, one of the three evil blows of Britain; two others, of a nature nearly similar, bearing the reputation of having produced similar commotions. Bronwen is supposed by some to have resided here; and the highest turret of the present castle, though for what reason it is difficult to conjecture, since this building was altogether founded many centuries after her time, goes yet by the name of Bronwen's Tower.

In the eleventh century this place took the name of Caer Collwyn, *Collwyn's Fort*, from Collwyn ap Tangno, Lord of Eivonedd and Ardudwy, who repaired the ancient castle, and took it for his own residence. The present name of

Harlech is probably derived from the British words *hardd*, *beautiful*, and *llech*, *a rock*, indicating its situation.

According to some of the ancient British historians, Harlech Castle was originally built, about the year 350, by Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales; and it is generally believed that Edward I. founded the present fortress on the ruins of the old castle; some parts of which are yet distinguishable from the more modern work of that monarch.

In the year 1404, this castle, along with that of Aberystwyth, in Cardiganshire, was seized by Owen Glyndwr, during his rebellion against Henry IV., but they were both retaken about four years afterwards, by an army which the king had dispatched into Wales against that turbulent chieftain.

Margaret of Anjou, the queen of Henry VI., after the king's defeat at Northampton in 1456, fled from Coventry, and, narrowly escaping the bands of Lord Stanley, who discovered and seized her jewels and baggage, found in this fortress an asylum from her enemies. She resided here, however, but a short time, for she soon afterwards proceeded to Scotland.

Soon after Edward IV. attained the English throne, he found means to make himself master of every part of the kingdom, with the exception of this castle and two or three others in Northumberland. These he did not think it necessary to attack immediately, in the expectation, probably, that when their governors saw the whole country continue in quiet possession, they would of their own accord submit. The idea, however, proved false, for David ap Ivan ap Einion, a staunch friend to the house of Lancaster, held out in this castle for nine years afterwards, till 1468. The king, finding him still determined to resist, was at length com-

pelled to send an army against him under the command of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The men with incredible difficulty marched over the heart of the British Alps to the attack. On being summoned to surrender, David returned for answer, "Some years ago I held a castle in France against its besiegers so long, that all the old women in Wales talked of me : inform your commander that I will defend this Welsh castle till all the old women of France shall hear of it." The besieging army found the place altogether impregnable, without having recourse to famine, and Sir Richard Herbert, (brother to the Earl,) who had commanded during the siege, was at last obliged to compound for the surrender, by promising the heroic Welshman that he would intercede with the king for his life. It was accordingly given up, and with it upwards of fifty gentlemen of rank who had adhered to the Lancastrian cause. These were all committed close prisoners to the Tower; and when David was brought to the king, Sir Richard intreated that he might receive an unconditional pardon, on the ground that it had been in his power, if he had chosen it, to retain the castle considerably longer, even in spite of all the efforts of the English army—the king refused. "Then, Sire, (said Sir Richard,) you may, if you please, take my life instead of that of the Welsh captain: if you do not, I will most assuredly replace David in his castle, and your highness may send whom you please to take him out again." The king knew too well the value of a hero like Sir Richard, to carry his denial any further. David ap Ivan was pardoned, but his friend received no other reward for this perilous service.

In the civil wars, during the reign of Charles I., Harlech Castle was the last in North Wales that held out for the king, having surrendered in March, 1647, to General Mytton, on honourable terms. At this time Mr. William Owen

was the governor, and the garrison consisted but of twenty-eight men.

MEPHITIC VAPOUR.

In the winter of 1694, this neighbourhood was much alarmed by a kind of fiery exhalation which came from a sandy and marshy tract of land called Morfa Bychan, the Little Marsh, across the channel, eight miles towards Harlech. This so much injured the grass as to kill the cattle, and it set hay and corn-ricks on fire at the distance of nearly a mile from the coast. It is represented to have had the appearance of a blue lambent flame, which by any great noise, such as the firing of guns, or the sounding of horns, was easily extinguished. All the damage was done in the night, and in the course of the winter no fewer than sixteen hay-ricks and two barns, one filled with hay and the other with corn, were entirely destroyed by it. It did not seem to affect any thing else, and men could go into it without receiving the least injury. It was observed much more frequently during the first three weeks than afterwards, yet it was seen, at different intervals, for at least eight months. The occasion of this singular phenomenon is not exactly known. It appears most probably to have arisen from some collections of putrid substances, the vapour issuing from which might have been directed towards this place by the wind; and yet it is singular that, although the prevailing winds here are from the south-west, which ought to have blown it in a very different direction, it should not have been observed in other parts north of Harlech. Bishop Gibson conjectured that it might have proceeded from the corrupted bodies of a great number of locusts which visited this kingdom about that time, and were destroyed by the coldness of the climate. He says that a considerable num-

ber of them had been seen lying about the shores of Aberdaron, in Caernarvonshire.

EXCURSION FROM HARLECH TO CYM BYCHAM, &c.

About a mile from the town of Harlech, upon a large elevated moor, is a circle of small stones nearly thirty yards in diameter, with another at some distance, surrounding it. From its form and appearance, it is reasonable to suppose that this was one of those

DRUIDICAL CIRCLES

In which were formerly holden the *Gorseddau* or bardic meetings. These meetings were always in some place set apart in the open air, in a conspicuous situation, and surrounded by a circle of stones, having in the centre a larger one, by which the presiding bard or Druid stood. In this instance there is no relic of the middle stone. This kind of circle was called *Cylch Cyngair*, or the circle of congress. At these meetings candidates were admitted to the different degrees of bardism; and on these occasions it was that all the oral bardic poems and traditions were recited, and their laws settled. During these ceremonies all the bards stood within the circle, with their heads and feet bare, and clad in their unicoloured robes.

About 4 miles from Harlech is

CWM BYCHAN,

A grassy dell, about half a mile in length, surrounded by scenery as black and dreary as imagination can paint. On the right of its entrance there is a small pool called *Llyn y Cwm Bychan*, from the edge of which, Carreg y Saeth, *the Rock of the Arrow*, (so called from its being the station

where the ancient British sportsmen watched and killed the passing deer,) towers the blackest of all the vale.

Deseending into the hollow, and aseending on the other side, there is a deep mountain hollow called

BWLCH TYDDIAD.

Here the rocks close, and oppose a series of shattered precipices, forming a scene of desolation and barrenness throughout. A few grasses, liverwort and heath, constitute all the vegetation of this place. Wandering on this rocky eleft, until the higher mountains are past, a fine open prospect appears of all the eountry eastward; this constitutes a pastoral landscape, bounded by high distant mountains, which form a majestic barrier around: among these, Cader Idris, and the two Arrenigs, are particularly conspicious. From hence a path to the right leads to another deep glen called

DRWS ARDUDWY,

The Pass of the Maritime Land, a place well caleulated to inspire a timid mind with terror. The sides and bottom are almost covered over with loose fragments of stone, once detached by the forec of frost, or the irresistible rushing of torrents, after storms and heavy rain, from the heights above.

To this dreary scene succeeds a more wide and fertile valley, called Cwm Nancoll, *the Hollow of the Sunken Brook*. From hence, leaving the usual track, may be visited a CROMLECH, in a farm called Gwern Einion. This Cromleeh is about two milcs south of Harleeh. It is at present made to form the corner of a wall, and is on two sides built up with stones; the interior is converted into a *pigstye*. There are four supporters, one of which is about six feet, another about seven feet, and the other two about four feet

in height. The stone that rests upon these is large, flat, and slanting.

Betwixt the Cromlech and the town of Harlech is another Druidical circle, somewhat smaller than the one before mentioned, but surrounded with a similar distant circle.

From near this spot, at the ebb of the tide, may be seen part of a long stone-wall, which runs out into the sea from Mochras, a point of land a few miles south of Harlech, in a west-south-west direction for nearly twenty miles. This is called

SARN BADRIG,

The Shipwrecking Causeway. It is a very wonderful work, being throughout about twenty-four feet in thickness. *Sarn y Bwch* runs from a point north-west of Harlech, and is supposed to meet the end of this. The space betwixt these formed, some centuries ago, a habitable hundred belonging to Merionethshire, called

CANTREF GWAELOD,

The Lowland Hundred. The Welsh have yet traditions respecting several of the towns, as *Caer Gwyddno*, *Caer Cencder*, &c. These walls were built to keep out the sea. About the year 500, when *Gwyddno Garan Hîr*, *Gwyddno with the high Crown*, was lord of this hundred, one of the men who had the care of the dams, got drunk and left open a flood-gate, in consequence of this, the sea broke through with such force as to tear down part of the wall, and overflow the whole hundred, which, since that time, has been always completely flooded. Thus is *Cardigan Bay*, (a principal part of which *Cantref Gwaelod* formerly occupied,) for many miles so full of shoals, as to render it extremely dangerous for a vessel of any burthen to venture at all near the Merionethshire coast.

CHAPTER XV.

HARLECH TO DOLGELLEY.

(20 Miles.)

Road from Harlech to Barmouth—Meini Gwyr—Cromlechs—Barmouth Beach and River—Road from Barmouth to Dolgelley—Dolgelley—Nannau—Howel Sele—Old Oak.

EXCURSION FROM DOLGELLEY TO KEMMER ABBEY AND THE WATERFALLS.

Y Vanner or Kemmer Abbey—History of the Abbey—Rhaiadr Du—Rhaiadr-y-Mawddach—Pystyll-y-Cain.

THE road from Harlech to Barmouth is even and good; but lying over a flat and disagreeable country, it is, with the exception of the first mile, dull and uninteresting. Towards the sea there are nothing but turfy bogs and salt marshes; and, on the other side, the mountains are low and stony, and in every respect devoid of picturesque beauty.

In a field to the right, by the road-side, near Llanbedir, are two upright stones standing near each other, the one ten, and the other about six feet in height. These are without inscriptions, and are what the Welsh call MEINI GWYR, "stones of the heroes," or the funeral monuments of celebrated warriors slain in battle.

A few hundred yards beyond the fifth mile-stone, in a field to the left of the road, are to be seen two CROMLECHS

near to each other; to the first of these belong four supporters, and the stone that rests upon them is in a horizontal position, and measures about nine feet by six, to the other three supporters, and the stone that rests upon them is in a slanting position, and measures about eleven feet by ten; the thickness of either of the supported stones is from two to three feet.

Passing *Cors y Gedol*, the ancient family seat of the Vaughans, but now the property of Lord Mostyn, and continuing his journey by Llanaven, the traveller soon after arrives at

BARMOUTH.

This town, 10 miles distant from Harlech, is situated in one of the most unpleasant places that could have been chosen for it, near the conflux of the river Maw, or Mawdach,* usually called Avon Vawr, *the Great River*. Some of the houses are built amongst the sand at the bottom, and others, at different heights, up the side of a huge rock, which entirely shelters the place on the east. The situations of the latter are so singular, that it is really curious for a stranger to wind up along the narrow paths among the houses, where, on one side, he may, if he please, enter the door of a dwelling, or, on the other, look down the chimney of the neighbour in front. The inhabitants might almost cure their bacon in some parts of this town by the simple process of hanging it out of their windows. Some of the houses are nearly choked up with sand, which fills every passage, and is blown into every window that is for a moment left open, and no person can possibly walk many yards towards the sea without sinking ankle deep in the sand. In rainy weather this sand renders the place very

* From this river the town is sometimes called Aber Maw, *the Conflux of the Maw*. This has been shortened into 'Bermaw, and corrupted to Barmouth.

dirty and unpleasant. The buildings are exceedingly irregular, and in some instances very bad. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Barmouth is frequented during the summer season by many genteel families from Wales and the West of England, as a sea-bathing place. Its origin, as the resort of invalids, has been attributed to persons frequenting the banks of this part of the river for the sake of the scurvy grass, which grows there in great abundance.

The lodging-houses in the town are many of them good. The amusements seem to consist principally in making excursions on the water, and in promenading on the beach or the sands. The beach is a most delightful walk. The wide river Mawddach winds amongst the mountains, forming many elegant promontories. These rise to a great height on each side, some clad with wood, and others exhibiting their naked rocks, scantily covered with the purple heath. The summit of the lofty Cader Idris is visible in the background, towering above the other mountains. Had the town been built here, scarcely half a mile from its present situation, instead of being one of the most unpleasant, it might have been rendered one of the most delightful places of retirement imaginable.

Barmouth is the port of Merionethshire.

The Cors y Gedol Arms, which is upon an extensive seale, is the principal inn.

Proceeding from Barmouth to Dolgelley, at high water, when the whole bed of the river Mawddach is filled, the various scenes that present themselves for some miles are truly picturesque. The two first miles are perhaps more interesting than any other part of the journey. In the composition of the views scarcely any thing appears wanting: there is every requisite for a fine landscape, mountain and vale, wood, water, meadows and rocks, arranged in beautiful order. Beyond the beach the road winds among

the low mountains, at a little distance from the river. From the openings or eminences the water is frequently seen partly hidden by the intervening mountains, and oftentimes assumes the appearance of a beautiful lake.

Many persons prefer making the excursion from Bar-mouth to Dolgelley by water. To sit at ease, and enjoy without interruption the pleasures afforded by the picturesque scenes along the Mawddach, must doubtless be highly gratifying to an admirer of nature. The voyage, however, must end at the distance of about a mile from Dolgelley, for here the river becomes so diminished as not even to admit a pleasure boat any further. The company must therefore be contented to walk from thence to the town.

DOLGELLEY,*

The Holme of the Groves, is a market town of considerable extent and importance, containing 4087 inhabitants, seated in a wide and fertile vale, between the rivers Arran and Wnion, and surrounded on all sides by high and in many parts wooded mountains. The Midsummer assizes for Merionethshire are held here. Near the Ship Inn is part of the building in which Owen Glyndwr held a parliament. The church is a neat structure as far as regards its exterior, but the seats and the arrangement of the interior are not very ornamental. Here is an ancient monument in memory of Mauric Vychan ap Ynyr Vychan, an ancestor of the present family of the Vaughans of Nannau.

There are at Dolgelley very considerable manufactories for coarse woollen cloths or flannels, called webs.

During the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., about a hundred of the king's troops attempted to raise a fortification around this town. Sir Edward Vaughan, however, at

* Pronounced Dolgethley.

the head of a small party of the parliament's forces, attacked and routed them, taking prisoners the captain and several of the men.

The principal inns at Dolgelley are the Golden Lion and the Ship.

NANNAU.

The seat of Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart. stands on an elevated situation about two miles from Dolgelley. In the grounds of Nannau are the remains of a British fortification.

In the reign of Henry IV. Nannau belonged to Howel Sele, who, though the first cousin of Owen Glyndwr, sided with the Lancastrian party. Upon one occasion, whilst these cousins were out together, Howel bent his bow, and pretending to take aim at a doe, suddenly turned round and shot at Owen; but the armour which he wore under his clothes prevented any injury from the arrow. Owen immediately seized his kinsman, who was never afterwards heard of alive; but after forty years had elapsed, the skeleton of a man, supposed to be his, was found in the hollow of a large oak, where he had probably been confined by Owen Glyndwr. This oak was named *Derwen Cenbren yr Ellyll*, *the hollow oak the haunt of demons*, and was, to the day of its destruction, which happened in 1813, the terror of the superstitious.

EXCURSION FROM DOLGELLEY TO Y VANNER, OR KEMMER ABBEY, AND THE WATERFALLS.

Proceeding from Dolgelley, till within a few hundred yards of the bridge at Llanelltyd, there is a foot path to the right, which leads over some meadows for about a quarter of a

mile to an avenue of sycamores, and thence to the remains of an abbey, not visible from the road, called by the Welsh Y Vanner, and by the old writers Kemmer Abbey.*

Where pious beadsmen, from the world retir'd,
In blissful visions wing'd their souls to heav'n,
While future joys their nobler transports fir'd,
They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

Y VANNER, OR KEMMER ABBEY.

The present remains of this monastery have little interest for any but the antiquary: they are altogether devoid of ornament or elegance, and from no point of view are in any degree picturesque. Part of the church only is left, and the space of ground it occupies is very inconsiderable. The ruins of the refectory and the abbot's dwelling form part of the walls of an adjoining farmhouse. The other parts are much shattered, and the farmer, in whose ground the building stands, has patched them in many places with modern masonry, to render them of use. The length of the church is from 30 to 40 yards, and the width not more than 8 or 9. The east end is more perfect than any other part, and, through its thick covering of ivy, may be discerned three small lancet-shaped windows. Against the south wall there are a few small gothic pillars and arches; and in the wall an aperture where probably the holy water was kept. In this part of the building, opposite to two small arches, there has also been a semi-circular door; and, near this, there is the mutilated head of a human figure. A large plane-tree is now growing from among the ruins of the west end of the building, which seems to denote that the abbey has long been in a ruinous state.

* Or, variously, Cymmer, Cymner, Cwmner, Kinner, Kinmer, and Kymmer Abbey. *Kymer*, in the ancient British language, signified the meeting of two or more rivers.

History of Y Vanner, or Kemmer Abbey.—This abbey was founded about the year 1200 for some monks of the Cistercian order, from Cwm Hir Abbey in Radnorshire, by Meredith and Griffith, the sons of Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. This seems (says a Welsh writer) to have been a colony of monks, sent off by that monastery, as bees do when the hive is too full.*

About thirty years after the supposed period of its foundation, Kemmer Abbey appears to have been in a flourishing state. At this time, when Henry III. was marching against the Welsh, who had risen, under their prince, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, and attacked the castle of Montgomery, one of the monks of Kemmer happened to be near, and was questioned as to the situation and strength of the Welsh army. He considered it a duty to befriend his country, rather than assist the enemy, and therefore deceived them so much by his report of the state of the opposing forces, that Henry determined on an immediate attack. The Welsh, at the first onset, feigned a retreat to a neighbouring marsh. The English soldiers, incumbered as they were with their armour, plunged, without hesitation, after them; and as soon as the enemy saw that the greater part were in the marsh, and unable either to act offensively or to retreat, they returned upon them with so much fury, as, after a short conflict, to come off victorious. This deception enraged the king, and not long afterwards, as he passed the abbey with his army, he ordered the monastery to be set on fire and destroyed. All the out-offices were consumed, but the abbot saved the rest of the building by his entreaties to the king, and paying down 300 marks.

At the dissolution of abbeys the revenues of Kemmer were

* Letter of Lewis Morris, Cam. Reg. ii. 493. This seems to account for Dugdale's mistake in confounding this abbey with that of Combeire, or Cwm Hir, in Radnorshire.

estimated at betwixt 50*l.* and 60*l.* a year. The site remained in the crown till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, about the year 1578, granted it to Robert Earl of Leicester.

On a bank not far distant there was formerly a British fortress called Castell Cymmer, *the Castle of the Conflux*. This was demolished about the year 1113, not long after its erection, by the sons of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, on the occasion of some disagreement with the founder, and it is supposed never to have been rebuilt.

Returning from the abbey to the road crossing the bridge at Llanelltyd, and proceeding along the vale leading towards Tanybwlech, the first waterfall the traveller arrives at is

RHAIADR DU,

The Black Cataract, on the river Gamlan. This is in the grounds which formerly belonged to the late W. A. Madocks, Esq. at Dolmelynlyn, whence it is often called the *Dolmelynlyn Fall*. The water foams with thundering noise down two rocks about sixty feet high. The scene has a singular appearance from the black adjacent and uncouth rocks being in many places covered with a pure white lichen. The torrent rolls into a small deep basin, from whence it dashes along the rugged channel to the river Mawddach, which flows at no great distance. Mr. Madocks was at the expense of making a good footpath both to the bottom and to the upper part of this cataract, by which the traveller is enabled with comfort to see it to the greatest advantage.

Proceeding about a mile further on the road, and thence walking nearly two miles, a footpath to the right leads to the remaining waterfalls, which are within a few hundred yards of each other. From the side of an eminence, about half a mile from these, the river Mawddach may be seen rolling down a steep in a woody vale above, its hoarse

murmuring just reaching the ear. Beyond it, at some distance, there is a rude arch, which crosses the glen, giving a pleasing and romantic cast to the scene.

Descending now (but cautious lest too fast),
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulph in which the hazels dip
Their pendant boughs.

This is a perfectly alpine bridge over the river Cain, formed by the rude trunk of an oak, which hangs frightfully over the black torrent that roars among the rocks many feet beneath. At a little distance from this bridge is

RHAIADR Y MAWDDACH.

The river here forces itself down a rock fifty or sixty feet in height, whose strata, lying in parallel lines at an inclination of several degrees from the horizon, give to the scene a singularly crooked appearance. The stream is thrice broken in its descent, and the basin into which it is precipitated is very large. The rocks and trees form an amphitheatre around, and the foreground is finely broken by the large pieces of rock that have been loosened from above. The stream must be crossed before the upper part of the fall, which is hidden by intervening rocks, can be seen.

PYSTYLL Y CAIN,

The Spout of the Cain, is by far the highest and most magnificent cataract of the three. A narrow stream rushes down a vast rock at least 150 feet high, whose horizontal strata run in irregular steps through its whole breadth, and form a mural front. These indeed are so regular, as in a great measure to destroy the picturesque effect of the scene, unless they are nearly hidden by a much greater volume of

water than usual. Immense fragments of broken rocks at the foot of the cataract, scattered in every direction, communicate a pleasing effect; and in autumn the agreeable mixture of tints of the dark oak and birch, with the yellow and fading elm, form altogether a highly pleasing scene.

CHAPTER XVI.

CADER IDRIS.

Origin of the Name of the Mountain—Places from whence it is usually ascended—Ascent from Dolgelley—Ascent from the Blue Lion—Ascent from Barmouth—View from the Summit of Cader Idris.

THIS mountain had its name from a person called Idris, supposed to have been an enormous giant. The old bardic writings, however, represent him as great in mind rather than in stature: in these he bears the character of a poet, an astronomer, and philosopher. He is supposed also to have been a prince of these parts; but the period at which he lived is so remote, that little more than his name and talents are now to be ascertained. From the circumstance of the mountain being called Cader Idris, or *the Seat of Idris*, it is implied that he had an observatory or study on its summit.

The places from which Cader Idris is most usually ascended are Dolgelley, an inn called the Blue Lion, or Idris Hotel, situated on the Machynlleth road, at a distance of 7 miles from Dolgelley, and Barmouth. The distance from the summit of the mountain to Dolgelley is about 6 miles, to the Blue Lion 3, to Barmouth 7.

ASCENT FROM DOLGELLEY.

To the left of the road leading from Dolgelley to Towyn, and at the distance of about 3 miles from Dolgelley, is a

small gate leading to a narrow lane: here the immediate ascent commences; after proceeding a few hundred yards, Llyn y Gader comes into view, and over it the sea; continuing the ascent a little further, the river Mawddach is visible: the tourist must now proceed to that part of the mountain called the Saddle, and by taking a circuitous but ascending route round it, he will attain the summit of the mountain.

ASCENT FROM THE BLUE LION.

Crossing the fields in a slanting direction from the Blue Lion, the person about to make the ascent will arrive at a rivulet which flows from one of the hollows above, and after any great fall of rain forms several pretty cascades; ascending from thence, he will reach the mountain hollow that contains the waters of Llyn y Cae,* *the Inclosed Pool*, from the west side of which rises a stupendous, black, and precipitous rock, called *Craig y Cae*, that casts a gloomy shade on every thing below it, and throws upon the water its own dismal hue. Its sullen and majestic front is enlivened only with patches of the moss saxifrage, and a few sheep may be seen skipping carelessly among its dangerous steepes. The whole of the scene, from near the edge of the pool, is truly picturesque and grand. To the right of *Craig y Cae* is *Bwlch y Cae*, this must be climbed, and the summit is then soon attained.

The ascent from Dolgelley, till within 200 yards of the summit, may be made with ponies, but the path from the Blue Lion is far too rugged and steep for equestrians.

The immediate ascent from Barmouth is nearly the same

* "Some travellers have mentioned the finding of lava and other volcanic productions here; upon strict examination, however, we were unable to discover any thing of the kind; nor did the water of the lake appear to differ in any respect from the purest rock water, though it was tried repeatedly with the most delicate test."—*Aitkin's Tour through North Wales*, p. 62.

as that from Dolgelley, the difference between these two ascents consisting in the first few miles.

Cader Idris has three high points; the most lofty is called Pen y Cader, the next in height Mynydd Moel, and the other Craig y Cae. On Pen y Cader, *the Head of the Seat*, which is 2850 feet above the green near Dolgelley, some stones are piled, and two or three seats formed. From hence the view is very varied and extensive. On one side the mountain forms an abrupt and deep precipice, at the bottom of which are lodged two small lakes. In the distance may be seen, to the north-east, Ireland; and carrying the eye round, Snowdon, the Berwyn mountains, headed by Cader Ferwyn, the Isle of Man, the Wrekin, the Clee hills, and Plimlimmon; in the intervening space, Bala lake, with its adjacent mountains, and the county of Montgomery. On the west side may be traced the whole curve of Cardigan Bay, from St. David's entirely round to Caernarvonshire.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOLGELLEY TO MACHYNLLETH,

(By the direct Road 16½ Miles.)

*View of Dolgelley—the Pool of the Three Pebbles—Taf y Llyn or Llyn
Mwyngil—Road to Machynlleth—Machynlleth.*

DOLGELLEY TO MACHYNLLETH, BY TOWYN AND ABERDOVEY,

(30 Miles.)

Towyn—Tebeni—Ynysymaengwyn—Aberdovey—Road to Machynlleth.

DOLGELLEY TO MACHYNLLETH, BY DINAS MOWDDWY AND MALLYD,

(24 Miles.)

Dinas Mowddwy—Mallyd—Waterfall at Pont Vallwyd—Yew Trees.

FROM the direct road leading to Machynlleth, and at the distance of about two miles, the town of Dolgelley is seen to greater advantage than from most other points of view. It appears in the midst of a vale replete with pastoral beauty. The wide river Mawddach is visible in the distance, and the intervening space exhibits luxuriant woods, meadows and corn fields, intersected by the river Wnion, which serpentine along the vale.

The road now passes over high and swampy moors, and for some miles the scenery is wild, dreary and comfortless.

The lofty Cader Idris forms the entire boundary of these wilds towards the south-west.

THE POOL OF THE THREE PEBBLES.

This is a small pool on the left of the road, about five miles from Dolgelley. The Welsh call it Llyn Trigrainwyn. It has its name from the three huge fragments of rock that are seen by its side. The huge man, Idris, from whom the adjacent mountain had its name, was one day walking round his possessions in these mountains when, as the tradition goes, he found something had fallen into his shoe that began to hurt his foot. He pulled it off and threw out these three pebbles, after which he experienced no further inconvenience! One of these *pebbles* is about four-and-twenty feet long, eighteen broad and twelve high. So much for tradition!

The pool is said by some to be bottomless; but though this is not the case, its depth for so small a surface of water is uncommonly great, being upwards of fifty fathoms.

At a short distance beyond this pool a pleasing vale presents itself, which encloses a small lake about a mile in length, called LLYN TALLYN, or LLYNN MWYNGIL, *the Lake of the Pleasant Retreat*. This is bounded by hills, and the prospect is altogether very striking.

From hence to Machynlleth the scenery is extremely pleasing, being varied with numerous plantations and with the meanderings of the rivulet in the valley beneath.

MACHYNLLETH.*

Crossing the Dovey, Machynlleth is at hand, a neat and much more regularly built town than most in Wales, the number of its inhabitants is 3381. From the church-yard

* The word implies the place near the river Cynlleth, which was the ancient name for the Dovey, it is pronounced Mahuntleth.

there is a pretty view along a green and meadowy vale. Machynlleth is a place of some trade, and it has an air of greater opulence than most of the Welsh towns.

In the principal street stood (of this, however, there are now but few remains) the ancient building in which Owen Glyndwr summoned the chieftains of Wales in the year 1402. He was here acknowledged their prince, and as such proclaimed and crowned.

It is highly probable that this town was the site of Maglona, the principal Roman station in Montgomeryshire. Near Penalt, about two miles distant, there is a place called Cefyn Caer, *the Ridge of the City*, where Roman coins have frequently been found, and where there has been a small circular fort.

The Eagles is the principal inn, besides which is the Unicorn.



DOLGELLEY TO MACHYNLLETH, BY TOWYN AND ABERDOVEY.

TOWYN

Is a small town sixteen miles distant from Dolgelley by the new road. It is very pleasantly situated within a mile of the sea, and on a portion of land which once formed a morass, but is now protected from the waters by an embankment. This place is very favourable for sea-bathing, and is consequently the resort of many visitors during the summer months. In a field below the church is a well, called St. Cadvan's well, much celebrated for the cure of rheumatic, scrofulous and cutaneous disorders. The church, dedicated to St. Cadvan, is a spacious and ancient cruciform structure, in the Norman style of architecture; it contains several old and curious monuments. On the summit of a rock, rising to a considerable elevation from the vale in

which the town is situated, are some remains of an ancient castle formerly of great strength, the fortifications of which once comprehended the entire summit of the eminence; one of the apartments, 36 feet in diameter, was hewn out of the solid rock. This fortification, which is called **TEBENI**, Mr. Pennant conjectures to have been the strong castle of Bere, fortified by Davydd ab Gruffydd, which was taken, in 1283, by William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a short time prior to the entire subjugation of the principality by Edward II., by which monarch it was committed to the custody of Robert Fitz-Walter. The Roman road from Cwm Caer, a Roman station in the parish of Pennal, to the village of Carreg, on the opposite bank of the river Dovey, passes through this parish.

The inns are the Raven, the Corbet's Arms Hotel and the Commercial Hotel.

Towyn is distant from Barmouth 11 miles, and from Aberystwith by the Sands 15.

About a mile to the north-east of Towyn is **YNYSY-MAENWGYN**, the seat of A. Corbet, Esq.

Rather more than 3 miles from Towyn is

ABERDOVEY,

The Confluence of the Dovey. A small village and seaport on the northern side of the river Dovey. This place, equally with Towyn, is much frequented by sea-bathers, and several respectable houses and a commodious hotel have of late years been erected for the accommodation of visitors. The ride from Towyn to Aberdovey along the sands at low water is extremely delightful.

From Aberdovey to Machynlleth the distance is about 11 miles, and for the first 7 of these, as far as Pennal, is in a great measure cut through the solid rock.

DOLGELLY TO MACHYNLLETH BY DINAS MOWDDWY AND MALLWYD.

This road for the first three miles is the same as the direct road from Dolgelley to Machynlleth.

DINAS MOWDDWY

Is a small town rather more than 10 miles distant from Dolgelley. This was formerly a place of some importance, but it has long since dwindled into insignificance; it consists principally of one street of meanly built houses, and is situated at the junction of three vales, each of which is enclosed by lofty mountains. A mile and a half further on is

MALLWYD,

A village delightfully situated in a small but fertile valley, watered by the Dovey, and abounding with diversified and picturesque scenery. The views in every direction are interesting, and in various parts of the parish are waterfalls, one of the principal of which is at Pont Vallwyd, in the township of Camlam, and close to the village of Mallwyd; this fall is formed by the river Dovey rushing through a narrow and rocky channel against a high slate rock in the centre of its bed, whence its waters are precipitated into a pool beneath. The church is dedicated to St. Tydecho; its eastern end is in Merionethshire and its western in Montgomeryshire; the communion table is singularly placed in the centre. In the church-yard are some remarkably fine yew trees. From Mallwyd to Machynlleth the distance is $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MACHYNLLETH TO ABERYSTWITH.

(18 Miles.)

Road to Aberystwith—Tre Taliesin—Aberystwith—History of Aberystwith Castle.

THE entire road from Machynlleth to Aberystwith is well worthy of notice. About four miles from Machynlleth the road crosses the river Llysnant, which separates North from South Wales; a mile or two further is a small waterfall to the left of the road; eight miles and a half from Aberystwith is TRE TALIESIN, the place where the celebrated bard Taliesin* was buried. Soon afterwards, plantations to a vast extent, and the beautiful vale of the Rheidol, present themselves to the view; two miles from Aberystwith the sea becomes visible, and then the town and castle of

ABERYSTWITH,

The Conflux of the Istwith. This is now a celebrated sea-bathing place, frequented by much company. It contains 4128 inhabitants, and is situated at the mouths of the rivers Ystwith and Rheidol. The houses, especially those let for lodgings, are for the most part extremely good. The best of these are in the Marine Terrace, which forms the east side of the Marine Parade, an elegant crescent close to and commanding a fine view of the sea. At the north end of the

* For an account of this person see chap. 31.

parade is Craiglais, or Constitution Hill; and at the south end is a gateway, forming the entrance to the castle house, a gothic building, erected by the late Sir Uvedale Price, after designs by Mr. Nash. It is now the property and the occasional residence of Sir Robert Price. Beyond the castle house, on a lofty rock projecting into the sea, are the ruins of the castle; these are interspersed with walks, from parts of which, at high water, the sea may be seen to burst finely upon the rock, at the same time yielding a peculiar hollow sound, like the distant firing of cannon.

The custom house is a suitable building overlooking the harbour. The church is a capacious building, in the form of a cross; it has been recently erected. The assembly rooms stand on an elevated spot near the church. Aberystwith likewise contains a market-place, a town-hall, baths, two dispensaries, a national school, a grammar school, and several meeting-houses.

The harbour, which was formerly extremely bad, has been much improved within these last few years, by joining the mouths of the rivers Ystwith and Rheidol; but within these last few months still more active measures have been taken for preventing the formation of the bar which accumulates at the entrance, and for rendering the harbour a safe retreat for vessels during bad weather. For this purpose, on Easter Monday, 1838, the first stone was laid of the new pier; this is to consist of two branches, one extending in a north-westerly direction to a distance of 300 yards, and the other in an opposite direction to a distance of about 100 yards; the width of these two branches will be 40 feet at the top, and 90 feet and more, progressively, at the bottom; the estimated expense is 13,000*l.*; there are a great many workmen employed, and the undertaking is proceeding most rapidly. The beach near Aberystwith abounds with valuable pebbles, which are cut, polished, and sold by the lapi-

daries in the town. Within a few hundred yards to the east of the town, upon a common, close to the river, is a chalybeate spring. The races take place annually, about August, in a field near Goggerdan, three miles from the town. At Aberystwith the autumnal fishing for salmon and sewin is excellent. There is also good lake fishing within a day's excursion; and the Aberlery, a river about six miles to the north, and the river Teiy, eighteen miles to the east of the town, likewise afford capital sport.

In the vicinity of Aberystwith silver and lead mines were formerly worked to a great extent, and even at this present day a considerable quantity of lead is procured from them. From one of these called Cwmswmlog, Sir Hugh Myddleton, in the reign of Elizabeth, accumulated a fortune sufficient to enable him to bring the New River from Hertfordshire to London.

The Belle Vue at Aberystwith is an excellent hotel, besides which are the Talbot Inn, the Goggerddan Arms, and the Lion Hotel.

History of Aberystwith Castle.—The castle was founded at the commencement of the 12th century by Gilbert Strongbow, to protect the possessions which, by permission of Henry I., he had acquired from Cadwgan ab Bleddyn. In 1135 it was taken by Owen Gwynedd and Cadwalader, his brother, and utterly demolished. Cadwalader soon afterwards, marrying Alice daughter of Richard Earl of Clare and Lord of Cardigan, rebuilt the castle and made it his chief place of residence; but Owen Gwynedd, after his accession to the sovereignty of North Wales, in revenge for his brother's contumacy, besieged it and burnt it to the ground. After having been restored and destroyed several times, we find that Edward I. rebuilt it in 1277, in order to secure the fulfilment of the conditions of the peace which he had concluded with Llewelyn, and placing in it a strong

garrison, returned to England. Shortly afterwards the Welsh, breaking the peace, captured the castle. They did not, however, retain it long, but soon delivered it up to the English. In the fifth year of the reign of Henry IV. it was taken by Owen Glyndwr, but it was finally recovered by the English in 1408. Mr. Bushel, who succeeded Sir Hugh Myddleton in the possession of the mines royal of Cardiganshire, having obtained permission of Charles I., in the year 1631, established a mint in the castle for the convenience of paying the men employed in the mines; and several of the silver coins there struck, bearing the impression of an ostrich feather (the crest of the Prince of Wales), have been discovered. At the commencement of the contest between Charles I. and his parliament, the castle was strongly garrisoned for the king, and strengthened with additional fortifications. In 1647 it was besieged, and taken by the parliamentarians, and soon afterwards dismantled, since which time it has remained in ruins.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABERYSTWITH TO LLANIDLOES.

(By the Old Road 30 Miles—by Pont Erwydd 28 Miles.)

Roads to Llanidloes—Pont Erwydd—Road from Pont Erwydd to the Devil's Bridge—Ysptty Cynfyn—The Parson's Bridge—Plynlimmon—Sources of the Rivers Severn, Wye, and Rheidol—Llanidloes.

From Aberystwith there are two roads leading to Llanidloes—the old road, which passes over the Cwmtoyddwr Hills, and the Devil's Bridge; and the new road, over Pont Erwydd. The distance from Aberystwith by the old road, direct to the Devil's Bridge, is $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles; this road is hilly and dreary, but it commands fine views of the vale and of the sea. Proceeding by the new road, the scenery for the first few miles through the vale of the Rheidol is very luxuriant and pleasing; the river Rheidol is then concealed by the intervening hills. Immediately before reaching the Druid, an inn 7 miles from Aberystwith, the road commands a beautiful view of Dyffryn Melindol, with the sea in the distance. From the point where this vale closes, to Pont Erwydd, the country wears a dreary aspect.

PONT ERWYDD

Is a small village 12 miles from Aberystwith and 4 from the Devil's Bridge, at the confluence of the rivers Castl and Rheidol, surrounded by scenery as wild as that at the Devil's Bridge, but not so rich and varied.

Those travellers who wish to go by Pont Erwydd to the Devil's Bridge must, upon leaving Pont Erwydd, proceed along an extremely rugged and bad road $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in length, which leads into the old road from Aberystwith to Llanidloes; upon reaching this, they must turn towards Aberystwith, and after travelling $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles further they will come in sight of

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,

A bridge of a single arch bestriding a deep and narrow chasm. It was erected at the expense of the county of Cardigan, in the year 1753, over the old bridge, which is also a single arch, and yet remains. This is said to have been erected in the thirteenth century by the monks of Ystrad Fflur Abbey, near the source of the Teivy. The stream of the Mynach descending with rapidity from mountains about 5 miles to the north-east, and gradually deepening its channel as it flows, passes under the bridge at the depth of 114 feet.

Leaving the Hafod Arms, which is an inn close to the bridge, crossing the bridge, and descending the precipice to the right to the depth of about 100 feet, the gloom of the surrounding scenery and the roaring of the water, which by its impetuous course has hollowed out a portion of the rocks into semi-cylinders, is awfully striking; the whole looks like a gap into the interior of the earth. On regaining the road a descending path to the left leads to a projecting rock, from whence the four falls of the Mynach may be seen, and in an opposite direction the fall of the Rheidol. From this point the Hafod Arms inn, towering above, has a most picturesque effect, and unites with the surrounding woods, mountains and falls, in forming a scene scarcely to be surpassed. The first fall of the Mynach takes place about 40 yards south-west of the bridge, where the river is confined

to narrow limits by the rocks ; it is carried about 6 feet over the ridge, and projected into a basin at the depth of 24 feet. Its next leap is 56 feet, and the third is again diminished to 18, when it encounters rocks of prodigious size, through which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract, and pours in one torrent, slightly broken, towards the bottom, down a precipice of 110 feet. The river therefore falls 208 perpendicular feet, without allowing for the declivity of the three pools. Add to this 114, and the perpendicular depth from the bridge to the junction of the Mynach and Rheidd is 322 feet and upwards.

The fall of the Rheiddol is of a totally different character, being of a more shelving form, and much less in height than that of the Mynach.

To the left of the inn is a path descending by the side of the falls to the Robber's Cave ; there is nothing extraordinary in the cave, but as the descent is not so difficult or fatiguing as either of the others, a ramble here will pass the time very agreeably.

The view from the windows of the Hafod Arms is perfectly enchanting. Immediately below, and only separated from the house by the road, is a profound chasm, stretching east and west about a mile, the almost perpendicular sides of which are covered with trees of different kinds. At the bottom of this abyss flows the river Mynach, whilst in front of the spectator is seen the Rheiddol rushing down a chasm in the mountains with tremendous fury.

Leaving the Devil's Bridge for Llanidloes, at the distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, is Ysptty Cynfyn, whose church stands on the left hand of and very near to the high road. This was a part of the great monastic establishment at Ystrad Fflur, and as the name imports, was a place of hospitality and refuge. There are in the church-yard many upright monumental stones, and these, as well as the circular form of the

consecrated ground, have induced Mr. Malkin to believe that this was formerly a large Druidical circle or temple.

Through the church-yard is a path leading to

THE PARSON'S BRIDGE,

Which consists of nothing more than two planks of wood with a slender hand-rail: it is a picturesque spot, and the waters of the Rheidol pouring tumultuously down a confined valley, struggle under the bridge for passage with amazing fury.

One mile from Ysptty Cynfyn the road leaves the river Rheidol, and leads through what Mr. Pennant properly calls a country of sheep-walks, to Steddfa Gurig, a small village about 8 miles from the Devil's Bridge. This is nearer to Plylimmon than any other place on the road, the summit of the mountain being about 3 miles distant from the village.

PLYNLIMMON,

Or more properly Pumlumon, "the five-peaked mountain," is the chief southernmost height of a long chain of hills which run for the most part north and south. The adjacent hills being all low, render Plynlmmon much higher in appearance than it really is: from this, and its giving birth to three noted rivers, the Severn, the Wye, and the Rheidol, it seems not improbable that it originally obtained its celebrity. In perpendicular height it is far exceeded by Snowdon, and many other mountains in the principality.

SOURCES OF THE SEVERN, WYE, AND RHEIDOL.

The Severn rises from a small spring on the south-east side of Plynlmmon, and nearly at its summit. The water issues from a rock at the bottom of a kind of large hole, the sides of which are formed of peat. The ground around the edges is somewhat elevated. A stream so small issues from

this place, that a child four years of age might stride across it. The water, which is of a red colour, is unpleasant to the taste. Those persons who wish to trace the Severn to its source are directed to keep the right-hand stream all the way up the mountain.

The Wye rises from two powerful springs on the south-eastern side of the mountain.

The Rheidol has its source in a pool called Llyn Llygad Rheidol.

The high road from Stedfa Gurig leads beside the fast descending stream Tarenig, between defiles of broad green mountains, to its junction with the Wye, which is crossed by a bridge at the distance of about 11 miles from the Devil's Bridge. Four miles further on, at Llanugrig, the road leaves this celebrated river, and leads to the vale of the Severn.

The approach to

LLANIDLOES,

The Church of St. Idloes, is very pretty. The streets of this town are wide, but the houses in general very irregular, and not good. The town is built in the form of a cross, having the market-house or town-hall nearly in the centre. The church is remarkable only for having six arches, supported by clustered columns, ending in capitals of palm leaves. The inhabitants assert that these were brought, some time after the dissolution, from Cwm Hir Abbey in Radnorshire. In Llanidloes there is still a considerable quantity of flannel manufactured, although in this trade it has perhaps been outrivalled by Newtown.

The population of Llanidloes is 4189. The principal inn is the New Inn.

CHAPTER XX.

LLANIDLOES TO MONTGOMERY.

(22 Miles.)

View of the Country—Anecdote of Edward Herbert, Esq.—Newtown—Cataract—Castell Dolforwyn—History of the Castle—View near Abermule—Montgomery—Church—Castle—History of Castle—Leland's Description of the Town—The Cucking Stool formerly in use there.

ON leaving Llanidloes the country plainly indicates an approach towards England. The road winds along a vale much flatter and more highly cultivated than any in the interior of Wales.

The river Severn is here but a few yards across, and it glides silently and smoothly along, reflecting brightly the green impending foliage of its banks.

Fields, lawns, hills, vallies, pastures, all appear
Clad in the varied beauties of the year.
Meand'ring waters, waving woods are seen,
And cattle scatter'd in each distant green.
The curling smoke from cottages ascends,
There towers the hill, and there the valley bends.

About seven miles from Llanidloes is the village of Llandinam, here mentioned only for the purpose of relating an anecdote of the valour of Edward Herbert, Esq., the grandfather of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Chirbury. This gentleman was a strenuous opposer of the outlaws and

thieves of his time, who were in great force among the mountains of Montgomeryshire. In order to suppress them he often went with his adherents to the places which they frequented. Some of them having been seen in a public house at Llandinam, Mr. Herbert and a few of his servants proceeded thither to apprehend them. The principal outlaw aimed an arrow at him, which struck his saddle, and stuck there. Mr. Herbert, with his sword in his hand, and with undaunted courage, galloped up to him, and took him prisoner. He pointed to the arrow, requesting the fellow to observe what he had done. "Ah!" (replied the man) "had not my best bow been left behind, I should have done a greater deed than shoot your saddle." He was tried for the crime, found guilty, and hanged.

At the distance of 13 miles from Llanidloes is

NEWTOWN,

Or, as it is called by the Welsh, Tre Newydd, a town of considerable size, containing 4550 inhabitants, and famous for the manufacture of flannel. To this town extends the western branch of the Montgomeryshire canal. In 1827 a handsome stone bridge was erected here over the Severn, but it is deficient in width; adjoining to this are commodious public rooms, which were completed in 1832.

In the church is a screen said to have been brought from some neighbouring abbey, and a small altar piece, which bears the reputation of having been painted by Dyer, the poet. The subject is the Last Supper, but it is in part a copy from Poussin, and is bad.

The principal inns at Newtown are the Bear's Head and the Red Lion.

A glen about a mile from the town, on the right of the road, leading to Builth, contains a cataract and some beautiful scenery.

The old road from Newtown to Montgomery passes all the way through a finely cultivated country. The infant Severn accompanies the road nearly half the distance, in some places approaching in others receding from it and hidden by intervening trees and hedges. Three miles and a half from Newtown, on the north-west bank of the Severn, are to be found the remains of

CASTELL DOLFORWYN,

The Castle of the Virgin's Meadow. These are situated upon a lofty hill that commands the whole of the adjacent country. From hence there is a lovely and extensive prospect of the vale of the Severn, through which the river glides in elegant curves, blackened by its high and shady banks. The landscape is enlivened by the luxuriance of woods and meadows, and the towns and villages around lend their aid to decorate the scene.

The castle has been a four-sided building, of no great strength, about fifty yards long, and twenty-five wide ; and the exterior walls appear to have been about four feet in thickness. A small part of the north wall, with some trifling remains of the interior of the building, are yet left. The south and east walls are entirely demolished, and the other parts that are yet standing are greatly shattered.

History of the Castle.—There have been various conjectures respecting the founder of this castle. Dugdale attributes it to David ap Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, about the middle of the 13th century. Stowe says it was the work of Llewelyn, and Mr. Evans, who is now generally thought to be right, that it was indebted for its origin to Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, some time between the years 1066 and 1073.*

* Evans's *Dissertatio de Bardis*, 92, from the *Institutiones Linguae Cymraecæ* of John David Rhys.

In the sixth year of the reign of Edward I. Bogo de Knovill was made governor; and, in the following year, the castle was granted to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, to hold to himself and his heirs by the service of one knight's fee. His son was attainted of high treason, but afterwards, on the reversal of the attainder, it was restored to the family in the person of the grandson. By the marriage of Anne, the sister to the last Earl of March, with Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, this and some other Welsh castles became the property of the House of York, and then descended to the crown.

It cannot, at this distance of time, be readily ascertained how this castle first took the name of Dolforwyn, or *the Meadow of the Virgin*.

The few houses at Abermule, *the Conflux of the River Mule*, about four miles from Newtown, are delightfully situated on the bank of the Severn, surrounded by hills, and decorated by woods. Shortly afterwards the road gently ascends, and from the eminence a view so extensive and beautiful bursts on on the sight, as to defy the utmost expression of the pencil to represent it. A vale in high cultivation is seen to extend for several miles, the Severn appearing in different parts from among the trees and meadows; the whole scene is bounded by distant hills. The descent continues still beautiful; and, near the town of Montgomery, the fine ruins of its castle form a very interesting addition to the prospect.

MONTGOMERY,

Though small, is rather a neat town, and pleasantly situated; it contains 1188 inhabitants, and is nine miles distant from Newtown. All the adjacent country is decorated with the most lively and luxuriant scenery.

The *church* is an elegant cruciform structure, dedicated

to St. Nicholas; the tower was erected in the year 1816 by the present Lord Powis. This church, the interior of which is particularly chaste and neat, contains a fine ancient monument to the memory of Richard Herbert, Esq. (the father of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Chirbury,) and his lady. The two figures are recumbent under a magnificent and much ornamented canopy. In an adjacent corner of the church are the helmet and banner said to have been used by Lord Herbert. The monument to Richard Herbert, together with two recumbent figures on the floor adjoining it, were restored under the auspices of the late rector.

The county gaol is a compact and well arranged stone building.

The Dragon is the principal inn.

MONTGOMERY CASTLE

Is situated upon an eminence on the north side of the town, and appears to have been once a grand and majestic building. It is, however, at present so much demolished, that it is impossible to trace its extent with any degree of accuracy. It stood on a rock, precipitous on one side, and so elevated as to overlook all the immediately adjacent country. The present remains consist of a small part of a tower at the south-west angle, and a few low and shattered walls. This fortress seems to have been defended by four fosses, cut in the rock, each of which had formerly its drawbridge.

History of Montgomery Castle.—Montgomery was built and fortified with a castle during the reign of William the Conqueror, by Baldwin, Lieutenant of the Marches: and in 1092 the place was fortified afresh by its then owner, Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury. In the following year the Welsh, mustering all their force, rose in arms, and seized and ransacked the castle. William Rufus marched with an army to the relief of the English, and retobk and

repaired the castle; but in his encounter with the Welsh, having lost a great number both of men and horses, he was compelled to return into England for the purpose of recruiting his forces. Montgomery Castle was at this time believed to be the strongest fortress in Wales, and the Welsh, after William's retreat, took it by storm, and, after putting the whole garrison to the sword, levelled it with the ground. The English struggled ineffectually against this hardy people for nearly four years; but at length they obtained a decisive victory. The castle was immediately rebuilt by the Earl of Shrewsbury; but, in little more than a century afterwards, was again destroyed. In the year 1231, a party of Welshmen having made an excursion into the lands adjoining the castle, were intercepted by the English, and many of them were taken prisoners and beheaded. Prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, in retaliation for this injury, assembling an enormous force, laid waste all the English borders. During the general consternation, Hubert de Burgh evacuated the castle, on which it was immediately seized by the Welsh, who set fire to and destroyed it.

From an inquisition taken on the reversal of the attainder of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, in the year 1345, it appears that he had been possessed of Montgomery Castle at the time of his death. It was in consequence restored to the family, and passed, with his other castles and property, (by the marriage of Anne, the sister of the last earl,) to the House of York, and thence to the crown.

This fortress was held by the immediate ancestors of Lord Herbert of Chirbury, as stewards for the crown, and it was their principal place of residence.*

In the civil wars during the reign of Charles I., Lord Herbert was made governor. On the arrival of the army of

the parliament in 1644, under the command of Sir Thomas Middleton, he declared himself of that party, and on treaty permitted the men to enter the castle. Not long after this transaction Lord Byron advanced with the king's forces, consisting of about 4000 men, on which Sir Thomas Middleton was compelled to flee to Oswestry, leaving his foot soldiers with Lord Herbert to defend the castle. The royalists commenced their attack; but Sir Thomas, having been joined by Sir John Meldrum, Sir William Brereton, and Sir William Fairfax, returned with about 3000 men to the relief of the place. Lord Byron brought forward his men to engage them, but, after a dreadful conflict, which lasted more than eight hours, the parliament's army obtained a complete victory. The routed troops fled towards Shrewsbury, and the pursuit was continued nearly twenty miles. In this battle from three to four hundred of the king's party were slain, and above a thousand taken prisoners. Sir William Fairfax, Major Fitzsimons, and about sixty men belonging to the parliament, were killed, and about a hundred others dreadfully wounded. The castle met the fate of all others, in being dismantled by order of the Commons. Lord Herbert, however, received from the parliament a satisfaction for the loss of his property.

The town of Montgomery was formerly defended by a circumambient wall, strengthened with towers. Leland, in the 16th century thus describes it: "The soyle of the ground of the towne is on mayne slaty rocke, and especially the parte of the towne hillinge towards the castell, now a late re-edified, whereby hath been a parke. Great ruines of the waulle yet aperc, and the remains of foure gates, thus called, Kedewen Gate, Chirbury Gate, Arthur's Gate, and Kerry Gate. In the waulle yet remayne broken tourets, of the which the white tower is the most notable."

King Henry III. granted to Montgomery the privileges of a free borough.

CUCKING STOOL.

In Blount's Ancient Tenures and Jocular Customs it is recorded that this singular instrument of justice was once used at Montgomery. Whenever any woman was found guilty, in the judgment of the free burgesses of the town, of causing strifes, fightings, defamations, or other disturbances of the public peace, she was adjudged to the goging stool, or cucking stool, there to stand, with her feet naked, and her hair dishevelled, for such a length of time as the burgesses should think proper, as a public warning to all who beheld her. This is the same kind of instrument which was used among the Saxons. It was called by them scalling, or scolding stool, that is, a chair in which they place scolding women as public examples; but in addition to this, if the enormity of the case required it, this people also plunged them over head in water. The engine in general consisted of a long beam, or rafter, that moved on a fulcrum, and extended towards the centre of a pond; at its end was fixed the stool or chair, on which the offender was made to sit. It was called by the Welsh Y Gadair Goch, *the Red Chair*.

CHAPTER XXI.

MONTGOMERY TO OSWESTRY,

(23½ Miles.)

Welsh Pool—Church—Powis Castle—History of Powis Castle—the Breiddin Hills—the River Vyrnwy—Llanymynech—Llanymynech Hill and Cavern called Ogo.

LEAVING Montgomery, the road to Welsh Pool extends through a rich champaign country. To the left of the road, about a mile from Welsh Pool, is Powis Castle.

At the distance of eight miles from Montgomery is

WELSH POOL,

A large and populous place which, from its vicinity to England, has assumed much the appearance of an English town. It contains 4536 inhabitants. The houses are in general well built, but principally of brick. There is one long and handsome street, in which stands the county hall, erected by subscription some years ago: in this the assizes for the county of Montgomery are holden. The inhabitants of this town are so completely English, that even the language of the country seems scarcely known here. An air of opulence unusual in Wales may be observed throughout the place, owing to the trade in Welsh manufactures, which is carried on to a great extent. It is principally resorted to as a market for Welsh flannels, which are manufactured here, but to a much less extent than either at Llandloes or Newtown. The Severn is navigable to a place called Pool

Quay within a mile of Welsh Pool, although upwards of 200 miles from its mouth in the Bristol channel. and the Montgomeryshire canal passes close to the town, joining the Ellesmere canal near Oswestry, thus affording a great facility of communication with Shrewsbury, Liverpool and all parts of the kingdom.

The church, apparently a modern structure, is singularly situated at the bottom of a hill, and at so low an elevation that the upper part of the church-yard is nearly on a level with its roof. This church has a chalice which was presented to it by Thomas Davies, some time governor general of the English colonies on the western coast of Africa. It is formed of pure gold brought from Guinea, and is valued at about £170.

The principal inns at Welsh Pool are the Royal Oak and the Bear.

POWIS CASTLE,

The seat of Lord Clive, stands on a red sand-stone rock, and is built of the same material. There are two approaches: the one chiefly used is through the great court, by a single flight of steps leading to a gateway between two large round towers: the other is on the opposite side by successive flights of steps. A considerable addition has been made by the present proprietor to the height of the tower on the north side. To the left of the great court is a detached building, containing a gallery 120 feet in length, now used as a ball-room. The principal apartments are entered by a door communicating with an inner court. The grand staircase, in itself massive and handsome, is adorned with allegorical paintings by Lanscroun. The apartments have a heavy and gloomy appearance; and the furniture is chiefly in the ancient style. In some of the chambers the walls are covered with tapestry. There are,

in different rooms, several portraits, chiefly of the family, the best of which are the work of Cornelius Janson. Among them there is one of King Charles II., painted by Sir Peter Lely, one of the Earl of Stafford, one of Lord Herbert of Chirbury, and others of various celebrated characters.

The gardens are laid out in parallel terraces, ranged one below the other, connected by flights of steps, and protected by balustrades.

The prospects from the terrace are very extensive, this situation commanding a beautiful view of the town and the Breiddin hills, with much of the cultivated and well-wooded county of Salop.

History of Powis Castle.—Leland informs us that there were formerly at this place two castles included in the same walls. “Welsch Pole had (he says) two lord’s marcher’s castles within one waulle, the Lord Powys, named Greye, and the Lord Dudley caullid Sutton; but now the Lord Powys hath bothe in his hand. The Welsch Polc castle is in compass almost as much as a little town. The Lord Dudley’s part is almost fallen down; the Lord Powys part is meatly good.”*

Whether these castles were erected at the same or at different times, and what were their distinct names, it is difficult to learn. None of the writers, except Leland and Camden, mention more than one castle. This was anciently called *Pool Castle*, from its vicinity to Pool; and *Castel Coch*, the Red Castle, from the hue of its stone. The name of Powis Castle, which is more modern, it seems to have obtained from its having been the principal place in that division of Wales called Powisland.

Cadwgan ap Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, a Welshman who had rendered himself eminent in the reign of Henry the First

* Leland’s Itinerary.

by his services and bravery, began about the year 1110 to erect a castle here, with an intention of making this the place of his residence; but before the work was finished he was murdered by one of his relations. The castle appears to have been completed before the end of the same century: for in 1191, on various depredations having been committed by the Welsh in the Marches, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the absence of Richard I. on the Crusades, hastened here, and with a powerful army besieged the castle, at that time in the hands of the Welsh. As soon as the archbishop had obtained possession he fortified it afresh, and he left it with a very strong garrison. The Welsh, however, soon again attacked and re-took it. It changed owners again not long afterwards, for in 1233 it was attacked and seized by Prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth. It descended to Llewelyn's grandson, Owen ap Griffith, and on his daughter Hawys Gadarn, who was afterwards married to John de Charlton. It continued in their posterity for several generations. In the reign of Henry the Eighth it was purchased by Sir Edward Herbert, the second son of William, Earl of Pembroke, who died in the year 1594.

In October, 1644, Powis Castle was attacked and taken for the parliament by Sir Thomas Middleton. The owner, Percy Lord Powys, was taken prisoner, all his estates were sequestered, and he was obliged to compound for them. During the siege the castle is said to have received much damage in its outer walls from cannon shot.

About six miles from Welsh Pool is a group of three lofty mountains, called the

BREIDDIN HILLS.

The highest and most conical of these has the name of *Moel y Golfaf*; the second *Craig Breiddin*; and the third *Cefyn y Castell*. On *Craig Breiddin* an obelisk was

erected some years ago, by a subscription from several of the neighbouring families, in commemoration of Lord Rodney's defeat of the French fleet, under the command of the Count de Grasse.

Just before Llanymynech is a bridge crossing the furious little river VYRNWY, which abounds with fish of various descriptions.

LLANYMYNECH,

The Village of the Miners, is a small white-washed village, $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Welsh Pool, standing on the northern bank of the Vyrnwy, and on the borders of Shropshire and Wales. Its name was evidently derived from the mines in which the neighbourhood formerly abounded, and which were worked in the adjoining hill, called *Llanymynech Hill*, even so early as the time of the Romans. Of this there are undeniable proofs. One vestige of their work is a large artificial cave of immense length, called Ogo, from whence they obtained considerable quantities of copper. The windings of this cavern are very numerous and intricate. Some years ago two men of the parish endeavouring to explore it, were so bewildered in its mazes that, when they were discovered by some miners who were sent in search of them, they were found to have thrown themselves on the ground in despair of ever again seeing the light. Previously to this period, some miners who were searching for copper, found in the recesses of the cavern several skeletons, and near them some culinary utensils, a fire place, and a small hatchet. These too plainly indicated that the unfortunate wretches had for some time dragged on a life of misery in this gloomy mansion. One of the skeletons had a battle-axe by his side, and round his left wrist there was a bracelet of glass beads. About fifteen years after this discovery, other miners found human bones; and in one instance the bone

of an arm clasped by a golden bracelet. Several Roman coins of Antoninus, Faustina and others have also been discovered in this cavern.

From the summit of this hill there is an extensive view towards Shrewsbury on the east; and on the other side, of the more rough and uncultivated country of Montgomeryshire.

A description of Oswestry is given in the First Chapter.

CHAPTER XXII.

OSWESTRY TO BALA.

(30 Miles.)

Llangedwen Hall—Road leading to Llanrhaiadr—Llanrhaiadr—Pistyll Rhaiadr—Vale of Llangynog—Village of Llangynog—Plan for Pedestrians to adopt in visiting Pistyll Rhaiadr—Slate Quarries—Lead Mines—Berwyn Mountains—Rhiwcdog—Vale of Edeirnion—Bala—Bala lake—Account of Fish called Gwyniadds found there.

EXCURSION ROUND BALA LAKE.

The Vale of Twrch—Phenomenon called Dŵar-Dor—Castell Corndochun—Caer Gai—The river Dee.

THE road from Oswestry to Bala leads through the vale of Llangedwen to Llangynog, and the scenery thus far, with the exception of the first three miles and a half, is rich and beautiful. Ten miles from Oswestry is Llangedwen Hall, a handsome stone edifice, the property of Sir W. W. Wynne.

The direct road to Bala does not pass through the village of Llanrhaiadr; and as from this village only there is a carriage road to Pistyll Rhaiadr, those persons who are anxious to visit the falls in a carriage must, after leaving Llangedwen, proceed along the direct Bala road for three miles, and then turning to the right, they will find the village of Llanrhaiadr about a mile distant.

LLANRHAIDR,

The Village of the Cataract, is situated in a deep hollow,

surrounded on all sides by mountains. This hollow is called Mochinant, *the Vale of the rapid Brook*. The houses, or rather cottages, of the village are odd and irregular.

Dr. William Morgan, who first translated the Bible into the Welsh language, was vicar of this place. He was afterwards rewarded with the bishopric of Llandaff, and in 1601 with that of St. Asaph.

From hence a rather indifferent road, about 4 miles in length, leads to

PISTYLL RHAIADR,

The Spout of the Cataract; this, the most celebrated waterfall of this country, rushes down the front of an almost perpendicular rock, that terminates a vale at the distance of about 4 miles from the village. The vale is narrow and well wooded, and at the end of it, close to the fall, are scattered some huge masses of rock; it is watered by the little river Rhaiadr, which here constitutes the boundary line betwixt the counties of Denbigh and Montgomery, and it affords many pleasing and beautiful scenes. The upper part of the cataract, when the sun shines upon it, is visible at a great distance; and along this hollow its silvery and linear appearance gives an air of singularity to many of the views. Pistyll Rhaiadr is upwards of 240 feet high; and for nearly two-thirds of its height the water is thrown down the flat face of a bleak, naked and barren rock; from thence it rages through a natural arch, and between two prominent sides into the small basin at its foot. There is a simple grandeur about the whole, and just sufficient wood to heighten the general effect. When visited after very heavy rain, a singular occurrence is to be remarked. The water in its descent is obstructed by the mass of rock, through which it seems by time to have forced a passage, and it is said to burst through it with a vast quantity of spray, ap-

pearing like smoke from the explosion of a cannon. About seven years ago Sir W. W. Wynne erected a small building at the foot of the rock for the accommodation of visitors, which is found very convenient to those who bring refreshments with them.

THE VALE OF LLANGYNOG

Is a hollow so completely enclosed on all sides by mountain barriers as apparently to afford no outlet to its residents. The mountains seem in many places perpendicular, and their cliffs too steep to be scaled by human foot. The bottom is entirely in a state of cultivation, and is interspersed with the houses of farmers and labourers.

THE VILLAGE OF LLANGYNOG,

Eighteen miles distant from Oswestry, is small and comfortless, affording no accommodation to the traveller; but a new inn is about to be immediately erected by H. D. Griffiths, Esq. affording every convenience, and this will in all probability be greatly frequented by tourists during the season, owing to the wildness and beauty of the scenery in the immediate neighbourhood of Llangynog, and to this village being a resting place between Bala and Shrewsbury, or Bala and Oswestry.

Pistyll Rhaiadr is only 3 miles distant from Llangynog, but the walk from hence is very fatiguing, and the way difficult to be found; indeed no one ought to attempt it without a guide; the scenery however throughout is more wild than that which accompanies the road from Llanrhaiadr to the fall, and the best plan for the pedestrian to adopt, who intends to visit Pistyll Rhaiadr from the village of Llanrhaiadr and proceed onwards to Bala, is to take a guide with him from Llanrhaiadr, proceed from hence to the fall, and from the fall over the mountains to Llangynog. A corre-

sponding plan may be adopted by the pedestrian passing from Llangynog to Oswestry. The path from Llangynog to Pistyll Rhaiadr winds round a stupendous rock called Craig Rhiwarth, (which rises on the north side of the village,) and crosses Cwm Glan Afar. High up Craig Rhiwarth are some slate quarries, which were once celebrated throughout all the adjacent countries, but are now held in comparatively small esteem.

LEAD MINES.

At Craig y Mwyn, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Llangynog, somewhat more than a century ago, a vein of lead ore was discovered, so valuable as to yield to the Powis family, for forty years, a clear revenue of at least 20,000*l*. It had been worked to the depth of about 100 yards, when on a sudden the water broke in and became so powerful, that the proprietor was compelled to abandon the undertaking.* These mines however have since been worked, but never to any great extent.

Leaving Llangynog, the road, which though steep is very good, leads through a noted *bwlch*, or pass called Miltir Gerig, *the Stony Mile*, and over Trum y Sarn, *the Causeway of the Ridge*, a place that has its name from being near a lofty heath-clad mountain, a little distance towards the south. It is one of that immense range of mountains which extend fifteen or sixteen miles, and are called BERWYN MOUNTAINS: the two most elevated summits are Cader Ferwyn and Cader Fronwen.

About a mile and a half from Bala is RHIWEDOG, *the abrupt Ascent*. This was an ancient family seat, and a vale in its neighbourhood was the scene of that severe battle between the British and Saxon forces, in which the aged

* Pennant, ii. 347.

Llywarch took an active part, and lost his only surviving son.

From the side of a steep on the edge of the moors, the traveller is presented with a distant view of the vale of Edeirnion, whose verdure and fertility form a striking contrast with his bleak and dreary situation.

BALA,

The Outlet of the Lake, is a market-town, containing about 3000 inhabitants, and situated at the bottom of a pool, the largest in the country, called Llyn Tegid, *the Fair Pool*. It consists principally of one long and wide street and a smaller one. This town is chiefly noted for its manufacture of woollen stockings, and as being in the autumn a place of resort for grouse shooters. The Lent assizes for Merionethshire are held here.

Near the town of Bala is a lofty artificial mount called Tommen y Bala, *the Tumulus of Bala*. This is supposed to have been of Roman origin, and to have been formed, with a small castle on its summit, in order to secure the pass toward the sea, and to keep the mountaineers in subjection. The Welsh, taking advantage of it, made it one of their chain of fortresses, which extended through the country to the coast of Flintshire. The history both of this place and the town is little known. It is however recorded that the mount was fortified in the year 1202 by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales.

On the eastern bank of the Dee, at no great distance, is another mount called Castell Gronw Befr o Benllyn, *the Castle of Gronw, the Fair of Penllyn*, a Welsh chieftain who lived in the sixth century.

The Bull's Head and the White Lion are the principal inns.

Bala is distant from Cerig y Druidion on foot $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles,

from Dolgelley 17, from Ffestiniog 19½, from Mallwyd 19, from Pont y Glyn 7.

BALA LAKE,

Llyn Tegid, or Pimblemere, for this pool has these various names, is about a quarter of a mile south of the town of Bala. It is by much the largest of the Welsh lakes, being about four miles long, and in many parts nearly a mile in breadth. The scenery around it is mountainous, but not sufficiently rude to make it very picturesque. It reminds one of the low mountain scenery surrounding Winandermere, in the north of England. From the bottom, however, the diversified shores present a pleasing scene : on the west are seen the summits of the lofty Arrenigs ; Arran Benllyn, beyond the upper end of the pool, stretches his black and rocky front into the clouds ; and in the extreme distance, in fainter colours, are seen the three summits of Cader Idris.

This pool is well stocked with fish of various kinds, but more particularly with trout, eels, and a species found only in alpine lakes, called from the whiteness of its scales Gwyniadd.* These fish, which are gregarious, and from three to four pounds in weight, usually reside at the bottom of the water, where they feed on small shells and aquatic plants. It is generally believed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that although the Dee runs directly through this pool, the Gwyniadds are never to be caught in the river ; nor, on the contrary, are the salmon, with which the river abounds, ever taken in the pool. Hence old Churchyard,

A pool there is thro' which the Dee doth passe,
Where is a fish that some a whiting call ;
Where never yet no salmon taken was,
Yet hath good store of other fishes all.

* *Salmo lavaretus* of Linnæus.

Above that poole, and so beneath that flood,
Are salmons caught, and many a fish full good,
But in the same there will no salmon bee,
And neere that poole you shall no whiting see.

The overflowings of this pool are at times very dreadful. These, however, seldom take place, except when the winds, rushing from the hollows of the mountains at the upper end, drive the waters suddenly along. In stormy weather sometimes a great part of the vale of Edeirnion will be overflowed. By the united force of the winds and mountain torrents, the water towards the bottom of the pool has been known to rise six or eight feet in perpendicular height; on the contrary, in calm and settled weather it is always very smooth. There have been some instances, in severe winters, of its being entirely frozen over; and when covered with snow, it has been mistaken by travellers for an extensive plain.

EXCURSION ROUND BALA LAKE.

In this excursion, which is about ten miles in length, the tourist should cross the bridge over the Dee, and proceed along the eastern bank of the pool. From near the church of Llangower a pleasing vale is seen to open on the opposite side, bounded by mountains, and closed at the end by one of the Arrenigs.

Passing the head of the pool somewhat more than half a mile, there is a road which leads to Llanwehllyn, *the Church above the Lake*, and crosses

THE VALE OF TWRCH.

Nature is here seen in all her majesty; but as Lord Lyttleton observed of the Berwyn mountains, "it is the majesty of a tyrant frowning over the ruins and desolation of a country." There are no marks of habitation or culture, and heath,

moss, lichens and a few grasses seem to be the only vegetation. The surrounding mountains are as rude as description can paint, the most prominent of these is Arran Benllyn, which here presents merely a series of naked crags and precipices.

PHENOMENON CALLED DAEAR-DOR,

Not far from hence is a piece of land of considerable extent, nearly covered with masses of broken rocks. These were all brought down in the summer of 1781, by what the inhabitants of the mountains called Daear-Dor, *a breaking of the earth*. The Daear-Dor is a dislodgement, by means of water, of a vast quantity of the surface of the ground, or, as in the present instance, of a considerable part of some of the rocks among the higher mountains. An unusual volume of water descending suddenly from the clouds, becomes lodged in some confined situation; by degrees it penetrates the earth which it loosens, and the whole mass is swept along before the torrent till it meets with resistance in some of the vales below, where it is deposited. The accident near Llanwchllyn happened after a violent storm of thunder. The banks of the Twrch were overflowed, and the torrent carried every thing before it that was not actually imbedded in the rock. Seventeen cottages, ten cows, and a vast number of sheep, besides the soil of all the meadows and corn-fields along its course, were overwhelmed and destroyed. This meadow, in which the river deposited its chief contents, was rendered totally unfit for cultivation. The dimensions of some of the pieces of rock borne down by the fury of the torrent are very great. Two of the stones, each nearly twenty feet in length, eight broad, and six deep, came in contact, and by the collision one of them was split. Eight other stones, about half this size, were carried nearly 900 yards beyond. Five bridges were swept

away; and had not the inhabitants of Llanwchllyn providentially received timely alarm they would all have been destroyed.

On the summit of a high and craggy rock, at some distance from the road, and about a mile from Llanwchllyn, are the remains of CASTELL CORNDOCHON, an ancient British fort. It was of a somewhat oval form, and had a square tower, and also an oblong tower with its extremity rounded.

On the west side of the head of the pool is an eminence called CAER GAL. There was on this spot a fort that belonged to Cai Hir ap Cynyr, or, as Spencer has called him, Timon: he was the foster-father of King Arthur, who during his youth resided here. The Romans are supposed to have had a fortress on this spot, and many of their coins have been dug up in the neighbourhood. This place of defence was doubtless constructed to guard the pass through the mountains.

THE RIVER DEE.

The source of the Dee is under one side of Arran Benllyn, the high mountain at the head of Bala pool. Its name is thought to have been derived from the Welsh word *Devy*, which signifies something *divine*. Some centuries ago it was held in superstitious veneration by the inhabitants of the country. History informs us, that when the Britons, drawn up in battle array on its banks, prepared to engage with their Saxon foes, it was their custom first to kiss the earth, and then for every soldier to drink a small quantity of the water. The name is certainly not derived, as many have supposed, from *Dû*, *black*; for, except when tinged by the torrents from the mountain morasses, its waters are perfectly bright and transparent. In Spencer's description

of *Caer Gai*, the colour of the Dec is considered very different from black:—

. “ Lowe in a valley green.
Under the foot of Rawran, mossie o'er,
From whence the river Dec, as *silver cleuc*,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.”

Giraldus Cambrensis informs us very gravely, that the river Dec runs through Bala lake, and is discharged at the bridge near the town, without their waters becoming mixed. He doubtless means to say that the river might be traced by its appearance from one end of the lake to the other. Giraldus believed every thing that the inhabitants chose to impose upon him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BALA TO RUTHIN.

(23 Miles by the shortest Road.)



*The Vale of Edeirnion—Llanfawr—The Welsh Bard Llywarch Hen—
Llunderfel—St. Derfel Gadarn—Execution of Friar Forest, and sin-
gular Completion of a Prophecy—The Village of Cynwyd—Rhaiadr
Cynwyd—Rathin—Ruthin Castle—History of the Town and Castle.*



THE distance from Corwen to Bala, along the usual road, is rather more than 11 miles; but there is another about $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, that for some miles accompanies the Dec, and extends along the vale of Edeirnion. From its very low situation but few opportunities are afforded of seeing the elegancies of the vale; but whenever the road passes over an eminence, there is much to admire.

Proceeding by the former of these two roads, at the distance of one mile from Bala, is LLANFAWR, *the Great Village*, the supposed place of interment of

THE WELSH BARD LLYWARCH HEN,

Who flourished in the seventh century. He was nearly allied to the Welsh princes, and with his bardic character united that of a warrior. His whole life was spent in a series of vicissitudes and misfortunes, and he died about the year 670, at the great age of 150 years. Somewhat more than a century ago an inscription was found upon the wall,

near which his remains were supposed to have been deposited; but this wall is now covered with plaster. Not far from hence there is a circle of stones called Pabell Llywarch Hên, *the tent of old Llywarch*, where it is probable he had a house, and spent the latter part of his days. He had been one of King Arthur's generals, and a member of his council. In consequence of his activity in opposing the encroachments of the Saxons and Irish, he was deprived of his whole patrimonial possessions, and lost every one of his four-and-twenty sons. Having now no friends, he retired to a hut at Aber Cuog (now Dôlguog, near Machynlleth,) to sooth with his harp the remembrance of misfortune, and to vent in elegiac numbers the sorrows of old age in distress. One of his poems particularly describes his misfortunes, and his deplorable situation, in language the most simple and affecting. It opens with the representation of an aged prince, who once ruled in magnificence, now robbed of his possessions, and wandering in a strange country, oppressed with wretchedness and poverty. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he is supposed to rest his weary limbs on the top of an eminence, and to contemplate there the varied and unhappy events of his life. This elegy has appeared in an English dress; what follows is a selection from it, as the whole would be too long for insertion here:

Hark! the cuckoo's plaintive note
Doth thro' the wide vale sadly float;
As, from the rav'nous hawk's pursuit,
In Clog rests her weary foot,
And there, with mournful sounds and low,
Echoes my harp's responsive woe.
Returning spring, like opening day,
That makes all nature glad and gay,
Prepares Andate's fiery car,
To rouse the brethren of the war;

When as the youthful hero's breast
 Gloweth for the glorious test,
 Rustling down the rocky steep,
 See the Cambrian legions sweep,
 Like meteors on the boundless deep.

Old *Mona* smiles,
 Monarch of an hundred isles,
 And *Snowdon* from his awful height,
 His hoar head waves propitious to the fight.

But I—no more in youthful pride,
 Can dare the steep rock's haughty side ;
 For fell disease my sinews rends,
 My arm unnerves, my stout heart bends ;
 And raven locks, now silver grey,
 Keep me from the field away.

But see!—He comes, all drench'd in blood,
Gwén the Great, and *Gwén* the Good ;
 Bravest, noblest, worthiest son,
 Rich with many a conquest won ;
Gwén in thine anger great,
 Strong thine arm, thy frown like fate,
 Where the mighty rivers end,
 And their course to ocean bend :
 'There with the eagles' rapid flight!
 Oh fatal day ! oh, ruthless deed !
 When the sisters cut the thread.
 Cease, ye waves, your troubled roar,
 Nor flow, ye bright rivers, more ;
 For *Gwén* the Great, and *Gwén* the Good,
 Breathless lies, and drench'd in blood !
 Four and twice ten sons were mine,
 Us'd in battles' front to shine ;
 But—low in dust my sons are laid,
 Nor one remains his sire to aid.

Hold ! Oh hold ! my brain, thy seat :
 How doth my bosom's monarch beat !

Cease thy throbs, perturbed heart,
 Whither would thy stretched strings start?
 From frenzy dire, and wild affright,
 Keep my senses through this night.*

Proceeding by the latter of these roads the traveller passes near a small village called *Llanderfel*, the church of Derfel, so called from its patron saint,

DERFEL GADARN.

The church once contained a vast wooden image of this saint, which was held in such superstitious veneration, that people from very distant parts made pilgrimages to it, and on these occasions offered not only money but sometimes even horses or cattle. The Welsh people believed that Derfel Gadarn had the power of rescuing each of his votaries once from the torments of hell. On the 5th of April, 1537, the festival day of this saint, no fewer than five or six hundred persons, and some of them from a great distance, came to Llanderfel to make the accustomed offerings. The letter from Elis Price, commissary-general of the diocese of St. Asaph, to Cromwell the vicar-general, of which the following is a copy, was the first cause of the destruction of this very lucrative antique.

“Right honorable and my syngular good lorde and mayster, all circumstauncys and thankes sett aside pleasishe yt yowre good lordeshipe to be aduisid that where I was constitute and made by yowre honorable desire and commaundment, comissairie generall of the dyosese of Saynte Asaph, I haue done my diligens and dutie for the expul-singe and takynge awaye of certen abusions supersticions and ipocryses usid withyn the saide dyosese of Saynte

* See the Preface to Owen's Translations of the Elegies of Llywarch Hen ; Jones's Welsh Bards ; Vaughan's Merionethshire ; Camb. Reg. i. 192.

Asaph accordynge to the kynges honorable rules and injunctions therein made, that notwithstandinge there ys an image of Darvell Gadarn withyn the saide dyosese in whome the people have so greate confidence hope and truste that they come daylye a pillgrimage unto hym some withe kyne, other withe oxen or horsis, and the reste withe money in so muche that there was fyve or syxe hundrethe pillgrames to mans estimacon that offered to the saide image the fifte daie of this presente monethe of Aprill; the innocent people hathe ben sore aluryd and entisid to worshipe the saide image in so muche that there is a comyn saynge as yet amongist them, that who so ever will offer anie thinge to the saide image of Darvell Gadarn, he hathe power to fatche hym or them that so offers once oute of hell when they be dampned. Therfore for the reformacon and amendinge of the premisis I wolde gladlie knowe by this berer youre honorable pleasure and will, as knowithe God; who euer preserue your lordeshipe longe in welthe and honor. Written in Northe Wales the vi. day of this presente Aprill (1537.)—Your bedeman and dayelie orator by dutie,

“ELIS PRICE.”*

The Welsh people had extant a prophecy concerning this image, that it should “make a *forest* blaze,” and in the ensuing year an opportunity occurred not only of depriving them of the cause of their superstition, but even of completing the prophecy, in a manner, however, that they little expected. A friar, whose name was *Forest*, was condemned to the stake for having denied the supremacy of the king. The heads of the church were struck with the name, and it was advised that the image should be immediately brought to London to consume this wretched friar. To the stake on which he suffered was affixed the following elegy:

* Cotton. MSS. in the British Museum; CLEOPATRA, E. iv. fol. 55.

David Daffel Gatheren,
 As sayth the Welshmen,
 Fetched outlaws out of hell,
 Now is he come, with spere and shield,
 In harness, to burne in Smithfield,
 For in Wales he may not dwell.

And Forest the friar,
 That obstinate liar,
 That wilfully shall be dead
 In his contumaciè,
 The gospel dothe deny
 And the king to be supreme head.*

Three miles from Corwen† is the village of CYNWYD, *the Source of Mischief*, (probably so called, says Mr. Pennant, in consequence of the courts which formerly were held by the great men of the neighbourhood to settle the boundaries of the adjacent countries, and to take cognizance of encroachments.) About half a mile from the village is a deep glen that leads to

RHAIADR CYNWYD,

The Waterfall of Cynwyd. The water dashes from precipice to precipice, among the wood and rocks, in the wildest and most romantic manner imaginable. The scene is so varied from the confusion of the water foaming in every direction, and partly hidden by the shrubs and trees growing on the ledges of the rocks, that the pen cannot describe it with justice, and even the efforts of the pencil could only give a faint conception of its elegance. Many detached parts of it afford excellent studies to the admirers of the picturesque.

RUTHIN,

The Red Fort, is about 12 miles distant from Corwen, and,

Hall's Chronicle, ccxxxiii.
 For a description of Corwen, see p. 38.

like St. Asaph and Denbigh, is pleasantly situated on an eminence nearly in the middle of the vale of Clwyd. At a little distance behind the town, the mountains seem to close up the end of the vale. From different situations in the outskirts of the town are several fine prospects of the adjacent country. The little river Clwyd runs through the place, and is here scarcely three yards across. Ruthin is a town of considerable size, containing 3376 inhabitants. The county gaol for Denbighshire is here; it is a neat and well constructed building. The *church* was originally conventual, belonging to a house of Bon-hommes, a species of Augustine monks. It was made collegiate in 1310 by John the son of Reginald de Grey, Lord of Dyffryn Clwyd, who endowed it with upwards of 200 acres of land, granted to it many privileges, and established seven regular priests, one of whom was to serve the chapel of the garrison. In this state it probably continued till the dissolution, although neither Dugdale nor Speed have mentioned its valuation. The apartments of the priests were joined to the church by a cloister, part of which is built up, and now serves as the mansion of the warden. The tower is of a much later date than the rest of the building.

It is believed that there was formerly a *house of white friars* in this place; but of this there is nothing left except the name.

The assizes for Denbighshire are held in this town.

The principal inns are the White Lion and the Cross Keys.

Ruthin is distant from Denbigh 8 miles, from Mold $8\frac{1}{2}$, from Llangollen $13\frac{1}{2}$, and from Wrexham 16.

RUTHIN CASTLE

Was situated on the north side of the town. Its present remains consist of a portion of the foundations of the walls, and

the fragments of a tower or two. Some parts of the building appear to have been of vast strength and thickness. The stone of which it was formed was of a brick-red colour, whence the place had the name of Rhudd Ddin, (or Dinas,) *the Red Fort*. On the area of the castle there is at present a meadow, and in another part a fives court and bowling green. The walls afford a fine prospect of the vale. The following is a description of this fortress during the sixteenth century, previously to its demolition :

This castle stands on rock much like red bricke,
 The dykes are cut with tool through stony cragge,
 The towers are high, the walls are large and thicke,
 The worke itself would shake a subject's bagge,
 If he were bent to build the liko againe,
 It rests on mount, and lookes o'er wood and playne,
 It hath great store of chambers finely wrought,
 That tyme alone to great decay hath brought.

It shews within by double walls and wayes,
 A deep device did first erect the same ;
 It makes our worlde to think on elder dayes,
 Because one worke was form'd in such a frame.
 One tower or waul the other answers right,
 As though at call each thing should please the sight ;
 The rocko wrought round where every tower doth stand
 Set forthe full fine by head, by heart, and hand.

History of the Town and Castle.—The town and castle of Ruthin appear to have been founded by Reginald Grey, second son to Lord Grey de Wilton, to whom Edward I. had given nearly the whole of the vale of Clwyd as a reward for his active services against the Welsh. His posterity, who received the title of Earls of Kent, resided here, until Earl Richard, having dissipated his fortune by gambling, sold the whole property to King Henry VII. From this time the castle being unroofed fell into decay, till, along with large revenues in the vale, it was bestowed by the

bounty of Queen Elizabeth on Ambrose Earl of Warwick. By him it was repaired, and again rendered tenable.

During a fair that was holden at Ruthin in the year 1400, the soldiers of Glyndwr suddenly entered the town. They set it on fire in several places, plundered the merchants, and again retired in safety to the mountains.

In the civil wars the castle was retained by the royalist party till February, 1645—6; it was then attacked, and, after a siege of nearly two months, was surrendered to General Mytton. Colonel Mason was made governor; but in the same year it was ordered by the parliament to be dismantled.

Within the ruins of the old castle a stately edifice erected by the Hon. F. R. West now rears its head.

CHAPTER XXIV.*

Wrexham—Church and Monuments—Elihu Yale—Wrexham Fair—Holt—Holt Castle—History of Holt Castle—Caergwrle—History of Caergwrle Castle—Mold—History of Mold Castle—Mues Garmen and the “Alleluia Victory”—Ruabon—Church and Monuments—Dr. David Powell—Wynnstay, Nant y Bellan—Newbridge—Overton—Bangor Iscoed.

WREXHAM

Is a populous market town, and of such size and consequence as to have occasionally obtained the appellation of the metropolis of North Wales. The streets and buildings are in general good; and the adjacent country is so beautiful, as to have induced many families to fix their residence in its vicinity. The centre street, in which the market is held, is of considerable length, and of unusual width for an ancient town. A few centuries ago it was noted as the resort of buckler or shield makers.

The *church* was formerly collegiate, and is yet a most elegant structure. On the exterior it is richly ornamented with gothic sculpture. The tower, which is a hundred and

* As nothing remarkably interesting occurs on the different roads leading between the several places described in this chapter, and as some of them must, at this distance of time, be interesting to the antiquary alone, Wrexham is here taken as a centre, from whence all these places can be visited, and they are described in succession, and their distances given, in order that the tourist may judge for himself which are worthy of a visit, and to enable him to adapt his route accordingly.

thirty-five feet in height, is particularly beautiful. On three of its sides there have been statues as large as life, of no fewer than thirty saints; two of these have been destroyed by falling from their niches. Miss Seward, in her verses on Wrexham, has finely expressed the elegance of this building :

Her hallow'd temple there religion shows,
That erst with beauteous majesty arose,
In ancient days, when Gothic art display'd
Her fanes in airy elegance array'd,
Whose nameless charms the Dorian claims efface,
Corinthian splendor and Ionic grace.

The interior of the church is plain, but exceedingly neat and elegant, being devoid of the load of ornaments common in gothic churches. It contains, among other monuments, two of the elegant workmanship of Roubiliac. One of these, bearing the date of 1747, was erected to the memory of Mary, the daughter of Sir Richard Middleton. A female figure is represented in the act of bursting from the tomb: the countenance is truly angelic, and the mixture of surprise and admiration is delicately, and at the same time firmly, expressed. The sainted maid,

. Amid the bursting tomb
Hears the last trumpet shrill its murky gloom,
With smile triumphant over death and time,
Lifts the rapt eye, and rears the form sublime.

Against the wall, an ancient pyramid, a building, from its solidity, calculated to resist the efforts of time, is represented as falling into ruin. The ridiculous little figure blowing the trumpet might have been omitted without any derogation from the merit of the sculpture. On the whole, however, it is so uncommonly beautiful, as to demand the admiration of every lover of the art. The other piece of

Roubiliac's performance is a medallion containing two profile faces of the Rev. Thomas Middleton and Arabella his wife. Nearly opposite to the former of these monuments there is a recumbent figure of *Hugh Bellot*, of the ancient family of Morton in Cheshire. He was Bishop of Bangor; was afterwards translated to the see of Chester, and died in the year 1596. There is in this church an antique monument, which was some years ago discovered in the ground by the workmen whilst digging the foundation for the iron gates of the church-yard. The figure is of a knight in complete armour; his feet rest on some kind of animal, and round his shield there has been an inscription, but this is at present illegible.

The altar-piece is a fine painting of the Institution of the Sacrament; and this, together with another picture of David playing on the Harp before Saul, in the south aisle, are supposed to have been painted by Reubens. They were brought from Rome, and given to the church by Elihu Yale, Esq. a native of America, who went on speculation to the East Indies. Of this person, it is recorded by one of the travellers in India, that he ordered his groom to be hanged for having ridden his horse on a journey of two or three days for the sake of his health: he was tried for this crime in the English courts, and escaped with a high pecuniary punishment. He died in London in the year 1721, but was interred in this church-yard with the following inscription on his tomb, which is nearly opposite the chief entrance to the church:

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed;
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd—in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven!
You that survive and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,

Where blest in peace, the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust.

The present church at Wrexham was finished, except the tower, before the year 1742: the latter, from a date there is upon it, does not seem to have been completed till about thirty-four years afterwards. In 1647, during the civil wars, this venerable building was used for some time as a prison, and several of the committee-men were confined in it by the Parliament's soldiers, who had risen in mutiny for want of pay.

The exterior of the south aisle was renewed in 1822, and the north aisle, when sufficient funds have accumulated, will be proceeded with in like manner.

At this town there is a noted annual fair, held on the 23d of March, which lasts fourteen days, but this fair is not of the importance it was some years ago. The commodities brought by the Welsh people are chiefly flannels, linen, linsey-wolsey, and horses and cattle in abundance. Traders from other parts bring Irish linen, Yorkshire and woollen cloths, and Manchester and Birmingham goods of all kinds. For the accommodation of those who have goods to sell, there are five squares, or areas, furnished with little shops or booths.

The principal inns at Wrexham are the Eagles, the Red Lion, and the Golden Lion.

Wrexham is distant from Ruthin 16 miles, from Holt 6, from Caergwrle $5\frac{1}{2}$, from Mold 12, from Ruabon $5\frac{1}{2}$, from Wynnstay $5\frac{1}{2}$, from Overton 7, and from Bangor Iscoed $4\frac{1}{2}$.

HOLT

Is an obscure village on the west bank of the Dec. This was once a market town, and a place of some consequence. The town was incorporated in the year 1410, by a charter of

Thomas Earl Arundel, which, however, restricts the burgesses from being Welshmen. The charter runs in this singular form, "To the burgesses of our town, and to their heirs and successors, being *Englishmen*." This arose, no doubt, from the hatred which the lords marchers entertained towards the Welsh people, on account of the insurrection of their hero Glyndwr, at that time scarcely suppressed.*

This place has also the name of *Lyons*. The castle was anciently called *Castrum Leonis*, which appellation Camden conjectures to have been derived from the Roman twentieth legion having been stationed at a little distance higher up, and on the other side of the river.

The two villages of Holt and Farndon are divided only by the river Dee, and have a communication by a very ancient bridge of ten arches. All the scenery of this neighbourhood is flat and unpleasant. The Dee flows through meadows, without any of the beauty or grandeur of rocks, or foliage, that adorn its banks in the more mountainous parts of the country.

HOLT CASTLE,

Of which no remains (with the exception of the moat) are left, was situated close to the river, and defended on three sides by a moat forty or fifty yards in width, cut out of the solid rock. The fortress consisted of five bastions, of which four were round, and the fifth, facing the river, square. The entrance was by a drawbridge on the west side. The site was by no means extensive; and as the castle stood on a piece of ground level with the town, its principal strength must have consisted in the deep and perpendicular sides of its moat.

History of Holt Castle.—The lands of Holt in the reign

* Pennant, i. 210.

of Henry III. and the commencement of the reign of Edward I. were the property of Madoc ap Griffith, whose sons were murdered by their guardians John Earl of Warren* and Roger Mortimer, as has been stated in the history given of Chirk Castle, *page 25*. To the youngest boy belonged the lands of Nanheudwy and Chirk, and after the murder Mortimer appropriated these to himself; to the eldest belonged the lordship of Bromfield and Yale, in which stand Holt Castle and that of Dinas Bran, and these fell to the share of the Earl of Warren. He commenced the building of Holt Castle, but dying soon afterwards, it was finished by his son.

In the ninth year of Edward II. John Earl Warren, the grandson of the founder, having no issue, gave this castle, with that of Dinas Bran, and the lordship of Bromfield, to the king. He was soon afterwards divorced from his wife, and he obtained a regrant of them to himself, and Matilda de Nereford, his mistress, for life, with remainders to his illegitimate children and their heirs. Matilda was the last survivor, and therefore at her death, in the following reign, the property reverted to the crown. It was, not long afterwards, given to Edward Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, who had married the sister of the late owner. In this family it remained for three generations; but on the death of Richard it appears to have been forfeited to the crown. After this event in 1399, when Holt Castle was delivered to the Duke of Hertford, there were found in it jewels to the value of 200,000 marks, and 100,000 marks in money. These had been deposited there, as a place of safe custody, by the unfortunate Richard II. previously to his expedition into Ireland.

* Camden is wrong in stating that John Earl of Warren was guardian to "Madoc, a British prince;" as it was the son of Madoc that had been entrusted to his protection.

The estates and title were restored in the succeeding reign, and they once again escheated to the crown. Henry VII. granted them to Sir William Stanley, but on his execution resumed them, and took in this castle plate and money to the value of above 40,000 marks, which Stanley had obtained from the plunder of Bosworth Field.

The lordship of Bromfield and Yale afterwards became the property of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, the natural son of Henry VIII. ; and in the reign of Edward VI. of Thomas Seymour, brother to the protector Somerset, who formed here a magazine of military stores. On his execution it once more fell to the crown.

During the civil wars Holt Castle was garrisoned for the king, but in 1643 was seized by the parliament. It was afterwards retaken, and in February, 1645-6 was again besieged by the parliament's forces. The governor, Sir Richard Lloyd, defended it for more than a month with the utmost bravery, but was at length compelled to surrender. Towards the end of this year Holt Castle, with four others, was dismantled by order of the parliament.

The lordship of Bromfield and Yale is at present the property of the crown.

CAERGWRLE,

Like Holt, was once a flourishing town, but it has now dwindled into an insignificant village. Its parish church is about a mile distant.

There is good reason for supposing that this was a Roman station, probably an outpost to Deva. Camden discovered here an hypocaust hewn out of the solid rock, six yards and a quarter long, five yards broad, and somewhat more than half a yard, in height. On some of the tiles were inscribed the letters *LEGIO XX.*, which seem to point out the founders. This is further corroborated by

the name of the place, *Caer Gawr lle*, *The Camp of the Great Legion*; *Gawr lle* being the name by which the Britons distinguished the twentieth legion.

The *castle* stood on the summit of a high rock. Its present remains are very inconsiderable; they are, however, sufficient to indicate that it could never have been a fortress of any great importance.

History of the Castle.—The founder has not been ascertained; but from its construction it was evidently of British origin. In the reign of Edward I. we find that it was possessed by the English crown, for that monarch bestowed it, along with the lordship of Denbigh, on David, the brother to Prince Llewelyn. Whilst in his hands, Roger de Clifford, justiciary of Chester, cut down the adjacent woods, and endeavoured to wrest the castle from its owner; this, however, he was prevented from doing by the timely interference of the king. When David, in 1282, insidiously took up arms with his brother against his former benefactor, he left a garrison of some strength in the castle; but it was besieged by a division of the English army, and was shortly afterwards surrendered to them.

Edward the First annexed it, with the tract of land in which it is situated, to Flintshire; and it continued to form a part of this county till Henry VIII. separated and added it to the county of Denbigh. It was, however, not long afterwards restored to its proper county.

Edward I., after the surrender of the garrison that David left in it, gave the castle to his consort Eleanor, from whom it acquired the name of *Queen Hope*. She lodged here in her journey to Caernarvon; and either during her abode in the castle, or very shortly afterwards, it was by some accident set on fire, and burnt.

In the first year of the succeeding reign, this castle and manor were granted to John de Cromwell, on condition that

at his own expense he should repair the castle. Some years afterwards they were given to Sir John Stanley.

MOLD

Is a market town, consisting principally of one long and wide street, intersected by two smaller ones. The number of its inhabitants is 8086. The assizes for Flintshire are held here.

The *church* is a neat building, ornamented all round the top of the outside walls with gothic carvings of animals. The body was erected in the reign of Henry VII., but the tower is of more modern date. The pillars in the interior are light and elegant, and its whole appearance exceedingly neat and elegant. There is in the church a good monument to the memory of Richard Davies, Esq. of Llanerch, who died in the 1728. He is represented in an upright attitude, but, unfortunately, the figure has lost its nose owing to a stone which was accidentally thrown through the window.—The epitaph on Dr. William Wynne of Tower, some time fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, who died in the year 1776, deserves a place here, not from its eccentricity, so much as its recording an example of an express direction against interment within the walls of the church, which ought to be generally followed:—

In conformity to ancient usage;
from a proper regard to decency,
and a concern for the health of his
fellow-creatures, he was moved to give
particular directions for being buried
in the adjoining church-yard,
and not in the church.

And as he scorned flattering of others
while living, he has taken care to prevent
being flattered himself when dead,
by causing this small memorial to be
set up in his life time:.

God be merciful to me a Sinner.

The principal inns at Mold are the Black Lion and the Leeswood Arms.

MOLD CASTLE

Was situated on a lofty mount called the Bailey Hill.* Of the building there are not now the smallest remains. This castle appears to have been founded during the reign of William Rufus by Robert Montalt, the son of the high steward of Chester. From him the place received its name of Mont Alt or De Monte Alto.

In the year 1144 it was seized and demolished by Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, and in little more than a century it appears to have several times changed owners. At length in 1267, Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn wrested it from the hands of the English, and again destroyed it. It was soon rebuilt, and restored to the barons of Montalt.—In 1327 the last baron, having no issue, conveyed it to Isabel, the Queen of Edward II., for life, with remainder to John of Eltham, a younger brother of Edward III. But on his death, without issue, it reverted with his possessions to the crown.

The lordship became some time afterwards the property of the Stanley family. The Earls of Derby possessed it till the execution of James, after which it was purchased, along with the manor of Hope, by some persons who enjoyed them till the Restoration. At the conclusion of the Civil Wars, the Earl of Derby agreed to pay £11,000 for these manors; but afterwards retracting, the king ordered the former purchasers to be confirmed in their possession. The Derby family, however, by some means regained the manor of Hope, but that of Mold was lost to them for ever.†

* At the north end of Byly streate, appere ditches and hilles yn token of an auncient castel or building there. It is now called Mont Brenebyly."—*Leland's Itin.* v. 35.

† Pennant, i. 426.

About a mile west of Mold is a place which, to this day, retains the name of

MAES GARMON,

The Field of Garmon or Germanus. On this spot, in Easter week 448, was fought the celebrated battle between the joint forces of the Piets and Scots against the Britons, headed by the bishops Germanus and Lupus, who had about two years before been sent into this kingdom. Previously to the engagement, Germanus instructed the soldiers to attend to the word given them by the priests on the field of battle and to repeat it with energy through the whole army. When the forces were prepared for the critical onset, that was to decide the important fate of the day, Germanus pronounced aloud ALLELUIA! The priests repeated it thrice, and it was afterwards taken up by the voices of the whole army, till even the hills reverberated the sound. The enemy confounded, affrighted, and trembling, fled on every side. The Britons pursued, and left few alive to relate the dismal story. Most of them fell by the sword, but many threw themselves into the adjoining river and perished in the flood.* This victory has been called by all the historians *Victoria Alleluatica*. On a pyramidal stone column, erected on the spot in 1736 by Nathaniel Griffith, Esq. of Rhual, to commemorate the event, is the following inscription:—

Ad annum

ccccxx

Saxones Pictique bellum adversus

Britones junctis viribus susceperunt

In hac regione, hodieque MAES GARMON

Appellata: cum in prælium descenditur

* The river is at present so very shallow, that it would scarcely drown a dog; this battle might have taken place during an overflowing of the water in consequence of heavy rains.

Apostolicis Britonum ducibus *Germano*
 Et *Lupo*, CHRISTUS militabat in castris;
 Alleluia tertio repetitum exclamabant,
 Hodie agmen terrore prosternitur;

Triumphant

Hostibus fuis sine sanguine;
 Palmâ fide non viribus obtentâ.

M. P.

In victoriæ Alleluiticæ memoriam.

N. G.

MDCCLXXXVI.

The date of this battle seems to have been mistaken both by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Pennant, who each fix it in the year 420. Matthew of Westminster, from whose work the preceding account is extracted, says expressly that it took place in 448, and that Germanus and Lupus did not arrive in this kingdom till about two years before this time.* He mentions nothing of the Saxons having any share in the business; nor indeed does it appear very probable that they should, since their army was not introduced by Vortigern till the following year. What has been said, that the Saxons here engaged might have been such as came over on some predatory excursion, prior to the invitation of Vortigern, can have little validity when such evidence both direct and circumstantial is to be adduced to the contrary. The arrival of the Saxons prior to that period seems however of much less importance in the proof than the arrival of the bishops, for they evidently were not in the kingdom till twenty-six years after the generally supposed time of the event.

RUABON

Is a village pleasingly situated on a rising ground, and has around it the residences of several persons of fortune.

* Matt. West. 152—154. In Rymer, i. 443, it is said to have taken place about the year 447.

The *church* is a good building: it contains an organ, an instrument very unusual in Welsh churches, which was given by the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. At its east end is a table monument of marble, with the date of 1526, in memory of John ap Elis Euton, and Elizabeth Clefeley, his wife:

A tombe, it is right rich and stately made,
Where two do lye, in stone and auncient trade,
The man and wife with sumptuous solemne guiso,
In this rich sort before the aulter lies.*

His head on crest, and warlike helmet stayes,
A lion blue on top thereof comes out:
On lion's necke along his legges he layes,
Two gauntlets white are lying there about.
An auncient squire he was, and of good race,
As by his armes appeeres in many a place:
His house and lands, not farre from thence do show
His birth and blood were great, right long ago.†

Besides this, there are four other marble monuments, two of which deserve particular attention. One of these, by Rysbrach, is in memory of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and the other of his wife, Lady Henrietta Williams Wynne. The latter, which is by Nollekens, represents a beautiful figure of Hope, reclining on an urn; the inscription is on a pedestal, within a serpent with its head and tail united, expressive of eternity.

DR. DAVID POWELL,

The Welsh historian, was instituted to this vicarage in the year 1571, and lies buried here. He was born about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and after he left Oxford, obtained the living of Ruabon, and was made a prebendary of St. Asaph. Thus rendered easy and inde-

* Not at present.

† Churchyard.

pendent in his circumstances, he studied with great assiduity the ancient history of Britain. For this he was well qualified by his extensive acquaintance with the Welsh and other languages. He translated into English the History of Wales, written in Welsh by Caradoc of Llancarvan, and edited the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis, which he illustrated and corrected by many learned and valuable notes. He died in 1590, leaving behind him a large collection of ancient manuscripts.

Adjoining to the village of Ruabon is one of the lodges of

WYNNSTAY,

The seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Bart. These grounds are well wooded, and about twelve miles in circumference. The house is very capacious, but having been erected at different periods, it is deficient in uniformity. From the ancient rampart, called Watt's Dyke, which passes through the grounds, this place was formerly called Wattstay: but, on the marriage of Sir John Wynne with Jane, the daughter of Eyton Evans, and heiress of this property, he changed its name to Wynnstay. It was anciently the property and residence of Madoc ap Griffith Maclor, the potent Lord of Bromfield, and founder of Valle Crucis Abbey.

About half way between the village of Ruabon and the house is a handsome stone column, erected after a design by the late Mr. James Wyatt, to the memory of the late Sir W. W. Wynne by his mother, and on the north-east side, in letters of copper, is the inscription

“ Filio optime, mater Eheu Superstes.”

The shaft of this column is 100 feet in height, the pedestal upon which it stands 16, and the circular pedestal at the top 12. In the interior of the column there is a circular

staircase, which leads to the summit, from whence there is a very extensive prospect. At a little distance from the column there is a fine sheet of water. The rivulet that supplies it is thrown over some artificial rock-work, and forms not an inelegant cascade.

From the lodge adjoining Ruabon there is a drive through a fine avenue of trees about one mile in length; and from the house there is a new drive, which leads to the lodge at New Bridge. Not far from this lodge is the Waterloo Tower, built to commemorate the victory obtained at Waterloo, on it a flag is always displayed when Sir Watkin is at Wynnstay. Near this tower, Offa's Dyke, which enters these grounds at the second lodge from Ruabon, leaves them.

Near the south-western extremity of the woods there is a cenotaph, erected by Sir W. W. Wynne, from a design by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, to the memory of the officers and soldiers who were slain during the rebellion in Ireland in 1798. It stands on an eminence overlooking

NANT Y BELLAN,

The Dingle of the Martin, which is a steep and wooded hollow; the sides are precipitous and rocky, and the waters of the Dee, which roll along the bottom, are blackened by the shady banks, and for the most part concealed from the eye of the observer by the thickness of the foliage. In the distant back ground may be observed Chirk Castle, and to the westward Pont Cysyllty Aqueduct, Castell Dinas Bran crowning the summit of its steep, and the whole vale of Llangollen, as far as the town; the scene is closed in the horizon by the far distant British Alps.

Out of the road, about 100 yards above NEW BRIDGE, is a view which, were it not for the smoke from the extensive iron works in the neighbourhood, would be very beautiful;

indeed the beauty of the scenery round Ruabon, and in the vale of Llangollen, is in general greatly marred from the same cause.

OVERTON

Is a picturesque village, seated on an eminence at a small distance from the Dee, over which, at the distance of about a mile from the village, is a stone bridge of two arches, connecting the counties of Denbigh and Flint. In the churchyard are several fine old YEW TREES; these from their size and beauty have been accounted among the wonders of Wales. The castle, of which there are at this present time no remains left, occupied the brow of a lofty promontory overlooking the Dee; and in the park of Gwernhailed, about two miles to the north of Overton, are the remains of a large circular camp, and near it is a tumulus of considerable height, called the Giant's Grave.

BANGOR ISCOED

Is about 3 miles beyond Overton. It is situated upon the banks of the Dee, which flows under an elegant stone bridge of five arches.

This place has its chief celebrity from having been the site of the most ancient monastery in Britain, founded, as the old writers assert, by Lucius; the son of Coel, and first Christian king of Britain, somewhat prior to the year 180. Lucius formed it as an university, for the increase of learning, and the preservation of the Christian faith in this realm; and it produced, for an age so unenlightened, many learned men. It is said by some writers to have been converted into a monastery about the year 530 by Cynwyl or Congellus, who was created the first abbot. Others say that Pelagius the monk, a native of Wales, who had studied here in his youth, after having travelled through France, Italy,

Egypt, Syria, and various other countries, was made a bishop, and on his return to England converted this house.

At the arrival of Augustine, [who was missioned about 596, from Pope Gregory I., to convert the English Saxons to Christianity, this monastery appears to have been in a very flourishing state. There were at this time as many as 2400 monks: 100 of these, in turns, passed one hour in devotion, so that the whole twenty-four hours of every day were employed in sacred duties. Bede says there were just so many, that being divided into seven parts, each of these contained 300 men, which, with their proper rulers, passed their time alternately in prayer and labour.

The monks of Bangor were dissenters from the Romish Church; and on a conference between Augustine and its governors, the imperious monk demanded of them that they should keep the feast of Easter at the same time the Papists did; that they should administer baptism according to the ceremonies of the Church of Rome; and "preach the word of life with him and his fellows." In other things, he said, they would be allowed to retain their ancient customs, insolently concluding, that "if they would not accept of peace with their brethren, they should receive war from their enemies, and by them, without reserve, should suffer death." They refused obedience to his injunctions, and resolutely maintained the original rites of their church. Shortly after this period followed the dreadful massacre of about 1200 of the monks by Ethelfrid, King of Northumbria, at the memorable battle of Chester. This unmanly slaughter the British annals and songs ascribe to the instigations of Augustine.

Not long after this event the monastery became neglected, and went entirely to decay. William of Malmsbury, who lived shortly after the Norman conquest, asserts, that even in his time there remained only some relics of its ancient

magnificence: there were, he says, so many ruined churches, and such immense heaps of rubbish, as were not elsewhere to be found.—Leland says of it, in the reign of Henry VIII., that its site was in a fertile valley on the south side of the Dee; but that the river having since changed its course, then ran nearly through the middle of the ground on which it stood. The extent of its walls, he says, was equal to that of the walls round a town; and the two gates, the names of which had been handed down by tradition, had been half a mile asunder. Within the memory of persons then living, the bones of the monks, and pieces of their clothes, had been ploughed up, in the cultivation of the ground, as well as pieces of squared stones, and some Roman money.*

* Leland's Itin. v. 30.

CHAPTER XXV.

WREXHAM TO CHESTER,*

(11 Miles.)

Road to Chester—Acton Park—Gresford—Eaton Hall—Chester New Bridge—Chester—Rows—Walls—Phoenix Tower—Roodce—Cathedral—Churches—Castle—Glover's Stone—Hypocaust—Ancient Crypt—Public Buildings—Sketch of the History of Chester—Singular Events—Dr. Cole—James I.—Manufactures and Trade.

ABOUT three quarters of a mile from Wrexham, on the right of the road, is **ACTON PARK**, the seat of Sir Foster Cunliffe. This was the birth place of Judge Jeffries.

Two miles further on is the little village of **GRESFORD**, seated near the head of a beautiful valley, which opens into the Vale Royal of Cheshire. The church has a very picturesque appearance, and is noted for its musical bells, twelve in number, which ranked as one of the seven wonders of Wales. In the interior of the church are several ancient and modern tombs and monuments, which, with the decorations of the church itself, are well worthy of notice.

About a mile beyond Gresford is Marford, in the immediate vicinity of which is an ancient British camp, called "the Roft." From the top of Marford Hill is a delightful view of the Vale of Cheshire, the City of Chester, and the River Dee.

* The City of Chester, although situated in England, is so immediately connected with the Principality that a description of it is given in this Chapter.

About a quarter of a mile from Chester is the principal entrance to EATON HALL, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Westminster; the style of architecture is Gothic; it was rebuilt on the site of the old mansion, by its present noble proprietor, from designs by Porden.

The entrance to Chester is over the NEW BRIDGE, which was opened to the public in 1833. The distinguishing feature of this structure is the width of the span of the main arch, which is greater than that of any other yet constructed.

CHESTER.

There are few cities in Great Britain which for antiquity and singularity are more remarkable than Chester. This city, which contains 21,344 inhabitants, is situated on a rocky eminence, and some of the streets are partially formed by excavations. To this circumstance may perhaps be attributed the origin of the Rows, which run on each side along the fronts of the houses, and afford a sheltered walk for foot-passengers. These are tolerably wide, but low and close, and often very dirty. As they are eight or ten feet, at least, above the street, persons are under the necessity of descending and ascending the steps wherever a lane crosses them. Over them, and supported in front by wooden posts, are the higher stories of the houses. These rows are what tend principally to give its air of singularity to this city: and to see the chief business of the place transacting in these covered ways, which one might almost fancy had once been a middle story cut out of all the houses, appears to a stranger truly singular.

The WALLS round this city, which, except those of Carlisle, are the only entire specimen of ancient fortification now existing in England, are built of a soft red stone, found on the spot, that gives them at a distance the appearance of brick. Their circuit is nearly two miles, and they are suffi-

ciently broad at the top to admit conveniently of two persons walking abreast. They are at present kept in repair for the purposes merely of pleasure and recreation. In different parts they command extensive and varied prospects. On the east, the Broxton hills and the rock of Beeston are seen at a distance; whilst finely cultivated grounds fill the intervening space. Towards the west, the mountains of Flintshire that bound the beautiful vale of Clwyd are very visible; and almost immediately beneath are the river and canal. On the eastern wall is the Phoenix tower, an object of great curiosity, as may be learnt from the following inscription upon it:

King Charles
 Stood on this Tower
 Sept. 24, 1645, and saw
 His army defeated
 On Rowton Moor.

Between the river and the walls is a piece of pasture land about a mile in circumference, called the ROODEE. This is used as a race-ground; and few places in the kingdom of its size (for it is only about a mile in circuit) are better calculated for the purpose, as it is nearly surrounded by eminences that command a view directly over it.

Tradition says that in the year 946 an image of the Virgin mother and a large cross were interred here. The story is curious:—This image belonged to the church of Haverdarn, and during the invocations of the inhabitants for relief from a season of drought, by which they were greatly suffering, being either not securely fixed in its place, or not possessing that share of infallibility which has frequently been ascribed to the image of the Virgin, it somewhat unexpectedly fell upon the head of Lady Trawst, the governor's wife, the effect of which was fatal. In consequence of this catastrophe, the inhabitants of the place held a con-

sultation as to the most proper mode of disposing of the image; and after due deliberation its sentence was,—“To be banished from that place by being laid on the sands of the river, from whence the tide might convey it to whatever other quarter the Virgin whom it represented should think proper.” As it was low water when the image was taken to the sands, the flood tide carried it, of course, up the river; and on the day following it was found near the roodee, where it was immediately interred by the inhabitants of Chester with all due pomp and solemnity, and a large stone was placed over the grave with this inscription:

The Jewes theire God dide crucifie,
 The Hardeners theires dide drowne,
 'Cause with theire wantes she'd not comlye;
 And lyes under thys colde stone.

Near the walls, at the north-east side of the city, stands the CATHEDRAL, a very heavy and irregular pile of building. It is constructed of the same red stone as the walls, owing to the softness of which its exterior seems to be fast mouldering to decay.

There is much neatness and beauty in the choir; and the Gothic work around its sides has a very pleasing effect. About the walls are dispersed the monuments of several bishops and clergymen, but none of them of any magnificence. The service is well performed.

The bishop's throne stands on what is generally, though improperly, denominated the shrine of St. Werburgh; a large stone richly ornamented with Gothic carving. Round the top of this there is a range of thirty small images, at present neatly *gilded*, supposed to have been intended to represent the kings and saints of the Mercian kingdom. The shrine in which the sacred relics were deposited (a vessel no doubt either of silver or gold) was somewhat more portable than this mass of stone, for Mr. Pennant

informs us that, in the year 1180, "it was brought out to stop the raging of a fire in the city, which for a long time had been invincible by every other means; but the approach of the holy remains *instantly proved their sanctity by putting an end to its furious desolation.*"*

The altar-piece, which is of very fine tapestry, is executed after one of the cartoons of Raphael, and represents the History of Elymas the Sorcerer. Wright, in his travels through France and Italy, expresses his opinion, that this is much superior to any of the tapestry which he saw in the Vatican.

Behind the altar is the chapel of St. Mary, where prayers are read every morning at six o'clock. The south transept forms the parish church of St. Oswald.

On the south side of the altar there is an ancient tomb, which is shown to strangers as that of Henry IV. Emperor of Germany. Camden says, that in order to escape from the troubles which his own unguarded conduct had brought upon his empire, this prince fled in disguise to England, and resided at Chester, unknown as to his real character for nearly ten years; but, death approaching, he discovered himself, and was afterwards interred in the Abbey church. The story seems altogether doubtful, and the latter part of it is certainly untrue, for he is well known both to have died and been buried at Liege.

The chapter-house stands on the east side of the cloister court. In 1724, on repairing the building, the remains of the celebrated Hugh Lupus, the first Earl of Chester, after lying undisturbed upwards of 600 years, were discovered here, wrapped in leather, and deposited in a stone coffin. Part of his shroud is still in preservation.

Near the cathedral is Abbey Square, on the south side of which is situated the bishop's palace. The other houses of

* Pennant's Tour in North Wales, vol. i.

the square are occupied principally by the prebendaries, minor canons, and vicars choral.

The cathedral was erected on the site of a nunnery founded about the year 660, by Wulpherus King of Mercia, for his daughter Werburgh, afterwards sainted, to whom it is dedicated. The chief part of the present fabric was erected during the reigns of the three last Henries.

There are at Chester eight parish CHURCHES *within the walls*:

St. Oswald's,	St. Michael's,
St. Peter's,	St. Mary's,
Trinity,	St. Olave's, and
St. Bridget's,	St. Martin's.

Trinity church contains the remains of Parnell, the poet, and Matthew Henry, the celebrated non-conformist and commentator. In St. Mary's church there are several magnificent tombstones and monuments.

St. John's church stands just beyond the walls, and not far from the river, in the south-east part of the town. This, which was once a collegiate church, has been a large and magnificent pile of Saxon architecture; and even yet exhibits some curious specimens of the massive strength of the Saxon columns and arches. It was founded, by Ethelred, King of Mercia, about the year 689; in consequence, says tradition, of a visionary admonition to found a place of religious worship on the first piece of ground where he should afterwards see a white hind. This legend is supposed to be represented by a piece of sculpture, now almost defaced, on the west side of the tower.

On the south side of the church-yard there was a small anchorite's cell, to which the wounded Harold retired after his defeat at the battle of Hastings; and where, in meditation and solitude, he is said to have closed his life. .

In the south angle of the town walls is situated the

CASTLE, founded by Hugh Lupus in the reign of William the Conqueror; but of the ancient building there is not, at present, much left; what remains, however, is of the same red stone as the cathedral and walls.

Some years ago a part of this ancient edifice was taken down for the purpose of erecting on its site a Shire-hall, County Gaol and Barracks, all of which are now completed. A handsome portico forms the entrance to the Shire-hall, which is in the centre, behind this is the Gaol, and at either extremity the Barracks.

The GLOVER'S STONE stands at the head of Castle-street, opposite the Eagles Inn, and is the boundary, in this direction, of the jurisdiction of the city. Here the criminals used to be delivered to the city sheriffs for execution. Opinions are divided as to the origin of this singular custom. There is a tradition, that when Chester was made a separate county by Henry VII., the citizens, tenacious of *privilege*, took upon themselves this unpleasant task, rather than suffer the county officers to exercise any authority within their jurisdiction. Others say that this duty was imposed upon them as a punishment for having once rescued a felon from the hands of the officers, as he was on the way to execution.

The remains of a Roman HYPOCAUST may be seen by entering a public-house in Bridge-street, bearing the appellation of "The Roman Bath," which words are painted over the door. The form of the bath is rectangular, and it formerly had 32 low pillars, that supported square tiles perforated for the passage of the warm vapour into the sudatorium, or sweating-room, which is now destroyed.

Upon clearing out an under-ground cellar behind the shop of Messrs. Powell and Edwards, cutlers, on the west side of Bridge-street, the remains of an ANCIENT CRYPT was very recently discovered; these gentlemen have been

at the pains of removing many cart-loads of rubbish from the spot in order to disclose this curiosity, and they are most willing to afford any strangers who may favour them with a visit an opportunity of examining it. The following account of this piece of antiquity has been kindly furnished by the Rev. I. Eaton, precentor of Chester cathedral.

“ The lower part of several of the houses in the four principal streets of the ancient city of Chester exhibit indubitable signs that they have been built on the remains of the religious buildings with which, prior to the Reformation, this city abounded.

“ The ancient crypt which has been recently discovered by Messrs. Powell and Edwards is of an oblong form, running from east to west. The following are its dimensions, viz. length, 42 feet; breadth, 15 feet 3 inches; height, from the surface of the floor to the intersection of the groinings of the roof, 14 feet. This crypt was partially lighted through the upper part of the west end, in which there are three small windows divided by stone mullions, and protected by iron bars. The upper part of the groining on the centre window appears to have been cut away to admit of light, the back earth having been excavated. On examining the intersection of the groins, marks were discovered by the lead on the stone-work, that a couple of lamps had been used for lighting. The entrance to the east end is by a flight of steps cut out of the rock to the height of three feet. On the south side is an Anglo-Norman-Gothic doorway, which is attained by three or four circular steps, and forms an outlet within its inner and outer wall by another flight of steps to the surface above the building.

“ The architecture is Anglo-Norman-Gothic and the groins are of the third class of groining, which came into common use about the year 1180, and was succeeded by the next class of groins in the year 1280, so that if we date

this roof as being erected about the year 1230, we shall not be far from the era of its real construction."

The principal PUBLIC BUILDINGS in Chester, besides those already mentioned, are—

The Exchange; an elegant fabric, supported on columns, and containing a large and commodious common hall, in which the quarter sessions are held, and all the city officers are elected.

The New Market-place, which was erected at the expense of the corporation in 1828.

The House of Industry, which stands near the river on the west side of the town.

The Infirmary on the west side of the town, but within the walls.

The Blue-Coat School, near the north gate. By this institution, which was founded by Bishop Stratford in the year 1706, thirty-five boys are maintained and educated for four years, at the end of which term they are put out apprentices to business. Here is also a similar institution for ten girls, who, at the end of four years, receive each forty shillings, and are placed out to service.

The North-Gate Gaol, which is the city prison for felons and debtors, and

The Bridewell, or House of Correction, where small crimes are punished by hard labour and confinement, this is near the north gate, on the opposite bank of the canal.

Sketch of the History of Chester.—From the very form of the place we are led to conjecture, that Chester was indebted to the Romans for its foundation; for the four principal streets, Bridge-street, Northgate-street, Watergate-street, and Eastgate-street, crossing each other at right angles, still retain the original appearance of a Roman camp. Of this, however, we have no direct historical evidence, though Chester is well known to have been one of

the principal military stations that the Romans had in this island.

After the Romans departed from Britain in the fifth century, Chester fell under the government of the British princes. In their hands it remained till the year 603, when it was wrested from them by Ethelfrid, King of Northumbria.

Chester now seems to have been alternately possessed by the Britons, the Saxons, and the Danes; by the latter, however, it was held but a very short time, being restored to the Saxons by the valiant daughter of Alfred the Great, Elfleda, the wife of Ethelred, Duke of Mercia.

After the Norman Conquest, William created his nephew, Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and delegated the same sovereign jurisdiction to him in this county, which he himself possessed in the rest of the island. By virtue of this grant the earls held parliaments at Chester, consisting of the barons and tenants, which were not bound by the acts of the English parliament. The earls were petty princes, and all the landholders in the county were mediately or immediately their vassals, and under the same allegiance to them as to the kings of England.

Hugh Lupus, immediately after receiving the earldom, in order to secure himself from any incroachments either of Welsh or English, repaired the town walls, and erected the castle.

In several of the reigns subsequent to the Norman Conquest, Chester was made a place of rendezvous for the English troops in all expeditions against the Welsh. In consequence of this it frequently suffered very considerably. Camden informs us that the "skirmishes here between the Welsh and English, in the beginning of the Norman times, were so numerous, the inroads and incursions, and the firing of the suburbs of Hanbrid beyond the bridge so frequent,

that the Welshmen called it *Treboeth*, that is, Burnt Town. They tell us also that there was a long wall made there of *Welshmen's Skulls*."

From the time of Hugh Lupus, for near two centuries, Chester continued entirely under the jurisdiction of its earls; but on the death of John Scott, without issue male, in 1237, Henry III. took the earldom, and all the powers annexed to it, into his own hands; and in return, granted to the city its first royal charter.

Henry bestowed it on his son Edward, afterwards King Edward I., and ever since it has devolved upon the reigning monarch's eldest son.

In the Civil Wars, during the reign of Charles I., Chester adhered with great fidelity to the royal cause, and was consequently besieged by the parliament's army: but it was not till every hope had been cut off by the important victory which the latter had gained at Rowton Heath, that it was surrendered on the 3d of February, 1645-6, on the most honourable terms, after a gallant resistance for near five months, during part of which time the garrison were so much distressed for provisions, as to eat even their horses, dogs and cats.

In a chronological list of remarkable events which took place at Chester, the following occur:—

1489. This year St. Peter's steeple was pointed, when a goose was eaten by the parson and others on the top thereof, and part cast into the four streets.

1517. The plague raged so shockingly, that the streets were deserted and grass grew a foot high at the cross.

1569. This year the two sheriffs, Peter Licherband, and William Massey, Gent. fought a battle, for which they were fined ten pounds towards the repair of the walls.

1617. King James visited Chester, and was presented by the body corporate with a *gilt* cup, and a hundred Jacobins

of gold, as a rich token of the attachment of the city to his crown and person.

To a singular stratagem of Elizabeth Edmunds, a female of this place, was owing the entire safety of the protestants of Ireland, in the reign of Queen Mary. Dr. Cole, a commissioner from the queen, on his way to that country, stopped one night at Chester. The mayor, in his official capacity, waited on him; he unguardedly spoke of the business in which he was engaged, and took out his commission in the presence of the hostess, who had a brother, a protestant, in Dublin. When the mayor left him, Dr. Cole politely attended him down stairs, and Mrs. Edmunds in the mean time took the commission from the box, and substituted for it a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs placed uppermost. The doctor, on his return, put in the box, and on his arrival at Dublin, presented it in form at the castle to the lord deputy and privy council. His lordship opened it, and the whole assembly, as well as the commissioner himself, were in the utmost astonishment at its contents. He assured them that it *had* contained a commission, but why it was not there then, and how the cards came into its place, he was as ignorant as they. Disappointed and chagrined, he returned to the English court for a fresh commission, which he obtained, but before he could again arrive in Ireland, the queen died. Her successor, Queen Elizabeth, rewarded the woman for this meritorious act with a pension of forty pounds a year for her life.

A whimsical story is told by Mr. Yorke respecting an expedition of James I. into Wales. When he was on the road near Chester, he was met by vast numbers of the Welsh, who came out of curiosity to see him, and the weather was so dry, and the roads so dusty, that he was nearly suffocated. He was completely at a loss in what manner to

rid himself of them civilly; at last one of his attendants putting his head out of the coach, said: "It is his Majesty's pleasure that those who are the best gentlemen shall ride forwards." Away scampered the Welsh; and but one solitary man was left behind. "And so, Sir," says the king to him, "you are not a gentleman then?" "Oh yes, and please her majesty, her is as good a shentleman as the rest; but her ceffyl, God help her, is not so good."*

The manufacture of gloves for which Chester used to be famous, is now almost at an end. Shot are manufactured here to a considerable extent. There are also snuff mills, a small manufactory for tobacco pipes, an iron foundry, ship builders' yards, and other concerns, which afford some but not much employment for the poor.

The maritime business is of no great extent. It consists chiefly of the coasting and Irish trades, and a small portion of commerce with foreign countries. Great quantities of cheese, coals and lead are exported. The imports are principally linen cloth from Ireland; and hides, tallow, feathers, &c. from other quarters. The number of ships belonging to the port is but small. The business of ship-building is, however, carried on here.

Till the new channel was made for the river Dee, which was finished about the middle of the last century, vessels of twenty tons could scarcely reach the town, and ships of burthen were obliged to lie ten miles lower down, by Parkgate. But now, at the spring tides, vessels of near four hundred tons burthen are able to come up almost to the bridge.

* Royal tribes of North Wales. *Ceffyl* is the Welsh word for horse.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHESTER TO NORTHOP.

(11 Miles.)

*Hawarden—Hawarden Castle—History of Hawarden Castle—Euloe
Castle—Cock Euloe—Northop.*



HAWARDEN*

Is a small clean-looking town in Flintshire, celebrated only for its castle, which has been an extensive building, and was formerly of considerable importance to the interests both of the Welsh and the English. This building stood on an eminence at the east end of the town. The remains, which at present consist of little more than the fragments of the walls and keep, are within the grounds of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart., and near to his mansion, a modern building in the castellated style, to which the name of Hawarden Castle has been transferred. The entrance to Hawarden Castle is a little before the sixth mile stone from Chester.

The late Sir John Glynne was at the expense of having much of the rubbish removed from the ruins: and in one place there was discovered a long flight of steps, at the bottom of which was a door, and formerly a draw-bridge. This crossed a deep long chasm, to another door leading to two or three small rooms, probably places of confinement,

* Pronounced Harden.

where prisoners, after pulling up the bridge over the chasm, might be lodged in the utmost security.*

From the top of the circular keep, which is more elevated and perfect than the other parts of the building, there is an extensive prospect of the surrounding country.

History of Hawarden Castle.—The time of the foundation of this fortress is not known. It appears however to have been in existence soon after the Norman conquest; for it was then possessed by Roger Fitzvalerine, son of one of the noble adventurers who followed the fortunes of William the Conqueror. It was held by the seneschalship to the earls of Chester, and was afterwards the seat of the barons of Mont Alt, who were stewards of the palatinate of Chester. On the extinction of the ancient earls in 1237, Hawarden Castle and some other fortresses belonging to them were resumed by the crown. But, about thirty years afterwards, when Henry III. and his son Edward were taken prisoners by Simon de Montfort at the battle of Lewes, their liberation was purchased by the resignation to him of the earldom of Chester from Edward, who then held it, and by the absolute cession to the Prince Llewelyn, not only of this place, but of the absolute sovereignty of Wales. Shortly after this time it must have been destroyed; for Llewelyn, in 1267, when he restored to Robert de Mont Alt the lands of Hawarden that he had formerly possessed, strictly enjoined him not to build any castle there for thirty years. A fortress seems, however, to have been raised long before the expiration of that period; for in the night of Palm Sunday, 1281, David, the brother of Llewelyn, ungrateful for the favours which had been so lavishly conferred upon him by Edward I. surprised and took this castle, cruelly massacring all who resisted.

Hawarden seems to have continued in the barons of

* Pennant's Tour, i. 104.

Mont Alt for nearly fifty years from the death of David; when Robert, the last baron, having no male issue, conveyed it to Isabella, queen of Edward II., and on her disgrace it came once more to the crown. In 1336 Edw. III. granted it, along with the stewardship of Chester, to William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; in whose family it continued till the year 1400, when John, his great nephew, was beheaded by the townsmen of Cirencester, after attempting an insurrection in favour of his deposed master, Richard II. The earl, however, prior to this event had made over his estates in fee to four of his friends; but after his attainder they became forfeited to the crown.

Thomas, Duke of Clarence, the son of Henry IV. who was afterwards slain at the battle of Baugy in 1420, had a grant of Hawarden; and about twenty years after his death it was given to Sir Thomas Stanley, who held it till the year 1450, when it was resumed, and granted to Edward, Prince of Wales.

The surviving feoffee of the Earl of Salisbury now laid claim to his estates, on the plea that the earl was not possessed of them at the time of his forfeiture. An inquisition was taken, his plea found good, and complete restitution was made to him.

In 1454 Hawarden was again conveyed to Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Stanley; and on the death of his son Thomas, Earl of Derby, it descended to his second wife Margaret, the mother of Henry VII. After her decease it continued in the family till the execution of the gallant James, Earl of Derby, in 1651; and was subsequently purchased of the agents of sequestration, by Serjeant Glynne, in one of whose descendants it still continues.

In the civil wars Hawarden was betrayed by its governor to the parliament, and kept for them till 1643, when part of the English forces, who had been serving against the

rebels in Ireland, upon the cessation there, came over to assist the king, and landed at Mostyn, a place about sixteen miles distant. Soon after their arrival they made an attack on this castle, and after a fortnight's siege, it was surrendered to them. It continued in the hands of the Royalists until after the surrender of Chester in 1645, when it was vigorously besieged by the parliament's forces under General Mytton, and in about a month was taken. On the 22d of December, in the same year, the parliament, alarmed at some disturbances which had taken place amongst their soldiers, ordered this and four other castles to be dismantled. These orders extended only to the rendering of it untenable; its further destruction is said to have been subsequently effected by its owner, Sir William Glynne.

The Glynne Arms is the only inn at Hawarden.

A little beyond the ninth mile stone from Chester, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the road, is

EULOE CASTLE.

It is situated on the edge of a glen, and surrounded with wood. It formerly consisted of two parts; the larger of which was an oblong tower rounded at one end, and about fourteen yards long, and ten or twelve in width, guarded on the accessible side by a strong wall. The other part is an oblong court, at the extremity of which are the remains of a circular tower. Leland says that Euloc Castle was the property of a gentleman in Flintshire of the name of Howell, who, by ancient custom, a privilege he inherited from his ancestors, used to give the badge of a silver harp to the best harper in North Wales. In his own time it was, he informs us, "a ruinous castelet or pile."*

It was in the wood adjoining to this place, called COED EULOE, that King Henry the Second, in an expedition

* Leland's Itinerary, v. 53:

against Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, received a severe and most memorable repulse from David and Conan, the two sons of that hero. The army of Owen was encamped and seemed ready for engagement, and some slight skirmishes were commenced. These, however, were but artifices to draw the English into a narrow and dangerous pass between the hills, where a numerous ambuscade was secretly placed under the command of his sons. Henry, too confident in the strength of his men, and not relying sufficiently on the opinion of those who had a more perfect knowledge of the country than himself, fell into the snare, and paid dearly for his rashness; for when he and his vanguard following the Welsh into the valley were engaged in fight, another party, with horrible outcries, arose on a sudden from under the cover of the woods which hung over the steep, and assaulted them with stones, arrows, and other missile weapons. The disadvantageous situation of the English army, and the confusion into which they were thrown, totally disabled them from resisting this unexpected attack, and they were routed with dreadful slaughter.

NORTHOP

Is a village of considerable size, containing a handsome and somewhat ancient church; but this is in a ruinous state and is about to be taken down. In the vicinity are several lead and coal mines.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NORTHOP TO HOLYWELL.

(By Flint 9 Miles.)*

Flint—Flint Castle—Holywell—St. Wenefred's Well—Legend of St. Wenefred—Basingwerk Abbey—Basingwerk Castle.

Three miles from Northop is

FLINT,

A market town, containing 2216 inhabitants. It seems to have been built upon the plan of a Roman city, but the appearance of the houses is not prepossessing. It has once been surrounded by a ditch and ramparts, but these are now nearly destroyed. Being situated near the sea, it is resorted to by persons from the adjacent country as a bathing-place. The *church*, or rather chapel, is but a chapel of ease to Northop. The *county gaol* is situated in the castle-yard, in a fine healthy situation. Over the front door there is a marble slab, containing an elegant inscription, the composition of Mr. Pennant.

The *castle* stands upon a rock in the marsh, and so near the river, that sometimes at high-water the walls are washed by the tide.† It has been a square building, with towers at

* The direct road from Northop to Holywell does not pass through Flint, and is but seven miles in length.

† The channel of the Dee is at present at some distance, but the river formerly flowed close under the walls. There are still in some parts rings left to which ships were moored.—*Pennant*.

the angles, some remains of each of which are yet left. That at the south-east corner, which is called the Double-Tower, is much larger than the others. In its outward diameter it measures forty feet. It is formed by two concentric walls, each six feet thick, having a gallery eight feet wide included between them, and leaving a circular area of about twenty feet in diameter, into which there was an entry from the gallery by four doors. This appears to have been the keep. The interior of the castle is a square court, containing about an acre of ground. In the curtain on the west side there are yet left several windows with pointed arches.

History of Flint Castle.—The founder of this castle has not yet been decidedly ascertained. Camden and Lord Littleton each attribute it to Henry II. after his defeat at Coed Euloe, and concur in the opinion that it was finished by Edward I.; whilst Fabian, Stowe, and many others, say that it was built by Edward only, about the year 1275, not mentioning a word of its being begun by Henry, though in the same sentence they each tell us that Edward strengthened Rhyddlan Castle; which plainly evinces that they distinguished betwixt building and repairing.

In the year 1332 Edward III. granted this and other castles, with all his lands in this part of the country, to the Black Prince, to hold to him and his heirs, kings of England; and in 1385 it was bestowed by Richard II., with the chief-justiceship of Chester, upon Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford. It was surrendered fourteen years afterwards to Percy Earl of Northumberland, who betrayed into it the unfortunate Richard II. under the insidious pretence that Bolingbroke, who was waiting for him here, desired only to have his property restored, and that the kingdom should have a parliament. Northumberland met the king at Conway, where he had gone after his return from Ireland; and they were proceeding together towards this place, when, among

the recesses of the mountains near Penmaen Rhôs, the latter observed a band of soldiers. Alarmed for his safety, and now fearful of the snare that was laid for him, he attempted to return; but Perey springing forward, caught his horse's bridle, and forcibly directed his course. They dined at Rhyddlan, and arrived in the same evening at Flint. The next day, "after dinner, (says Stowe), the Duke of Lancaster entered the castle all armed, his basenet excepted. King Richard came down to meet him; and the duke, as soon as he saw the king, fell on his knees, and coming near unto him, he kneeled a second time with his hat in his hand: and the king then put off his hooode and spoke first: 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right wellcome.' The duke, bowing low to the ground, answered, 'My lord, I am come before you sent for me; the reason why I will shewe you. The common fame among your people is such, that ye have for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, ruled them very rigorously: but, if it please our Lord, I will helpe you to govern better!' The king answered, 'Faire cousin of Lancaster, sith it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well!' The duke then with a sharp high voyee, bad bring forth the king's horses, and two little nagges, not worth fourtie franks, were brought forth: the king was set on the one, and the Earl of Salisbury on the other: and thus the duke brought them from Flint to Chester;" from whence, after a night's rest, they were taken to London.*

In the reign of Charles I. this castle appears to have been garrisoned for the king, after having been repaired at the expense of Sir Roger Mostyn, who was appointed governor. In 1643 it was besieged by Sir William Brereton and Sir Thomas Middleton, and was defended till all the provisions, even horses, failing, the governor surrendered it upon honourable terms. It must afterwards have been retaken by

* Stowe's Annals, 321. Pennant, i. 50.

the royalists; for in August, 1646, it appears to have been surrendered to Major-General Mytton. In the month of December in the same year it was, with Hawarden, and three other castles, ordered by the parliament to be so far destroyed as to be rendered untenable.

In the year 1283 Flint was made a free borough, and received its charter, which was afterwards confirmed in the reign of Philip and Mary, and again in the twelfth of William III.

The Royal Oak and the Ship are the principal inns at Flint.

From this place there are packets daily to Park Gate and Chester.

Nothing of interest or importance occurs in the remainder of the road from Northop to

HOLYWELL.

This town is of great commercial importance. Its population is 8969. The numerous manufactures in its vicinity, and its easy access to the sea, have rendered it the great mart of this part of the kingdom. The town is spacious, but irregular; and pleasantly situated on the slope of a mountain which extends nearly to the water. Many of the houses are good, and give to it an air of considerable opulence.

The parish church is singular only for its situation, being so much below the rest of the town that the bell is scarcely audible even at a little distance. When the inhabitants are to be called to prayers, they are therefore under the necessity of adopting the following singular remedy for this defect:—a person hired for the purpose fastens a leather strap round his neck, to the end of which a bell of tolerable weight is suspended, and over one of his knees he buckles a cushion; thus accoutred he sets out a certain time before

the service commences, and walks through the principal parts of the town, jingling the bell every time his cushioned knee comes forward.

ST. WENEFRED'S WELL,

From which the name of Holywell was given to this place, springs with vast impetuosity from a rock at the foot of a steep hill near the bottom of the town. It is covered by a small Gothic building, said to have been erected by Margaret the mother of Henry VII., but Mr. Grose was of opinion, that the frieze of the outside cornice, which is ornamented with monkies, and other grotesque figures, indicates it to be of more ancient date. Nothing, observes this accurate writer, can exceed the delicacy and elegance of the Gothic work on the inside of this building, which forms a canopy over the well, having in the centre, and serving as origin to the Gothic arches, a circular shield, on which was once carved a coat of arms. Above this was the chapel; at present converted into a charity school. The water passes from the small well, under an arch, into a larger one, which was intended for the bath. Immediately over the fountain is the Legend of St. Wenefred, on a pendant protection, with the arms of England at the bottom.

THE LEGEND.

The legendary origin of this well is singular. Wenefred,* who is supposed to have lived in the early part of the seventh century, is reported to have been a beautiful and devout virgin, of noble descent. She was placed under the protection of her relation Bueno, a descendant from the kings of Powys, who had founded a church here. A young prince, whose

* The Welsh name of this female was Gwenvrewi; Tudur Aled, a Welsh bard who flourished about the year 1450, has celebrated her sanctity, and the reputed miracles of her well, in a poem still extant.

name was Cradoe, struck with the elegance of her person, resolved to attempt her virtue ; and, seizing an opportunity when all except herself were at prayers, he declared to her his passion. She made some excuse to escape from the room, and then fled from the house to the church, which appears to have been situated at the foot of the hill. Before she could reach this sanctuary he overtook her, and with his sword, in an extacy of rage and disappointment, struck off her head. This, like an elastic ball, bounded down the side of the hill, through the door of the church, and up one of the aisles directly to the altar where her friends were assembled at prayer : resting here, a clear and copious spring immediately gushed forth. St. Bueno snatching up the head, and again joining it to the body, it was, to the surprise and admiration of all present, immediately reunited, the place of separation being only marked by a white line encircling the neck. Cradoe dropped down on the spot where he had committed the atrocious act ; and the legend informs us that it was not known whether the earth opened to receive his impious corpse, or whether his master, the devil, carried it off, but that it was certainly never seen afterwards. The sides of the spring were covered with a sweet-scented moss, and the stones at the bottom became tintured with her blood !

The liveless tears shee shed into a fountaine turne,
 And, that for her alone, the water should not mourne,
 The pure vermillion blood that issued from her veines
 Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains ;
 As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheekes,
 And that one part of her might be the other like,
 Her haire was turned to mosse, whose sweetness doth declare
 In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she bare.*

* Drayton's Polyolbion, p. 160.

Wenefred survived her decapitation, about fifteen years, and having, towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius at Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, died abbess of that monastery; and there her bones rested till the reign of King Stephen; when after divine admonition they were surrendered to the abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul at Shrewsbury.

The well, after her death, was endowed with many miraculous properties: it healed the diseases of all who plunged into its water, and Drayton says that no animal whatever could be drowned in it.

The following is one of the numerous wonders that have been recorded of its powerful influence: a party of depredators stole a cow from a pasture not far distant, and, that their footsteps might not be traced, dragged her along some neighbouring rocks. But how were the impious wretches deceived: not one step was set without leaving an impression on the stones, as if they had been passing over soft clay; nay, the learned editor of the life of St. Wenefred says that the original describes them as at every step *sinking up to the very knees!* The owner was by this means enabled to recover his beast; and the terrified wretches, coming in penitence to the altar, confessed their crime, and, no doubt by the intercession of the saint, were forgiven.

The sweet-scented moss, growing plentifully on the sides of this well, is nothing more than *jungermannia asplenoides* of Linnæus; it is found in many other springs in the kingdom, and is also occasionally to be met with in moist places, by road sides, and in woods. The supposed tincture of the blood is likewise a vegetable production, *byssus jolithus*. It is not improbable that the moss, as it is called, entirely derives its smell from that of the byssus, which is very powerful.

The day of the commemoration of the decapitation of St. Wenefred is the 22d June, and that of her translation the 3d of November.

The devotees of this saint were formerly very numerous, and in the last age the well was so noted, that, according to Mr. Pennant, a crowned head dignified the place with a visit. "The prince who lost three kingdoms for a mass, payed his respects on the 29th of August, 1686, to our saint, and received as a reward a present of the very shift in which his great grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, lost her head."* Of late years the visitors have much fallen off: however, judging from seven cruties and two hand-barrows stuck among the Gothic ornaments of the roof, a stranger would be led to suppose that the well was not yet entirely forsaken. Indeed the sanative properties of this water, in common with those of cold baths in general, are not to be disputed; but to attribute to the intercession of a saint those things which from the common course of nature are to be accounted for, is only worthy the ages of superstition and ignorance.

The quantity of water thrown up here has been found, on an accurate calculation, to be no less than *eighty-four hogsheads* in a minute. The well has never been known to be frozen, and it scarcely ever varies in quantity, either in droughts, or after the greatest rains. These circumstances render it of inestimable value: for, although the water has only 1 mile and 124 yards to run before it reaches the sea, it instantly forms a river, and works the machinery belonging to several mills and manufactories.

By the road side, near the larger well, there is a *small spring*, that was once famous for the cure of weak eyes. An offering was made to the tutelar saint (for most of the springs in this country are dedicated to some imaginary

* History of Whitford and Holywell.

saint) of a crooked pin, and at the time of laving the eyes, an ejaculation, by way of addition to the charm, was uttered by the patient. In the present age the waters have lost nearly all their efficacy.

The principal inns at Holywell are the White Horse and the King's Arms.

About 1 mile from Holywell, near the spot where the waters of the well fall into the estuary of the Dee, rises

BASINGWERK ABBEY.*

These shattered time-worn remains, with the surrounding trees, are from some points of view highly picturesque and beautiful.

The ivy now in rude luxuriance bends
 Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space,
 O'er the green window's mould'ring height ascends,
 And fondly clasps it in a last embrace.

The little at present left is scarcely sufficient to indicate what this abbey was when in a flourishing state. The church, which was situated on the east side, is totally destroyed. The refectory is the most entire part of the building, and has on one side a large recess with a couple of circular arches. Above the refectory was the dormitory, where the monks had their cells. The chapel of the Knights Templars, founded here by Henry II., is spacious and elegant. The brick building striped with timber, that joins the abbey, and certainly adds nothing to its beauty, is conjectured by Mr. Grose to have been the granary. The situation is delightful, commanding an extensive prospect of the river Dee, Chester, Park-gate, and the Lancastrian hills. The architecture is mixed, the round arches and short massy columns exhibiting the Saxon, and the narrow-pointed windows the Gothic style.

* Maes glàs, or Greenfield monastery.

Tanner and Dugdale say that Basingwerk Abbey was founded by Ranulph Earl of Chester, about the year 1131, and that this foundation was afterwards confirmed by Henry II., and Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales. Many of the old writers ascribe the original foundation to Henry, but Mr. Pennant is of opinion that it ought to be referred to a period considerably anterior to either of these.

At the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. its revenues appear to have amounted to somewhat more than 150*l.* per annum.

BASINGWERK CASTLE.

Vestiges of this fortress are yet visible in the foundation of a wall on the edge of Watt's Dyke, at a little distance from the abbey: but these are very trifling. It is supposed to have been indebted for its erection to Richard the son of Hugh Lupus Earl of Chester. In the year 1119, after his return from Normandy, where he had been educated, he attempted a pilgrimage to Wenefred's Well; but either in his journey thither, or on his return, he was attacked by a party of Welsh, and compelled to seek for shelter in Basingwerk Abbey. Thus situated, he implored protection from Wenefred, who, tradition says, raised certain sands betwixt Flintshire and the opposite coast, to permit his constable and men to pass over to his relief, which, from that circumstance, were called *Constable's Sands*! If any reliance whatever could be placed in the origin of this tradition, it tends to prove that the foundation of the abbey was considerably anterior to the date generally assigned to it.

The castle is well known to have been rebuilt in the year 1157, by Henry II. after his escape in the battle near Euloe; he, however, first cleared all the passes and cut down the woods around it, which at that time were impenetrable forests, affording shelter, as he had keenly experienced, to powerful enemies.

The Welsh ever looked upon this fortress as a disagreeable check upon their proceedings and liberty, and therefore about eight years afterwards, Owen Gwynedd, after many unsuccessful attempts, took it by storm, and immediately levelled it with the ground. From this time it does not appear to have been the cause of any further contentions.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOLYWELL TO ST. ASAPH.

(10 Miles.)

*Lead Mines—Calumine—Downing—Notice of Mr. Thomas Pennant—
Vale of Clwyd—St. Asaph—History of the Cathedral—View of the
Vale of Clwyd from the Tower of the Cathedral.*

THE road from Holywell to St. Asaph is pleasant. This part of the country abounds in *lead mines*; the veins of ore run in directions either north and south, or east and west, but of these the latter are by much the richest. *Calumine* is also found in great quantities in this neighbourhood, and in veins like the lead, sometimes mixed with ore, but frequently alone. Nearly the whole of Flintshire abounds with it; and so entirely ignorant were the inhabitants of its use, as even to have mended their roads with it; but these have since been turned up in many places, and their materials converted to more valuable purposes.

About 3 miles north-west of Holywell is

DOWNING,

The seat of David Pennant, Esq. and formerly that of the celebrated Thomas Pennant.

This indefatigable and useful writer was born at Bychton, in the parish of Whitford, on the 14th of June, 1726. He was a lineal descendant from Tudor Trevor, who married

Angharad, the daughter of Howel Dda, Prince of North Wales.*

He became possessed of the estate at Downing by the death of his father David Pennant; and having discovered a rich mine of lead ore on it, he was enabled, by means of the emoluments arising from this, to make considerable improvements. Here he principally resided.

“The house itself,” he informs us, “has little to boast of. I fortunately found it incapable of being improved into a magnitude exceeding the revenue of the family. It has a hall, which I prefer to the rural impropriety of a paltry vestibule; a library; a parlour capable of containing more guests than I ever wish to see in it at a time, *septem convivium*; *novem convivium*! and a smoaking-room, most antiquesly furnished with ancient carvings, and the horus of all the European beasts of chace. This room is now quite out of use as to its original purpose. Above stairs is a good drawing-room, in times of old called the dining-room, and a tea-room, the sum of all that are really wanted. I have Cowley’s wish realized, a small house and a large garden!”

In his history of Whitford and Holywell, Mr. Pennant mentions another house called Downing, on the opposite side of the dingle, about 300 yards from this mansion, the property of Thomas Thomas, Esq. Piercc feuds, as usual in days of yore, raged according to his relation, between the two families. “These Montagues used to take a cruel revenge on their neighbour Capulet, by the advantage of a stream, which ran through their grounds, in its way to our kitchen, where it was applied to the turning of a spit. How often,” says he, “has that important engine been stopped before it had performed half its evolutions! our poor Ca-

* The name is truly Welsh, derived from *pen*, the head or end, and *nant*, a narrow valley; the house of Bychton, the ancient family mansion, being seated at the head of a very considerable dingle.

pulet swearing, lady crying, cook fuming, and nurse screaming! But

“To hear the children mutter,
When they lost their bread and butter,
It would move a heart of stone.”

Till the advancement of Richard Pennant, Esq. in the year 1783, to the title of Penrhyn, the family, according to to his own account, was never distinguished by any honours beyond the most useful one, that of a justice of the peace.

The first sheriff of this house was Pyers Pennant, who discharged that trust in 1612. He had the fortune to marry the daughter of a family not famed for placidity, or the milder virtues. *Valdè, valdè, irritabile genus!* “And from them, Tom,” an aunt used often to tell him, “we got our passion;” and frequently added the wise Welsh caution, *Beware of a breed!*

The fruits of this marriage soon appeared, for Thomas, the eldest son, in a *furor brevis*, killed his miller. He was indicted for manslaughter, tried, and convicted, but afterwards pardoned.

When Mr. Pennant was about twelve years old, the father of Mrs. Piozzi presented him with a copy of Wilughby's Ornithology. This first gave him a taste for the study of natural history, which he afterwards pursued with so much avidity, and from which the world has derived so much instruction and benefit.

In the year 1755 he began a correspondence with Linnæus, which ended only when the age and infirmities of that justly celebrated man obliged him to desist. To the talents of Mr. Pennant, Linnæus subscribed in the highest terms; and two years after the commencement of their acquaintance, Mr. Pennant was, at his instance, elected a member of the Royal Society at Upsal.

In 1765 he made a short tour to the continent, during which he became personally acquainted with Le Comte de Buffon. While in Paris he passed much of his time with this naturalist, and afterwards spent some days with him at his seat at Monbard.

At Ferney he visited Voltaire, "who happened," says Mr. P., which is nearly the whole account he gives of him, "to be in good humour, and was very entertaining; and in his attempt to speak English, convinced us that he was a perfect master of our oaths and our curses."

At Bern he commenced an acquaintance with Baron Haller, and at the Hague with Dr. Pallas. His meeting with the latter gave rise to his *Synopsis of Quadrupeds*; and afterwards, in a second edition, to his *History of Quadrupeds*.

In 1769 he made his first tour into Scotland, a country at that time almost as little known to its southern brethren as Kamtschatka. He published an account of this journey, which proved that the northern parts of Great Britain might be visited with safety, and even with pleasure; and from this time Scotland has formed one of the fashionable British tours.

Previously to the year 1778, he made several journies over North Wales, during which he collected ample materials for his work upon this country, which was published at different intervals in two volumes, quarto.

To his regular and temperate mode of life, and his riding exercise, for he performed all his different tours on horseback, with the perfect ease of mind that he enjoyed on these pleasing excursions, he attributes the almost uninterrupted good health that he enjoyed for near seventy years. His general time of retiring to rest was ten o'clock; and he rose both in summer and winter at seven.

His favourite exercise seems to have been on horseback,

and this he continued, as far as he was able, to the latest period of his life, "considering the absolute resignation of the person to the luxury of a carriage, to forbode a very short interval betwixt that and the vehicle which is to carry us to our last stage."

In the year 1792, the sixty-seventh of his age, he says of himself, "though my body may have somewhat abated its wonted vigour, yet my mind still retains its powers, its longing after improvement, its wish to see new lights through the chinks which time has made." And speaking of his great attempt, the *Outlines of the Globe*: "Happy is the life that could beguile its fleeting hours without injury to any one, and, with addition of years, continue to rise in its pursuits. But more interesting, and still more exalted subjects, must employ my future span."

Some of these latter observations appear in his "*Literary Life*," which contains his biography, so far as relates, principally, to his literary concerns, to the commencement of the year 1793. This, although published by himself, he whimsically denominates a posthumous work, the name in dotted characters subscribed to the advertisement, indicating it to be sent into the world by his departed *literary* spirit. From this time he declares himself determined to appear in no new works before the public, yet the activity of his mind would not suffer him, even in his advanced age, entirely to resign himself to private labours and domestic concerns; accordingly he wrote, and in 1796 printed, the "*History of Whitford and Holywell*," the word

RESURGAM

appropriately occupying the leaf preceding the title. He afterwards published also the two first volumes of the "*Outlines of the Globe*."

The loss of an amiable daughter, in the year 1794, had

so great an effect upon his mind, that he was never able perfectly to recover it.

Towards the latter end of the year 1796 he began to be affected by the pulmonary complaint which at length terminated his life. His mental faculties, however, still continued in a great measure unimpaired till the month of October, 1798, when his disorder began to wear a serious aspect. He was from this time confined to his bed, and on the 16th of December closed his existence without a groan. Conscious of approaching dissolution, he met the stroke with the utmost composure and resignation.

Two miles to the north-west of Downing is MOSTYN HALL, the seat of the Mostyn family.

About two miles from St. Asaph is the entrance to the celebrated

VALE OF CLWYD.

The whole scene from the side of the hill appears to the greatest advantage. Towards the south stands Denbigh, with the shattered remains of its castle crowning the summit of a rocky steep in the middle of the vale; and on the north, clad in its sober hue, the castle of Rhyddlan. The intervening space is enlivened with meadows, woods, and cottages, whilst the whole is bounded by the sea on the one side, and the dark retiring mountains on the other. This, from the extent of the picture, is not a scene fitted for the pencil, though its numerous beauties must attract the attention of every lover of nature.

Descending into the vale and crossing the bridge over the little river Clwyd, the traveller soon arrives at

ST. ASAPH,

Or, as it is called by the Welsh, Llan Elwy, *the Church of Elwy*, a name obtained from its situation on the bank of

the river Elwy, which runs along the west side of the place. It consists of little more than a single street, and the houses are built in tolerable uniformity, up the side of a hill. The number of its inhabitants is 3144. It has a cathedral and parish church; and as a city is one of the most insignificant in existence. The cathedral, though small, is plain and neat, and well situated. The episcopal palace is a large and convenient building, under the grounds of which the Elwy flows. The deanery is on the opposite side of the river, and stands due west of the cathedral.

History of the Cathedral.—Cynderyn Garthwys, or Kentigern, the son of Owain ap Urien Rged, was Bishop of Glasgow and Primate of Scotland, but was driven thence by the persecutions of one of the Scottish princes. He fled into Wales, where he was taken into the protection of Cadwallon, uncle to Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, who assigned to him Llan Elwy as a place of residence. Here, about the year 560, he founded an episcopal seat and monastery, and became himself the first bishop. On the death of his persecutor he was recalled into Scotland, but first nominated his disciple Asa or Asaph, his successor, from whom both the church and place received their names. In the time of Asa, the number of monks were 965; of these 300 were labourers in the fields, 300 servants about the monastery, and the rest were religious. Asa died about the year 596, and was interred in the cathedral. About the year 1247, in the wars betwixt Henry III. and the Welsh, the Bishops both of St. Asaph and Bangor were driven from their sees, and were obliged to have recourse to voluntary contributions for subsistence. Somewhat more than thirty years after this period, the cathedral was consumed by fire, and two years were occupied in rebuilding it. The roof and upper parts with the bishop's palace and canons' houses were again destroyed by Owen

Glyndwr in 1404; and they continued in ruins for upwards of seventy years, when they were rebuilt by Bishop Redman.

During the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, the postmaster of St. Asaph, who had attached himself to the puritanical party, occupied the bishop's palace, in which he kept the post-office. He used the font belonging to the cathedral as a trough for watering his horses, and, by way of venting his spleen on the established clergy, he tied up his calves in the bishop's throne.

The following are mortuaries that were formerly due to the bishop of this diocese on the death of every beneficed clergyman. On the interference of Bishop Fleetwood they were set aside by act of parliament, and the living of Northop was annexed to the bishopric in their stead.

His best gelding, horse, or mare.	His waistcoat.
His best gown.	His hat and cap.
His best cloak.	His falchion.
His best coat, jerkin, doublet, and breeches.	His best book.
His hose or nether stockings, shoes, and garters.	His surplice.
	His purse and girdle.
	His knife and gloves.
	His signet, or ring of gold.

Not many years ago it was usual to point out to strangers a mark on a black stone in the pavement of the street, about the middle of the hill between the two churches, as the print of St. Asaph's horse-shoe, when he leaped with him from Onan-hassa, which is about two miles off. This, however, observes Mr. Grose, who relates the story, seems to have been a miracle performed rather by the horse than by the saint, to whom it is ascribed, unless the keeping of his seat at so great a leap may be deemed such. What was the occasion of this extraordinary leap we are not told;

whether only to show the agility of his horse, or to escape the assaults of the foul fiend, who, in those days, took unaccountable liberties even with saints.*

The tower of the cathedral commands a most extensive prospect of the vale of Clwyd, in every direction; and is almost the only situation for seeing it to advantage. The river Clwyd, from which the vale takes its name, is a diminutive stream that meanders along its bottom, scarcely three yards across in the widest part. Its banks are low, and after sudden rains it is subject to the most dreadful overflowings, the torrent at these times frequently sweeping along with it even the very soil of the land it passes over. From this circumstance it is that much of the land near its banks is let at very low rents. This vale is perhaps the most extensive of any in the kingdom, being nearly twenty-four miles in length, and about seven in width; containing the three considerable towns of St. Asaph, Denbigh, and Ruthin; and though it is impossible to exhibit a more beautiful scene of fertility, yet, from its great width and its want of water, the painter would perhaps prefer to it many of the deep and picturesque glens of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire.

The principal inn at St. Asaph is the White Lion.

* Grose's Antiquities, vol. vii. p. 43.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EXCURSION FROM ST. ASAPH UP THE VALE OF CLYWD AS FAR AS RUTHIN AND BACK.

(28 Miles.)

Denbigh—Denbigh Castle—History of Denbigh Castle—Llanrhaiadr.

O DENBIGH, now appeare, thy turne is next,
I need no gloss, nor shade to set thee out :
For if my pen doe follow playnest text,
And passe right way, and goe nothing about,
Thou shalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
The noblest soyle, that is in any part :
And for thy seate, and castle do compare,
With any one of Wales, what'ere they are.

So says honest Churchyard, in a poetical account of "The Worthies of Wales," written about the middle of the sixteenth century when Denbigh was accounted a place of considerable importance, and when its walls and castle were entire.

The road from St. Asaph to Denbigh lies entirely along the vale of Clwyd, but is so low, and the vale so wide, and so much intersected with lofty hedge-rows, that it is only in two or three places that any interesting prospect can be obtained. A woody dell, watered by the river Elwy, and ornamented with a gentleman's seat or two, pleasingly situated amongst the trees on its rising bank, affords a picturesque scene on the right of the road, about three miles from St. Asaph.

DENBIGH.

Six miles distant from St. Asaph's is the town of Denbigh, concealed from the sight by low intervening mountains, until arriving within about a mile of it. It is situated on a rock, whose summit is crowned by the fine ruins of its castle, nearly in the middle of the vale of Clwyd. The principal street approaches the market-place from the foot of the hill, and contains several good private residences. The population of Denbigh is 3786. Great improvements have of late taken place here, the streets have been widened and well paved and lighted.

DENBIGH CASTLE.

The entrance into the castle is through a large Gothic arch, which was formerly flanked by two octagonal towers, both now in ruins. In an ornamental niche over the arch, there is a figure of its founder Henry de Lacy; and over another gate, that formerly stood on the left of this, there was also a statue of his wife Margaret, the daughter of William Longspee, Earl of Salisbury. This castle has once been a most extensive building; and from the strength and thickness of its walls, it appears to have been impregnable, except by artillery or famine. The breaches in the walls (observes Mr. Grose) plainly show in what manner they were constructed. Two walls, occupying the extremities, of the intended thickness, were first built in the ordinary manner, with a vacuity betwixt them, into which was poured a mixture of hot mortar and rough stones of all sizes, which, on cooling, consolidated into a mass as hard as stone. This kind of building was called *grouting*.

The parish church of Denbigh is Whitchurch, about a mile distant; but there is a chapel of ease within the walls

of the castle, a building which was formerly used as the chapel to the garrison. At a little distance from this there is also part of the body of a church begun by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in 1579. Elizabeth granted to this nobleman the castle and lordship of Denbigh. But having incurred the hatred of the inhabitants by his tyrannical and oppressive conduct, he chose to leave it in its present unfinished state.

From the walls of the castle there is a fine view of all the country for many miles round. From hence the vale, in all its pastoral beauty, is displayed before the eye. The banks of the little river are pleasingly decorated; and the boundary mountains finely contrast their naked barren sides with the delightful scene of fertility between them.

History of Denbigh Castle.—After the death of Llewelyn, the last Prince of Wales, Edward I. granted the lordship of Denbigh to Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who began the castle, and fortified the town with a strong wall, but before the castle was completed, his son was thrown by accident into the well and killed. This misfortune had such an effect on the earl, that he had not resolution to finish what he had begun; and Leland states that the interior never was finished.* After the death of the earl, the castle and lordship devolved by marriage with his daughter, upon Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. On his attainder they were given by Edward II. to Hugh D'Espencer, on whose execution, they again escheated to the crown, and were granted by Edward III. to Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, in exchange for lands to the value of a thousand pounds per annum. But his attainder and execution enabled the king, not long afterwards, to grant them to Sir William de Montacute, whom he created Earl of Salisbury. This earl seems to have been the first owner of Denbigh, since

* Leland's Itinerary, v. 562—58.

the founder of its castle, who had not been arraigned for high treason; he was a most zealous and active adherent of the state. He died in 1333; and on the subsequent reversal of the attainder of the Earl of March, the lordship and castle of Denbigh were restored to that family. By the marriage of Ann, the sister to the last Earl of March, with Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, they came into the house of York, and thence to the crown. King Edward IV., while Duke of York, was besieged in Denbigh Castle by the army of Henry VI.; and the king declared it his intention, if Edward was taken, to give him his life, but, on condition only that he should for ever banish himself from the realm:* he however escaped. In 1563 Queen Elizabeth bestowed this castle and lordship on her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who raised the rents from two to nine hundred pounds a year, and arbitrarily inclosed much of the common lands. An insurrection was the consequence, and two of the principal insurgents were hanged at Shrewsbury. The disputes arose to so alarming an height, that it at length became necessary to request the interference of the queen, who by granting them a charter confirmed to the tenants the quiet possession of their lands. A new cause of disturbance arose in the reign of William III. from the vast grant that had been made to the Earl of Portland: the people were, however, hushed by the same means that had been adopted in the former reign.

After the retreat of Charles the First from Chester in September, 1645, he came to Denbigh Castle, and the tower in which he had apartments still retains the name of the King's Tower. The castle continued till the following year in the

* Leland's Itin. v. 58. The words are, " King Edw. IV. was besieged in Denbigh castelle, and ther it was pacid betwene *king Henry's* men and *hym* (self) that he should with life departe the realme never to returne.. If they had taken king Edward there, debellatum fuisset."

hands of the royalists, Colonel William Salisbury being the governor; and in the month of July it was besieged by a party of the parliament's forces under the command of General Mytton. Three months, however, elapsed before the garrison would surrender. After the restoration of Charles II., it is said to have been blown up with gunpowder, and thus rendered altogether untenable by the forces of an enemy.

The castle and lordship belong at present to the crown.

With respect to the town of Denbigh, Leland informs us that there had been many streets within the walls, but that in his time (before the middle of the sixteenth century) these were nearly all demolished, the householders within the walls scarcely then exceeding eighty in number. This decay is supposed to have arisen from the joint inconveniences of the want of water, and the steep situation of the old town. It became gradually abandoned, till at length it was wholly deserted, and a new town much more convenient was formed about the bottom of the rock. The town walls, like those of the castle, appear to have had great strength. There were only two gates, the Exchequer and the Burgess's Gate. In the former (which was on the west side) the lord's courts were holden, and in the other (which was on the north) the burgesses held their courts. Besides these the walls had only four towers.*

This place was endowed with the privileges of a free borough by Richard the Second.

The principal inns at Denbigh are the Bull and the Crown.

At the east end of the town there was formerly a house of Carmelite, or White Friars, dedicated to St. Mary. This is said by some historians to have been founded by John de Salisbury, who died in 1289; but according to others, it

* Leland's *Itin.* v. 56.

was the work of John de Sanismore, towards the close of the fourteenth century.

Whitchurch, the parish church to Denbigh, is a white-washed structure of no very elegant appearance and in a dilapidated condition. It is chiefly celebrated as containing the remains of Sir Richard Middleton, governor of Denbigh castle, under Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, who died in 1576; and of Humphrey Llwyd, the antiquary, to whose memory there is a mural monument, containing a figure of himself in the attitude of prayer. Besides these, a neat monument in the western wall has been erected by the Gwyneddigion Society, to the memory of Thomas Edwards, of Nant, commonly called Twm o’Nant, the celebrated Cambrian poet, who died in 1810, at the age of 71, and was interred in the church-yard.

The approach to Denbigh from Whitchurch is much more august and grand than from any other side. The castle, from this road, is seen finely situated on the summit of its rock, which being nearly perpendicular, affords one a good idea of the ancient strength of the place. From hence, also, the accompanying scenery appears more open and varied than from any other part of the immediate neighbourhood of the town.

The road from Denbigh to Ruthin, eight miles in length, affords throughout extremely beautiful views. Three miles and a half from Denbigh,

LLANRHAIADR,

The Village of the Cataract,* is situated on a small eminence in the midst of this fertile vale.

The *church* is a handsome structure, with a large and

* This is the literal translation of the Welsh word; for what reason the name was given to this village it is difficult to conjecture, as there is no cataract near the place.

somewhat elegant east window, containing a representation of the genealogy of Christ from Jesse. The patriarch is painted upon his back, with the genealogical tree growing from his stomach. Near this building is a tombstone containing the following inscription, which affords a memorable instance of the pride of ancestry which is inherent in the Welsh character :—

Heare lyeth the body of
John, ap Robert of Porth, ap
David, ap Griffith, ap David
Vaughan, ap Blethyn, ap
Griffith, ap Meredith,
ap Iorwerth, ap Llewelyn,
ap Ieroth, ap Heilin, ap
Cowryd, ap Cadvan, ap
Alawgwa, ap Cadell,
the
KING OF POWIS,
who departed this life the
xx day of March, in the
year of our Lord God,
1643, and of
his age xcv.

About a quarter of a mile distant there is a celebrated spring called Ffynnon Dyfnog, *the Well of Dyfnog*. There was on this spot a bath, and formerly a chapel dedicated to this Welsh saint.

A description of Rutlin has been given in Chapter XXIII. page 217.



CHAPTER XXX.

ST. ASAPH TO CONWAY,*

(By Rhyddlan 19 Miles.)

Rhyddlan—Morfa Rhyddlan—Rhyddlan Castle—History of Rhyddlan Castle—Rhyl—Diserth—Diserth Castle—Cefn Ogo—Pearl Fishery—Conway—The Suspension Bridge—Conway Castle—History of Conway Castle—Plus Mawr.

FROM St. Asaph to the village of Rhyddlan, or the *Red Shore*, so called from the colour of its site, the country all the way is interesting. Proceeding for about a mile and looking back, the traveller is presented with a view of the little city of St. Asaph, occupying the slope of the hill, at the top of which stands the cathedral, and the intermingled trees and houses, with the turbulent river Elwy flowing at the bottom, under a majestic bridge of five arches, altogether form an extremely beautiful scene.

RHYDDLAN

Lies in a flat, on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about two miles from its influx into the sea. The river is in this part a little extended in width, so as, at high water, to admit

* The direct road from St. Asaph to Conway is only 18 miles, and leaves Rhyddlan to the right; that by Rhyddlan is a mile longer, the distances being as follow, (viz.) by the direct road; from St. Asaph to Abergele 7 miles, from Abergele to Conway, 11: by the road through Rhyddlan; from St. Asaph to Rhyddlan 3 miles, from Rhyddlan to Abergele 6, and from Abergele to Conway 11.

of small vessels riding up, as far as the bridge. Although Rhyddlan is now a very insignificant village, it was formerly a place of considerable magnitude and importance; but no traces whatever are left to warrant this statement except the ruins of its castle.* Edward I. annexed to Rhyddlan the privileges of a free borough, in order to facilitate an intercourse betwixt the Welsh and English, and for the purpose of allaying the rooted enmity and the unhappy jealousies that had for centuries rent the two countries. In all his proceedings our monarch exhibited strong features of policy. He had been early taught, that when stratagem would supply the place of men and treasure, it was at least wise, if not always just, to adopt it. Hence originated the statute of Rhyddlan, and from similar motives his infant son was proclaimed Prince of Wales. This statute, which was passed in a parliament assembled here in the year 1283, contains a set of regulations for the government of Wales; it also recites many curious particulars relative to the Welsh customs previous to Edward's conquest, against which it was in a great measure directed. His imposing upon them his son, who had, not long before, been born at Caernarvon, for a prince, is an instance of craft which we are surprised to observe in so great a monarch as Edward. He assembled the Welsh barons and chief men, and informed them, that in consequence of their long-expressed desire to have a prince, a native of their own country, he had at length determined to indulge them in nominating one whose whole life had been hitherto irreproachable, and who could not even speak a word of English. Little did they think, when expressing their acclamations of joy and unbounded promises of obedience, that the prince, who was so immaculate, had scarcely been born twelve months, and was at least

* "Non procul a mari Rudlana in Tegenia, olim magnus urbs, nunc exiguus vicus situatur."--*Ihuud Comment. Brit.* 56.

able to speak as much English as Welsh. The scheme in a great measure succeeded; and, aided by the strength he had at that time obtained in the country, and the additional forces that he brought into it from England, he totally subdued this warlike people.

MORFA RHYDDLAN.

Between the village and the sea is a large marsh, called Morfa Rhyddlan, *the Marsh of Rhyddlan*, where, in the year 795, a dreadful battle was fought betwixt the Welsh people under their leader Caradoc, and the Saxon forces headed by Offa, King of Mercia. The Welsh were routed, and their commander was slain. The Saxon prince, in the heat of his revenge, cruelly ordered all the men and children of the enemy that fell into his hands to be massacred, the women alone escaping his fury. This tragical event is supposed to have been recorded by a poem, written shortly afterwards, copies of which are now extant. The plaintive air called Morfa Rhyddlan, as we are told by some, had its origin about the same period; but, from its construction, infinitely too artificial for those dark ages, it is easy to discern that it must be attributed to a much more recent date.

RHYDDLAN CASTLE.

The castle is of red stone, nearly square, and has six towers, two at each of two opposite corners, and only one at each of the others. One of these was called the *King's Tower*, Twr y Brenin. It had a double ditch on the north, and a strong wall and foss all round. In this wall a tower called Twr y Silod is yet standing. The principal entrance appears to have been at the north-west angle, between two round towers; the two opposite to these are much shattered, but the remainder are tolerably entire.

History of Rhyddlan Castle.—There is some difference

of opinion as to the period at which this castle was first erected. Two celebrated historians, Powel and Camden, attribute it, and apparently with justice, to Llewelyn ap Sitsylt, who reigned in Wales at the commencement of the eleventh century, and who, they inform us, made it the place of his residence. In 1063, three years before William the Conqueror came to the throne, Rhyddlan castle was in the possession of Griffith ap Llewelyn, prince of North Wales. It was in that year attacked and burnt by Harold, the son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, (afterwards King of England), in retaliation for some depredations committed by the Welsh on the English borders. The Welsh soon rebuilt this their barrier fortress, which appears to have been of no small importance to them, in the incursions upon their neighbours, affording them a refuge whenever they were driven back, or had the misfortune to be worsted in combat. But in 1098 it appears to have been wrested from them by Robert, surnamed, from the event, *de Rhyddlan*, the nephew and lieutenant of Hugh, Earl of Chester. Considerable additions were now made to it, and this hero was stationed in it with sufficient force to overawe the Welsh, and repel any attacks they might make. While situated here, Griffith ap Cynan, Prince of Wales, earnestly entreated for aid against some foes by whom he had been assailed, and Robert afforded him every assistance in his power; but, on some quarrel that afterwards took place, Griffith attacked him in the castle, burnt part of the buildings, and slew a great number of his men. It was repaired and fortified by Henry II. who gave it to Hugh de Beauchamp; but in 1169, whilst Henry was engaged in foreign affairs, it was attacked by Owen Gwynedd, and his brother Cadwaladr, assisted by Ryse ap Griffith, and, after two months' blockade, was surrendered to them. The English recovered it, and about 1214, in the reign of King John, it was again at-

tacked and taken by the Welsh, under their Prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth. It is mentioned as being the last fortress which John held in this country, the Welsh having now entirely driven him out. Towards the latter end of the reign of Richard I., Ranulph Blundeville, Earl of Chester, being surprised by the Welsh army whilst in this castle, sent express to his constable of Chester, Roger Lacy, to hasten to his relief with the best forces he could collect. It was on Midsummer's day, and there happened to be a fair at Chester. Roger, therefore, immediately got together a mob of fiddlers, players and other idle fellows, and marched with them towards Rhyddlan. The Welsh, with Llewelyn at their head, observing at a distance an immense crowd, concluded it to be the English army; they therefore immediately raised the siege, and fled with precipitation. As a recompense for this service, the earl granted to Lacy and his heirs the government over all the people of the above motley description in the county of Chester. This was afterwards, in part, assigned by the son of Lacy to Hugh Dutton, his steward, and his heirs, by the following deed:—

“ Sciant presentes et futuri, quod ego, Johannes constabularius Cestrie, dedi et concessi, et hâc presenti meâ chartâ confirmavi Hugoni de Dutton et hæredibus suis, magistratum omnium leccatorum et meretricum totius Cestershirie, sicut liberius illum magistratum teneo de comite. Salvo jure meo, mihi et hæredibus meis.”*

This instrument is without a date, but it appears to have been given some time about the year 1220. By virtue of this, the heirs of Hugh Dutton claimed, in the reign of Henry VII., an annual payment of four-pence from every female of doubtful character, within the precincts of the county of Chester. They also claimed that all the minstrels of the county should appear before them, or their stewards,

* *Leccator* in the old law Latin signified a riotous and debauched person.

yearly, at the feast of St. John the Baptist, and present to them four flaggons of wine and a lance; and that every minstrel should also pay four-pence halfpenny as a licence to exercise his calling. This anniversary and custom was observed so lately as the year 1758, when it appears to have been first discontinued. On this festival the minstrels always went in procession to attend divine service at St. John's Church in Chester.

The Welsh, after the surrender to them of Rhyddlan castle, in the reign of King John, appear to have had possession of it many years. The next circumstance which has been recorded of it is, that, on the refusal of Llewelyn ap Griffith to do homage to Edward the First, this monarch, at the head of a considerable army, marched into Wales, and, amongst others, took this castle, fortified it, and placed in it a strong garrison. Not long afterwards it was taken by Ryse ap Maelgwn, and Griffith ap Meredith ap Owen, but they were soon compelled to abandon it: for in 1283, Edward held a parliament at Rhyddlan, and appears to have himself resided for a while in the castle. In 1399 it was seized by the Earl of Northumberland, previously to the deposition of Richard II., who dined there, in company with the earl, in his way to Flint. In the civil wars Rhyddlan Castle was garrisoned for the king, but it was surrendered to General Mytton in July, 1646, and in the December following was ordered by the parliament to be dismantled. It is at present the property of the crown.

Not far from the castle there was formerly a house of *Black Friars*, founded some time before 1268; for in that year Anian, who is related to have been prior of this house, was created Bishop of St. Asaph. It suffered greatly in the wars between Edward and Llewelyn, but was recovered;

and subsisted until the dissolution, although it does not appear in the valuations either of Dugdale or Speed.*

Two miles to the north of Rhyddlan, where the river Clwyd discharges itself into the sea, is

RHYL,

A place which has recently come into note, and is frequented by persons for the purpose of sea-bathing, for which it affords great advantages. Two commodious hotels have been erected here, besides which there are several lodging-houses. In 1831 hot and cold baths were formed, to which are attached billiard and news-rooms, and a spacious bowling green. Steam packets ply daily during the season between this place and Liverpool.

Two miles and a half to the east of Rhyddlan is the village of

DISERTH.

The church stands in a romantic bottom, and is finely overshadowed with several large yew trees that grow around it. In the church yard are many very singular tomb-stones.

DISERTH CASTLE†

Stands on the summit of a high lime-stone rock, at the distance of about half a mile from the village. Its present remains consist only of a few shattered walls. Hence there is a fine prospect of part of the vale of Clwyd.

This castle, which was formerly a British post, the last of the chain on the Clwydian hills, had also the name of Castell y Craig, *The Castle of the Rock*. The time of its foundation is not known. It was fortified by Henry III. about

* Tanner.—Brown Willis says it was reported that there was an abbey here, the religious of which were of a military order.

† The word Diserth seems to be derived from the Welsh *dy*, very, and *serth*, steep, from the elevated situation of its castle.

the year 1241; and appears to have been the property of the earls of Chester. In the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry III. it became annexed to the crown; and about twenty years afterwards was entirely destroyed, with the castle of Diganwy, near Conway, by Llewellyn ap Griffith.

ABERGELE.

ABERGELE, though but a small market town, is pleasantly situated at the distance of half a mile from the sea, and during the summer months is much resorted to by bathers.

The principal inn is the Bee.

About a mile from Abergele, on the left of the road, stands Gwrch Castle, a modern straggling castellated mansion, the seat of L. H. B. Hesketh, Esq. Not far hence is a huge calcareous rock, called CEFN OGO, which contains, amongst other natural caverns, one of vast extent. The entrance to this is under an arch forty-eight feet in height, near which, in the interior, is a tall natural column dividing the cavern into two apartments; the one to the left soon terminates, but that to the right spreads into a spacious chamber thirty feet in height, and extends far into the interior of the rock. The sides and roof of this cavern are studded with beautiful pendant stalactites, and the ground is strewn with immense masses of stalagmite of the most grotesque and fanciful forms.

Beyond Llandulas, the Dark Village, the road winds round a huge lime-stone rock, called Penmaen Rhôs.

It is supposed to have been in some of the deep glens of this neighbourhood, that King Richard the Second was surprised by a band of armed ruffians, secreted there by the Earl of Northumberland, for the purpose of betraying him into the hands of Bolingbroke, who was waiting the event at Flint.

At a short distance from Conway the fine old town, with its gloomy walls and towers, majestic castle, and wide river crossed by the embankment and bridge, backed as they are by rising, wooded, and meadowy grounds, and beyond by the vast mountains of Caernarvonshire, form a magnificent landscape.

PEARL FISHERY.

The river Conway was celebrated in former times as a pearl-fishery; and pearls have been found there at different intervals ever since the Roman conquest. The shell in which they are found is called the Pearl Muscle, and is the *Mya margaritifera* of Linnæus.* It is peculiar to stoney and rapid rivers, burying itself with its open end downward in the sand. The pearl is a calculus, or morbid concretion, supposed to be produced by some disease, and is at times found even in the common oyster and muscle. It is sometimes within the body of the animal, and sometimes on the inside of the shell; and one muscle frequently contains more than a single pearl. The shells that bear the best pearls are not smooth and equal like the rest, but crooked and wrinkled; and the larger the pearls are the greater is the deformity of the shell. Linnæus informed Mr. Pennant that he had discovered the art of causing the pearls to form: he however refused to communicate it, and it is supposed to have died with him. When there are pearls in the shells, the animals, on being squeezed, will eject them, and they even sometimes spontaneously cast them on the sand of the river. It is reported in the country that Sir Richard Wynn of Gwydir presented the queen of Charles II. with a pearl

* GEN. CHAR. Shell bivalve, gaping at one end. Hinge with a broad thick tooth, not let into the opposite valve.

SPEC. CHAR. Shape oval, bending in on one side. Shell thick, opaque, and heavy. Tooth of the hinge smooth and conical. Length 5 or 6 inches: breadth about 2½.

from the river Conway, which was afterwards placed in the regal crown.

CONWAY,

Or as it is sometimes called, Aber Conway, though somewhat gloomy, from the antiquity of many of its buildings, is on the whole a most beautiful and picturesque town. Its walls, founded for the most part on the solid rock, and in many places above twelve feet in thickness, are nearly entire. The houses are irregular, but by no means bad; and with the exception of a few buildings on the bank of the river, are all contained within the walls. The population of Conway is 1245.

There are three entrances to this town: one by the Chester road, over the Suspension Bridge, and through the eastern gateway; another by the Llanrwst road, through the southern gateway; and the third by the Bangor road, through the western gateway.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

In the water opposite the castle, and about 100 yards distant, is an insulated rock, between which and the castle there is a deep and rapid current: on the eastern side of this little island is a mass of sand banks nearly half a mile wide, wholly covered by the sea at high water, but dry, with the exception of a narrow channel, when the tide is out. A ferry had long been established across this tideway, but being unsheltered from the north-west winds, which at times blow with great violence, and the sand banks shifting with every change of the wind and tide, it was peculiarly dangerous in rough weather, and sometimes totally impassable; the great inconvenience this occasioned, and in addition, the extravagant charges sometimes made by the ferrymen, rendered the construction of a bridge from the town to the op-

posite shore very desirable; and at the time the improvement of the communication between England and Ireland was in contemplation, the construction of a bridge and embankment across the river Conway formed a part of the general scheme. Accordingly, a design for a suspension bridge was submitted to the parliamentary commissioners by Mr. Telford, and approved of by them. On the 3d of April, 1822, the first stone was laid, and in July, 1826, the bridge and embankment were opened to the public. The works connected with the bridge were entrusted to the same hands as those which executed the Menai Bridge, and the stone used was brought from the same quarry as that used in its construction.

The length of the Conway Suspension Bridge, between the centres of the supporting towers, is 327 feet; the height of the underside of the roadway, above high water at spring tides, is 15 feet; and the length of the embankment is 2015 feet.*

• The Conway Suspension Bridge may perhaps be considered as an ornamental addition to the castle; not so however the lodge on the embankment: inelegant in itself, it impedes the view of the bridge and castle. The piers of the bridge were at one time stained, in order that their colour might blend with that of the castle, but they are now completely bleached.

CONWAY CASTLE

Stands upon a rock, two sides of which are washed by the river. Its architecture and situation are truly grand.

On the rock, which is situated in the river, and which now serves as a foundation for the bridge, there was formerly a tower, which terminated a curtain coming from that angle of the town-wall; and at the other end there was a similar

* Provis's Account of the Menai and Conway Bridges.

one, which has long since been destroyed. Besides these, the castle was also defended by eight large circular towers, from each of which formerly issued a slender turret, of use as a watch-tower : of the latter only four are remaining. The exterior walls are of the same thickness as those round the town. These, as well as the towers, except one on the south side of the castle, are, in their general external appearance, tolerably entire. The lower part of that, however, from the stones having been taken away from the foundation, has fallen down the rock. The upper part remains still suspended at a great height above, and exhibits in the breach, observes Mr. Pennant, "such vast strength of walling, as might have given to the architect the most reasonable hope that his work would have endured to the end of time."

The chief entrance into the castle is at the north-west end, formerly over a deep trench and drawbridge.

The hall is the most remarkable part of the building now left, and has once been a magnificent apartment. It is 130 feet long, about 30 broad, and upwards of 20 in height. The ceiling was supported by eight flat Gothic arches. It was lighted by six narrow windows towards the river, and three much larger and more ornamented towards the court. It appears to have had cellars under the south side and at the east end, the roof of which has long been destroyed. Only four of the arches above the hall are left, and from these and the walls the ivy hangs in the greatest luxuriance.

The two towers at the end of the castle opposite to the great gate, are called, one the *King's*, and the other the *Queen's Tower*, from Edward I. and his consort Eleanor, who had their respective apartments in them. Those of the former are altogether plain ; but in the room on the second story of the latter, there is an elegant Gothic niche of considerable size in the wall. This is formed by six arches

crossing each other, and in the recesses between the pillars which support these there have been seats. In the three middle recesses, which command a prospect of the river, are the remains of three small Gothic windows. This is supposed to have been what was anciently called the *Oriel*, and to have contained the queen's toilet. In the front of the towers is a court, whencoe probably the royal pair, when at this castle, used to admire together the numerous beauties of the surrounding country..

History of Conway Castle.—Edward I. erected this castle in the year 1283, and at the same time built the walls of the town, and repaired several of his other castles in Wales. The situation fully evinced the judgment of its founder, having a complete command of the river, and by its vicinity to the strong pass of Penmaen Mawr, enabling the king's troops to occupy it on the least commotion, and thus cut off all communication from the interior of the mountains. In one instance Edward found himself very unpleasantly situated here. He, with a few of his men, had preceded the body of his army, and crossed the river, soon after which the tide flowed in, and prevented his men from following. The Welsh in the mountains receiving intelligence of this, descended upon the castle in a body, and made a furious attack upon him and his handful of men within. Destitute of every kind of provision, except a little honey and water, they were reduced to great distress: but, by the strength of the walls, and their own activity and bravery, they were enabled to hold out until the water again retired, and the rest of the army came over to their relief. In the year 1399, Richard II., on his return from Ireland, having landed in Wales, heard that the Duke of Lancaster had prepared an immense force against him, and fearing the weakness of his own army, the king, in company with a few friends, stole in the night to Conway Castle. Here he hoped to remain secure

till something effectual could be resolved upon; but his hope was vain, for the insinuating treachery of Northumberland drew him into the very snare he so much dreaded, and which in the end cost him his crown and life. In the civil wars this castle was repaired and fortified for Charles I. by Dr. John Williams, Archbishop of York; this was done at the king's express request, who faithfully promised that it should remain in the immediate possession of the archbishop, or of any one whom he chose to appoint, until the money expended was repaid. When it was finished, several of the neighbouring families deposited in it their writings, plate, and valuables to a great amount: for these, the archbishop gave to each owner a receipt, rendering himself liable to account for their loss. In May, 1645, however, Sir John Owen, a colonel in the king's service, obtained from Prince Rupert a commission appointing him governor of the castle. By virtue of this he surprised and took it, dispossessing the archbishop, notwithstanding the solemn engagement of the king to the contrary, and refused to give any security for the valuables within. The prelate applied to the court for redress, but in vain; and being persuaded by General Mytton, he quitted that party, and went over to the side of the parliament. He now fortified his own house, which was not far distant, and Mytton supplied him with forces to garrison it. The governor, says Rushworth, upon notice of such his revolt, sent out a party from Conway to besiege him in his house; but he, sending to Colonel Mytton for assistance, a party was despatched thither to interpose for and assist him, and the archbishop, acting with zeal on the occasion, was wounded in the neck. Mytton having assembled his forces, it was resolved to storm the town, which was accordingly attempted, and with some loss accomplished, and a few days afterwards the castle surrendered; the colonel, with relentless antipathy to the Irish,

ordered all who were seized within the walls to be tied back to back, and flung into the river. For his services, the parliament granted to the archbishop a general pardon, and in addition a release from all his sequestrations. After the Restoration this fortress was granted by Charles II. to Edward Earl of Conway, who, in 1665, ordered all the iron, timber and lead, to be taken down and transported to Ireland, under the pretence that it was to be used there in his majesty's service. Several gentlemen of note in the country opposed the design, but their remonstrances were over-ruled, and this noble pile was reduced nearly to its present condition. It is at this time held of the crown at an annual rent of 6s. 8d., and a dish of fish to Lord Hertford as often as he passes through the town.

The *Church*, said to have been the conventual church belonging to the monastery, is an inelegant but antique structure. There are within it a few monuments to the memory of different branches of the Wynne family. Among other inscriptions is one recording an instance of fecundity somewhat uncommon. It is on a plain stone over the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conway, who was interred here in the year 1637, and is stated to have been the forty-first child of his father, and himself the father of twenty-seven children.

A few years ago there were some remains of the Cistercian Abbey founded here by Prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, in 1185, but at present no traces of them are visible. In this convent, and that of Strata Florida in Cardiganshire, were kept the Welsh Historical Records, from 1126 till the year 1270. The founder was buried in the church of the abbey; but after the dissolution his coffin was removed to Llanrwst. In the same church, A.D. 1220, was also interred Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd: his body was inclosed in the habiliments of a monk, holy garments, which in those superstitious days

were deemed proof against every power of Satan; and thus, as Moret said of Albertus, "he turned monk after he was dead."

In the principal street there is a large pile of building called Plâs Mawr, *The Great Mansion*. This appears to have been erected in the year 1576 by Robert Wynne, Esq. of Gwydir. Over the gateway is the inscription, *Ἀνεχου, απειχου, sustine, abstine*. The apartments, which are very numerous, are ornamented in a rude style with arms and uncouth figures in stucco work.

Edward made Conway a free borough; and the mayor for the time being was the constable of the castle. Amongst other privileges, it possessed one, in common with all other English garrisons on the west side of the Clwyd, that when any person committed a crime within that district, he could not be convicted but by a jury empannelled within it.

The principal inns are the Castle and the Harp.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EXCURSION FROM CONWAY ROUND THE CREIDDIN.

*Creiddin—Diganwy—Taliesin, the British Bard—Llandudno—Hwyfhar
Ceirw—Copper Mines—Orme's Head—Gloddaeth—Bodscallan—
Marl.*

CREIDDIN is a commot or hundred of Caernarvonshire, situated on the side of the river opposite to Conway, and forming a considerable promontory into the Irish sea. It is terminated by an extensive rock, on many sides very precipitous, of about two miles in length, called the Great Orme's Head. This is connected with the main land by a neck of ground, altogether so flat, that Leland says, "the way to it is over a made causey, through a marsh often overflown."* This is never the case at present; it is, on the contrary, supposed to be some of the finest corn and meadow land in this part of Wales.

Close to the shore, at the distance of about one mile and a half from the suspension bridge, is DIGANWY, at present called by the common people, *Y Fardre*.† The remains, which are now almost covered with earth and shrubs, are just sufficient to enable one to form some judgment as to the original extent of this castle. The exterior wall inclosed the summits of two high and almost conical rocks, except on one part, where this defence was rendered unnecessary from the depth of the precipice. These summits appear to

* Leland, Itin. vol. v. p. 49.

† It is frequently called *Gannoc* by the old monkish writers.

have been the sites of the principal buildings; but although it was strong from its elevated situation, and was successively the habitation of several of the Welsh princes, it is impossible that this castle should have ever been a place of any magnitude. These rocks are high, and form conspicuous objects from the walls of Conway. From the summit of the one which is most elevated, there is a good view of the principal parts of the promontory; hence may be seen Gloddach at the foot of a considerable rocky eminence, and in a different direction, about two miles to the east, the woods of Bodscallon, and again, somewhat to the south, those round Marl.

Diganwy is supposed by some to have been a Roman station, the *Dictum*, where the Nervii Dietenses, under the late emperors, had their reserve guard. In the sixth century it was occupied as a place of residence by Maclgwn Gwynedd, and for two centuries afterwards formed one of the royal mansions, till the year 808, when it was destroyed by lightning. It was soon rebuilt, and being thought a post of great strength and consequence, suffered much in the struggles of this country. In the year 1246, Henry III. attempted to rebuild this castle, then in a ruinous state; and the English army appears for a considerable length of time to have suffered great distress. A letter preserved by Matthew Paris, from a soldier of fashion, describes this in very spirited terms. "We lie here," says he, "watching, praying, fasting, and freezing; we watch in defence against the Welsh, who beat up our quarters every night; we pray for a safe passage home; we fast because we have scarcely any food left; and we freeze from the want of warm clothing, and having only linen tents to keep out the cold." The army was at length so harassed, that Henry was compelled to retreat, heartily weary of his fruitless attempt. In 1263 the place was completely destroyed by Llewelyn; and Con-

way Castle being erected not long afterwards, it was thought a needless task to commence a new building here.

TALIESIN, THE BRITISH BARD.

During part of the sixth century Maelgwn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, kept his court at Diganwy, and his brother Gwyddno Garanhir, *Gwyddno with the High Crown*, the lord of Cantref Gwaelod, resided also for some time in the neighbourhood. The latter had near his residence a weir, called Gored Wyddno, *Gwyddno's Weir*, which is even yet known by the same name. Elphin, the son of Gwyddno, was an extravagant youth, and had at one time so greatly exhausted his finances, that he was compelled, as a temporary relief, to ask of his father the benefit of the weir for a single night. The request was complied with, but not a single fish caught. A leathern basket was however taken up, which, on examination, was found to contain a child. This was an unfortunate circumstance to one so much in want of even a successful tide; but Elphin had the humanity to direct that the child should be taken care of, and that no expense should be spared in his education. The youth, who was named Taliesin, was introduced by Elphin at his father's court; and his first step towards fame was in reciting there a poem containing the history of his life, called *Hanes Taliesin*. Maelgwn Gwynedd was greatly surprised at his talents, and afterwards became his patron. Some time after this, a dispute took place at Diganwy, between Elphin and his father, of so serious a nature as to cause the former to be thrown into prison. His attentions to Taliesin now proved of the utmost importance to him: the bard addressed to the prince a poem, which excited his commiseration, and caused him to issue an immediate order for Elphin's release.—Taliesin throughout the whole of his life continued to receive the

attention, the admiration, and the applause which his talents justly merited ; and after his death he was honoured with the appellation of *the Prince of the British Bards*. His works are very numerous, but many spurious pieces have been imposed on the world as his productions, some of them forged by the monks, to answer the purposes of the Church of Rome, and others by the Welsh bards, in the times of their last princes, to spirit up their countrymen to resist the English yoke. Those that are known to be his own bear marks of the highest excellence. His "*Beddau Milwyr Ynys Prydain*," *the Tombs of the Warriors of Britain*, is a noble piece of antiquity, and will last while the country and the language exist. All his productions are extremely difficult to be understood, so much so that even the best Welsh scholars of the present day confess that they cannot entirely comprehend them. In his writings there appear to be many particulars which would throw much light on the history, opinions, and manners of the ancient Britons, and particularly on those of the Druids, much of whose learning he had himself imbibed.

Four miles from Conway is the village of Llandudno. The church, situated more than a mile above the village, is dedicated to St. Tudno, who, tradition says, was a Romish recluse of extreme purity of manners and sanctity, that lived and died here. It was thought a suitable token of respect to found a place of worship to his memory on the very spot where so holy a man yielded his last breath. This church, therefore, or some former one similar to it, appeared. Tudno and Cybi, the founder of the church at Holyhead, it is said, were intimate friends, and were accustomed to meet once in every week near Priestholme, for the purpose of joining in prayer. The former was called the *White Tudno*, from his always going westward from the sun ; and the

other the *Tawny Cybi*, because his route always led him to meet it.

Not far from the church are two rows of upright stones called *HWYLFAR CEIRW*, the *High Road of the Deer*. Tradition says that these formed a path by which the deer, which once abounded in the mountains of Caernarvonshire, used to descend to a meadow below. This explanation is extremely absurd, and, till some better is found, we must rest in ignorance both as to the origin and use of these stones.

Close to the village of Llandudno is a copper mine of considerable extent, which produces nearly 2000 tons of copper a year, and employs upwards of 200 men; there is also another copper mine on the heights above, nearly as extensive as that adjoining the village. The miners descend by shafts, and do not, as in most of the Welsh mines, enter through levels.

THE PROMONTORY OF ORME'S HEAD

Extends for upwards of two miles beyond the village of Llandudno. The rocks of the promontory are for the most part nearly perpendicular, of amazing height, and extend to a considerable depth into the sea. During the breeding season these are the resort of various sea fowl, which breed here in vast numbers. On the rocks the samphire, *Crithmum maritimum*, is found in considerable quantities. It is collected by the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes both for home use and for sale. On the highest point of the promontory a telegraph has been erected, which with others forms a communication between Liverpool and Holyhead.

Near the promontory is *GLODDAETH*, a seat of the Mostyns, built by Sir Roger Mostyn in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is situated on an extensive slope, covered with plantations, and commanding many delightful prospects.

The library, which abounds in valuable manuscripts, principally of Welsh literature, has rendered it very celebrated among the lovers of ancient learning. About the grounds are to be found, in a native state, many plants that are extremely rare in other parts of Great Britain.

Besides this is BODSCALLON, another seat of the Mostyns, and a place of great antiquity; and near to this again is MARL, the property of Owen Williams, Esq.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXCURSION FROM CONWAY TO LLANRWST AND BACK.

(24 Miles.)

*Vale of Conway—Caer Rhûn—Account of some Discoveries there—
Rhaiadr of Mawr or Porthlewyd—Rhaiadr Dolgarrog—Town of
Llanrwst—Church—Gwydir—Bridge at Llanrwst.*

THE VALE OF CONWAY affords many very interesting prospects. It is adorned with all the variety that can arise from a well wooded and highly cultivated country, bounded by lofty mountains. It is more elegant, from its being more varied, and coming more completely under the eye than the vale of Clwyd. The river forms, for a few miles, a broad and expansive water. Five miles and a half from Conway is,

CAER RHUN,*

The fort of Rhûn, (ap Maelgwn, Prince of North Wales,) a charming little village on the western bank of the river, and surrounded with wood. From various discoveries of antiquities in the place and neighbourhood, and from other circumstances, there is good reason for supposing that this was the site of the Roman *Conovium*. During the summer of 1801, considerable pains were taken to investigate this station by the owner of the ground, the late Rev. H. D.

* This place is called by Camden and some other writers *Caer hên*, *the Old City*. This, however, appears to be done erroneously, for all the ancient MSS. now extant, that mention the place, have it *Caer Rhûn*.

Griffith, the worthy rector of Llanbeder. In the platform, which was on a low mount, and formed a parallelogram, measuring 150 yards in length, and about 100 in breadth, many apartments were cleared, some of which appeared to have been used for the purposes of a Roman pottery. A few years previously to this, several broken vases, dishes and other culinary utensils of earthen-ware, though none in an entire state, were taken up here; some of them were stamped with devices of men in armour, others with dogs in chase of the stag; some of them were of a fine sky blue colour, others red; and one in particular, the most perfect of all, was a sort of hollow dish, with its surface beautifully glazed, and of a lively red colour, bearing the letters PATRICI very visibly stamped in its centre. Its diameter was about six inches. The most curious piece of antiquity found at this time was a brazen shield of circular form, curiously embossed circle within circle, with small brass studs, from the circumference nearly to the centre, where a sharp piece of wrought iron, about four inches and a half in length, was fixed. This shield, which was somewhat more than a foot in diameter, had on its under side, when discovered, a covering of leather stuffed with hair. Mr. Griffith thought there were good grounds to contradict the generally received opinion, of a bath and hypocaust having been discovered here.

RHAIADR MAWR OR Porthlwyd.

From the road, near the bridge called *Pont Porthlwyd*, not quite seven miles from Conway, high up the mountain, and at some distance from the road, is a waterfall of very considerable height, called by the country people Rhaiadr Mawr or Rhaiadr Porthlwyd. Ascending a winding path the tourist will, after about a quarter of an hour's walk, arrive at the bed of the river, near the station from whence the fall is to

be seen to the greatest advantage. The scene is highly picturesque. From the upper part two streams descend at some distance from each other. The range of rock down which the water is thrown is very wide and extremely rude, being formed, in horizontal ledges, into deep clefts and enormous chasms. The streams unite a little above the middle of the fall; they rush from thence in foam over the rocks, and from the deep shelvings, in many places the water is entirely hidden from below. In addition to this, nearly every different stratum of rock throws it into a fresh direction. In the whole scene there is the utmost irregularity. On the right of the cataract the inclosing rocks are nearly perpendicular, very lofty, and crowned with pendant foliage. Those on the left are very high and towering, adorned on the lodgements with grass and ferns.

About a mile further on is another waterfall, called RHAIADR DOLGARROG. It is formed by the little stream Dolgarrog, which flows out of Llyn Cowlid, about three miles distant; but it is not so picturesque a fall, nor so lofty as that just described.

The tide reaches no farther than the village of Trefriw, beyond which the river Conway is no longer navigable. Two miles from this village and twelve from Conway is

LLANRWST,

A town finely situated on the eastern bank of the river Conway. In itself it has nothing to recommend it to notice; the streets are narrow and the houses very irregular.

The Eagles is the principal inn.

In the fifteen years of civil discord during the insurrection of Owen Glyndwr, such were the ravages committed in these parts of Wales, that this place was entirely forsaken by its inhabitants and the grass grew in the market-place, and

the deer from the mountains fled for refuge into the churchyard.

THE CHURCH is a plain ill-looking structure; but adjoining to it is a chapel, built in 1633, by Sir Richard Wynne, from a design of Inigo Jones, which has a considerable degree of elegance. Against the walls of the chapel are six brasses, five on the east side and one on the west; each of these, besides an inscription, contains a portrait of the person to whose memory it was finished. They are the work of the seventeenth century. The one to the memory of Sarah Wynne by Vaughan is by far the best, whilst that on the west side is superior to the other four.

The carved work of the roof of the chapel is said to have been brought from the neighbouring *Abbey of Mænan*.^{*} Into this chapel has been removed an ancient monument of Hoel Coytmor, which formerly lay among the rubbish under the stairs leading into the gallery of the church. It is an armed recumbent figure, with the feet resting on a lion. The inscription upon it is: *Hic jacet Hoel Coytmor ap Gruff. Vychan ap Gruff. Amn.* Hoel Coytmor possessed the estates of Gwydir, which were sold by his son David to Meredith ap Jevan, Welsh nephew, or first cousin once removed to the renowned John ap Meredith, and ancestor to the Wynnes of Gwydir. Hoel was the grandson of David Goch of Penmaelno, whose monument is in the church of Bettws.

Near this monument is placed a large stone coffin, supposed to have been that of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, denominated from his valiant actions, Llewelyn the Great. He

^{*} This abbey stood about three miles north of Llanrwst. On its site was erected a house, at present the property of Lord Newborough. It was founded by Edward I. after he had fortified the town of Conway, for the purpose of removing into it the religious of the Cistercian abbey.

was interred in the abbey of Conway in the year 1240, but after the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. as appears from a brass plate annexed to it, this coffin was removed from thence to this place, where it has ever since remained.

In the east corner is a tablet of white marble, which bears a singularly long and curious inscription, containing a pedigree of the Wynne family, from Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, to Sir Richard Wynne, who died about the middle of the seventeenth century.

On the south side are two columns of variegated marble, decorated with martial insignia, one to the memory of Meredith Wynne, the other to Sir John Wynne and Sydney his wife.

GWYDIR.

About a quarter of a mile beyond Llanrwst is GWYDIR, the ancient residence of the Wynnes, and now the property of Lord Gwydir. The ancient mansion of Gwydir was taken down in 1816, since which time the present structure has been built; a part, however, of the ancient mansion has been preserved. This property came to the father of the present Lord Gwydir in right of his Lady Priscilla, Baroness Willoughby, the eldest sister of Robert, late Duke of Aneaster. It passed into this family in the year 1678, by the marriage of Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir Richard Wynne, with Robert, Marquis of Lindsay.

At a little distance above this mansion was Upper Gwydir, a house erected by Sir John Wynne, in 1604, apparently for the purpose of enjoying from thence the numerous beauties of the vale of Llanrwst. The house was taken down many years ago.

Between Gwydir and Llanrwst is the celebrated BRIDGE over the river Conway, constructed by Inigo Jones. This

bridge was directed to be built by an order of the Privy Council, in the ninth year of the reign of Charles the First. The expenses, which were estimated at £1000, were paid by the two counties of Denbigh and Caernarvon. It consists of three arches, of which the middle one is nearly 60 feet wide. One of the other two has been rebuilt since Jones's time, and the inferiority of the workmanship is very visible. The inhabitants of Llanwrst *boast*, that their bridge is formed on such nice principles, that if a person thrusts himself against the large stone over the centre of the middle arch, the whole fabric will vibrate. This vibration may be plainly felt by a person leaning against the opposite battlements, whilst one or two others fall back forcibly against the stone, but the motion of the bridge will not be perceived unless the experiment be made precisely in the manner above-described.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONWAY TO BANGOR.

(14½ Miles.)

Penmaen Bach—Penmaen Mawr—Road to Bangor—Ascent to the Summit of Penmaen Mawr—Aber—Rhaiadr Du.

THE hills of Flintshire and Denbighshire bear no comparison in picturesque beauty with the stupendous scenery of Caernarvonshire. The mountains instead of being gentle in ascent, and frequently covered with grass and verdure to their summits, begin to wear a savage and majestic aspect,—they are precipitous, rugged, and gloomy.

Four miles from Conway is PENMAEN BACH, *The Lesser Penmaen*; and about a mile further on is PENMAEN MAWR, *The Great Penmaen*, a huge rock that rises nearly 1550 feet in perpendicular height above the level of the sea. Around the base of this tremendous precipice is formed a part of the Chester and Holyhead road. This is well guarded towards the sea by a strong wall, and supported in many parts by arches turned beneath it, a method found to be, in point of expense, far preferable to that of hewing it out of the solid rock. These improvements were made in the year 1772, and before the wall was built, accidents were continually happening by people falling down the precipices.

Before the pass was formed, the usual mode of proceeding between Conway and Bangor was, either in boats, when the tide was not out, or across the sands at low water.

The latter mode was frequently attended with danger, owing to the soft places left by the fresh water streams, and the hollows formed by the tide, of the depth of which, when filled with water, even the guides could not always be certain. There was a horse-path along the side of the rock, but it is said to have been excessively dangerous and bad.

Within these last few years additional improvements have been made under the superintendence of Mr. Telford, and the present line of road was opened to the public in the year 1827.

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF PENMAEN MAWR.*

“ From the sixth mile stone I began an ascent to the summit of Penmaen Mawr. I chose this place in order that I might have a guide not to the summit merely, but to the spot where I could find a shrub, of which I had heard many nonsensical accounts, called by the Welsh *Pren Lemwn*, or *lemon tree*. This I had been told grew in a situation almost inaccessible, and bore a fruit resembling a small lemon; and that many persons had planted cuttings, and even roots of it in their gardens, but that these had invariably dwindled and died. I questioned my guide, as we proceeded, respecting the figure and colour of its leaves and flowers, and I immediately conjectured it to be, what I soon afterwards found it, nothing more than *Cratægus aria* of Linnæus, which does not often occur among the Welsh mountains. It grows on the perpendicular rocks just above the road; and of the three small trees that were pointed out to me, one had been cut on all sides, for the purpose of planting in gardens.

“ Hence I scrambled up a steep ascent, covered en-

* This description is preserved verbatim as given by the Rev. W. Bingley.

tirely with loose stones, which often gave way the moment I trusted my weight upon them, to the summit; and, as I walked pretty quick, it was not before I had experienced several severe tumbles, that I reached it. I had frequent occasion, from heat and exertion, to turn round and catch the cool and refreshing breezes from the sea; and in each of these restings, as I gradually rose above the intervening obstacles, I found new objects to admire. From the summit the view was extensive, and, towards the Isle of Anglesey, and from thence round to the Cheshire and Lancashire hills, very beautiful. The whole of the Bay of Beaumaris seemed to lie directly underneath, as well as all the coast from the abrupt termination of Orme's Head to the little island of Priestholme. I could just discern the Isle of Man. The prospect over the Conway into Denbighshire was also extremely pleasing; but the mountains towards the south not being in themselves sufficiently varied, were destitute of character, and almost entirely of interest.

“ On the summit, and extending in an oval form from north to south, are some evident remains of antiquity. Many ruins of ancient massy walls, formed apparently without cement, are yet visible; and on the east the fragments of several small circular buildings that seem to have been originally formed for soldiers' huts. On the highest part there are the remains of what appeared to me to have been watch-towers; and near one of these I observed a small square well, in which, although then in the midst of a dry season, I found a considerable quantity of water.”

“ This ruin is called Braich y Ddinas, *The Arm of the City*, and is supposed to have been an ancient British fortification. A correspondent of Bishop Gibson says of it:—
“ This castle seems to have been impregnable, there being no way to offer any assault to it, from the hill being so high, steep, and rocky, and the walls of such vast strength.

The way or entrance into it ascends with many twinings, so that a hundred men might here defend themselves against a whole legion, and yet it should seem there were lodgings within these walls for twenty thousand men. By the tradition of our ancestors, this was the strongest and safest refuge, or place of defence, that the ancient Britons had in all Snowdon, to secure them from the incursions of their enemies." Governor Pownall, contrary to the commonly received opinion, conjectures it to have been one of the Druids' consecrated high places of worship, and that it was never intended for a place of defence.*

Penmaen Mawr is not so interesting a mountain, except to the antiquary, as Snowdon, Glyder, and many others in the interior of the country; the prospects from the summit being neither so grand nor so varied as from these.

The easiest points to ascend from are either along a wall that extends from the road far up the side of the mountain on the extremity nearest to Conway, or at the other extremity a little beyond the sixth mile-stone. If the traveller be a pedestrian he can ascend one way and descend by the other: this will save him at least a mile or two of journey. The loose stones that lie scattered apparently on every part of the mountain render an expedition to its summit very unpleasant; but the distance is so short, that a person who walks pretty quick may overcome it in little more than an hour."

ABER.

About nine miles from Conway stands the pleasing little village of Aber, or, as it is called by way of distinction, Aber gwyn gregin, *The Conflux of the White Shells*. This is a very convenient station for such persons as wish to

* Gibson's Camden, 805. Archaeologia of the Antiq. Soc. vol. iii. 303.

examine Penmaen Mawr and the adjacent country, either as naturalists or artists.

On a small artificial mount on the west side of the river, just above the bridge, called the *Mwd*, there formerly stood a castle belonging to Llewelyn ap Grifflith, Prince of Wales; and it was here that he received his summons from our Edward to deliver up the principality to the Crown of England. The mount is nearly circular at the top, and not more than twenty yards in diameter.

From this place persons sometimes cross immediately into Anglesey, in a direction towards Beaumaris. The distance is about four miles, and at low water they may walk to the bank of the channel, within a mile of Beaumaris, where the ferry-boat plies. In fogs, the passage over these sands has been found very dangerous, and many lives have been lost in attempting to cross them at such times. As some precaution, however, the bell of the church is now generally rung during foggy weather, which prevents persons from wandering very widely from the line they ought to keep.

RHAIIADR MAWR.

A deep glen runs from the village amongst the mountains, at the extremity of which, two miles and a half distant, is a waterfall, called Rhaiadr Mawr, *The Great Cataract*. At a distance this seems to have no one character of picturesque beauty, but to be merely a narrow stream, falling down the flat and uninteresting face of a lofty rock, and its appearance continues much the same, until arriving very nearly to the foot of the cataract, the lower part of which is upwards of sixty feet in height. Its character is extremely simple: at some distance two or three divisions of the upper rock are seen, but immediately at the foot little more than the lower fall is visible. In the bed of the river, as in those of most mountain torrents, are scattered

numerous fragments of rock. On each side of the cataract, the mountain has the same flat appearance ; this, with the nearly regular outline of the whole scene, at the top forming a segment of a large circle, and some other characteristics, gives to it that kind of simple grandeur, though on a much smaller scale, which is conspicuous in Pistyll Rhaiadr, the celebrated waterfall of Montgomeryshire.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid ; where collected,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep,
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad ;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO BANGOR.

BANGOR is distant from Liverpool about 64 miles, and the voyage is usually performed in from six to seven hours. During the summer months steam-vessels ply daily between these two ports, taking in or landing passengers at the Menai Bridge, Garth Ferry, and Beaumaris.

Leaving Bangor the scene is very pleasing. To the right is seen the city of Bangor, sheltered nearly on all sides by the mountains of Caernarvonshire; and a little beyond, Port Penhryn, with its numerous vessels, and Penhryn Castle. To the left Baron Hill and the castle and town of Beaumaris are visible. A few miles from Beaumaris the vessel passes a lighthouse which has been very recently erected, called Black Point Lighthouse: it was near this spot that the melancholy wreck of the *Rothsay Castle* steamer occurred, on the night of the 17th of August, 1831, upon which occasion upwards of 100 lives were lost.

Immediately beyond this lighthouse is

PRIESTHOLME OR PUFFIN ISLAND.*

On all sides, except that towards Anglesey, it presents to the view steep and inaccessible rocks, inhabited only by various species of sea-fowl. Its interior affords feed for a few sheep. Near the middle of the island there is an old square tower, (supposed to have once been an appurtenant to the monastery of Penmon,) around which there is a con-

* All the places mentioned in this chapter, with the exception of Priestholme, have been described in the earlier parts of this book.

siderable quantity of rubbish and stones, the remains of other buildings. There is a telegraphic communication established between Liverpool and Holyhead via Orme's Head and this island. The man who has the care of the telegraph on Puffin Island lives there with his family; but with this single exception it is uninhabited. On the island is an upright stone with the following inscription:

Bar^c. Stout
 belonging to the
 Sally died in
 the small pox
 Nov^r ye 3d 1767.
 N.B. The ship was cast
 away here.

It is called by the Welsh Yns Seiriol, *Seiriol's Island*.* This people have a tradition respecting Priestholme, that when what are now the Lavan Sands formed a habitable part of Caernarvonshire, their ancestors had a communication from hence across the channel by means of a bridge; and they even yet pretend to shew the remains of an ancient causeway, which they say was made from this place to the foot of Penmaen Bach, for the convenience of the devotees who made pilgrimages to the island. It is at present the property of Sir Richard B. Williams.

Puffins† in their habits and manners greatly resemble the Penguins of the tropical climates. Their legs are placed so far back that they walk with their heads in nearly an upright position. They are birds of passage, and usually arrive in the beginning of April, and remain until about the 11th

* Seiriol was the son of Owen Danwyn, the son of Eineon Urdd, who chose this as a place of retreat from the world. He is believed to have built a chapel here about the year 630, and some have supposed the present tower to be the remains of that building. This however cannot have been the case, as it is comparatively a modern erection.

† *Alca arctica* of Linnaeus.

of August. On their arrival they immediately take possession of the burrows in the crevices of the rocks, or on the sloping ground of the island; and those that come last, if they find all the holes occupied, form for themselves new ones. They have nearly expelled the rabbits by seizing on their burrows. They usually put together a few sticks and grass, and on this the female lays a single white egg, which is generally hatched in the beginning of July. The males and females are said to sit alternately, relieving each other at intervals for the purpose of procuring food. Both during incubation, and while attending on their young, they may without much difficulty be seized in their holes; but it is necessary to be somewhat careful in trusting the naked hand near their beaks, for they have the power of inflicting a most severe bite. The noise they make when with their young is a singular kind of humming, much resembling that produced by the large wheels used for spinning worsted. On being seized, they emit the noise with greater violence, and from its being interrupted by their struggling to escape, it sounds not much unlike the efforts of a dumb man to speak. The young ones are entirely covered with a long blackish down, and in shape are altogether so different from the parent birds, that no one would at first sight suppose them to be of the same species. Puffins do not breed till they are three years old; and they are said to change their bills annually. Their usual food is sprats and sea-weeds, which render the flesh of the old birds excessively rank. The young ones however are pickled for sale by the renters of the island, and form an article of traffic peculiar to this neighbourhood. The oil is extracted from them by a peculiar process, and the bones are taken out, after which the skin is closed round the flesh, and they are immersed in vinegar impregnated with spices.

On the Caernarvonshire coast, and opposite to Priest-

holme, are Penmaen Mawr and Penmaen Bach, and on leaving Priestholme the extreme north-east point of Anglesey, called Linas Point, is visible.

The course of the vessel now lies close to the promontory of Great Orme's Head, (along part of the coast of which is a fine echo, which is sometimes elucidated by a man on board playing on a bugle,) and from thence in almost a direct line to the Rock Lighthouse, at the entrance of the river Mersey, passing at a distance the coasts of Denbighshire and Flintshire, and the mouth of the river Dee. This voyage in fine weather will be found throughout to be very agreeable and interesting.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WELSH—EISTEDD- VODAU AND MUSIC.

WITH respect to the habits of life and manners of the Welsh people, it is to be observed, that in those mountainous and secluded parts of Wales, such as the interior of Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, and Denbighshire, they differ very essentially from what will be observed near any frequented road. The people in those parts seem to have an innocence and simplicity of character, unknown in the populous districts of our own country. Among these it is that we are to search for those original traits, and that native hospitality, so much the boast of the Welsh writers.

A rustic bashfulness and reserve seem to be general features in the character of the Welsh people; and strangers, unaccustomed to their manners, have often mistaken these for indications of sullenness. It is usual to say of them that they are very irascible. This may be the case; but oftentimes, the natural rapidity of their expression in a language not understood has been construed into passion, without any other more certain grounds for so doing.

It has been repeatedly asserted of the Welsh people, that they are naturally inquisitive and curious respecting strangers, and this is certainly true, but it is a circumstance by no means peculiar to that country. In all wild and unfrequented parts of the world it is the same, and it is in such parts of Wales that this disposition is chiefly observable.

The lowest classes bear indications of poverty, yet they seem to enjoy good health. Their dwellings are cottages, or rather huts, built of stones, the interstices of which are closed with peat or mud. The usual food of the labouring Welsh is bread, cheese, and milk; and sometimes what they call *flummery*, a composition of oatmeal and milk. Animal food is by no means their usual fare.

The women of the mountainous parts of the country are generally of a middle size, though more frequently below than above it. Their features are often very pretty, but in point of figure they are in general uninteresting. They wear hats and long blue cloaks that descend almost to their feet. On their legs they have blue stockings without any feet to them: they keep them down by means of a loop fastened round one of the toes. In the more unfrequented parts of North Wales the women seldom wear any shoes, except on a Sunday, or a market day, and even on those days they often carry them in their hands as they go along the roads. Whilst walking they generally employ their time in knitting, and frequently not even a heavy shower of rain will compel them to cease from their work.

The freedom of the Welsh from crime is remarkable, and they are for the most part a quiet and contented race of people. They are much inclined to superstition, but in all countries we find that there are multitudes of weak and foolish people. In England, most of the peasantry swallow with credulous avidity any ridiculous stories of ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies. There certainly is, however, in the Welsh, a greater inclination to credulity than an Englishman can discover among his own people. There are but few of the mountaineers of Wales, who have not by heart a string of legendary stories of disembodied beings. The cavern in Llanymynech hill, not far from Oswestry, has been long noted as the residence of a clan of fairies, to

whom the neighbouring villagers attribute many surprising and mischievous pranks. Whilst they have stopped to listen at the mouth of the cave, the people state that they have sometimes even heard the little elves in conversation, but this was always in such low whispers, that the words which were reverberated along the sides and roof of the cavern could not be distinguished. The stream that runs across a distant part of this cavern is celebrated as the place where the fairy washerwomen and labourers have been heard frequently at work.

Considerably allied to the fairies is another species of supposed ærial beings, called by the Welsh *knockers*. These the Welsh miners say are heard underground, in or near mines, and by their noises generally point out to the workmen a rich vein of ore. The following are extracts from two letters on this extraordinary subject, written in the year 1754 by Mr. Lewis Morris, (a man eminent for his learning and good sense), to his brother, who at that time resided at Holyhead.

“ People who know very little of arts or sciences, or the powers of nature, (which, in other words, are the powers of the Author of nature,) will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of *knockers* in mines, a kind of good-natured impalpable people, not to be seen, but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines ; that is to say, they are the types, or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain or storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of dream, that foretells rain ; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means comprehended by us. Now how are we sure, or any body sure, but that our dreams are produced by the same natural means ? There is some faint resemblance of this in the sense of hearing ; the bird

is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, *I* must speak well of the *knockers*, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are aërial beings, called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter, not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire, and the like.

“ Before the discovery of *Esgair y Mwyn* mine, these little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people, who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them, or of mines either; but after the discovery of the great ore they were heard no more.

“ When I began to work at *Lhwyn Lhwyl*, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore they then gave over, and I heard no more talk of them.

“ Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them *blasting*, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c. than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work, in the dead of the night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear or of any harm they will do him. The miners have a notion that the *knockers* are of their own tribe and profession, and are a harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together shall hear them sometimes, but if the miners stop to take notice of them, the knockers will also stop; but let the miners go on at their own work, suppose it is *boring*, the *knockers* will at the same time go on as brisk as can be in landing, *blasting*, or beating down the *loose*; and they are always heard a little distance from them before they come to the ore.

“ These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts,

though we cannot, and do not pretend to account for them. We have now very good ore at *Lhwyn Llwyd*, where the *knockers* were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the *knockers*, or rather God, who sends us these notices."

The second letter is as follows :

" I have no time to answer your objection against *knockers* ; I have a large treatise collected on that head, and what Mr. Derham says is nothing to the purpose. If sounds of voices, whispers, blasts, working or pumping, can be carried on a mile underground, they should always be heard in the same place, and under the same advantages, and not once in a month, a year, or two years. Just before the discovery of ore last week, three men together, in our work of *Lhwyn Llwyd*, were ear-witnesses of *knockers* pumping, driving a wheelbarrow, &c. ; but there is no pump in the work, nor any mine within less than a mile of it, in which there are pumps constantly going. If they were these pumps that they heard, why were they never heard but that once in the space of a year ? And why are they not now heard ? But the pumps make so little noise, that they cannot be heard in the other end of *Esgair y Mwyn* mine when they are at work.

" We have a dumb and deaf tailor in this neighbourhood, who has a particular language of his own by signs ; and by practice I can understand him, and make him understand me pretty well ; and I am sure I could make him learn to write, and be understood by letters very soon, for he can distinguish men already by the letters of their names. Now letters are marks to convey ideas, just after the same manner as the motions of fingers, hands, eyes, &c. If this man had really seen ore in the bottom of a sink of water in a mine, and wanted to tell me how to come at it, he would

take two sticks like a pump, and would make the motions of a pumper at the very sink where he knew the ore was ; and would make the motions of driving a wheelbarrow. And what I should infer from thence would be, that I ought to take out the water and sink, or drive in the place, and wheel the stuff out. By parity of reasoning, the language of the *knockers*, by imitating the sound of pumping, wheeling, &c. signifies that we should take out the water, and drive there. This is the opinion of all old miners, who pretend to understand the language of the *knockers*. Our agent and manager, upon the strength of this notice, goes on and expects great things. You, and every body that is not convinced of the being of *knockers*, will laugh at these things, for they sound like dreams ; so does every dark science. Can you make any illiterate man believe that it is possible to know the distance of two places by looking at them ? Human knowledge is but of small extent, its bounds are within our view, we see nothing beyond these ; the great universal creation contains powers, &c. that we cannot so much as guess at. May there not exist beings, and vast powers, infinitely smaller than the particles of air, to whom air is as hard a body as a diamond is to us ? Why not ? There is neither great nor small, but by comparison. Our *knockers* are some of these powers, the guardians of mines.

“ You remember the story in Selden’s Table-Talk, of Sir Robert Cotton and others disputing about Moses’s shoe. Lady Cotton came in, and asked, ‘ Gentlemen, are you sure it is a shoe ? ’ So the first thing is to convince mankind that there is a set of creatures, a degree or so finer than we are, to whom we have given the name of *knockers*, from the sounds we hear in our mines. This is to be done by a collection of their actions well attested ; and that is

what I have begun to do, and then let every one judge for himself."

These letters are curious, though the reasoning is *far* from conclusive.

There is also a deep roaring of the sea, which is believed to be a forewarning of some calamity. This is said to have been heard immediately previous to the wreck of the Rothsay Castle.

On the eve of All Saints, or the 1st of November, the Welsh people, as soon as it is dark, kindle great fires near their houses, which they call *coelcerth*, or bonfires. This custom has been supposed, though probably without any foundation, to have originated with the Druids, and to have been intended by them as an offering of thanksgiving for the fruits of the harvest. Sometimes 50 or 100 of these fires may be seen at once, and round each, the people dance, hand in hand, at the same time singing and shouting in the most riotous and frantic manner imaginable. In many places it is customary for each person to throw a few nuts into the flame, by which they pretend to foretell the good or ill fortune that will attend them during the ensuing year. If, by the expansion of air within them, the nuts burst, they immediately conclude that they are doomed to die within twelve months. On the day after All Saints the poor children go about the towns and villages to beg bread and cheese.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist, or the 24th of June, they place little bundles of the plant called St. John's wort over their doors or windows. These they believe will purify their houses, and drive away all fiends and evil spirits. The Druids had a custom similar to this, in which they used sprigs of vervain.

It is said that a disorder somewhat resembling St. Anthony's fire, which the Welsh people call *Yr Eryr*, the

eagle, is supposed to be curable at any time by the following kind of charm. A person, whose grandfather, or great grandfather, has eaten the flesh of an eagle, is to spit on the part affected, and rub it for a little while with his fingers. This is esteemed an infallible remedy.

A strange custom prevails in some obscure parts of North Wales, which, however, the clergy have now almost abolished. This is termed the "offering of an enemy." When a person supposes himself highly injured by any one, he repairs to some church dedicated to a celebrated saint, or one who is believed to have great power over the affairs of men; here kneeling on his bare knees before the altar, and offering a piece of money to the saint, he utters the most virulent and dreadful imprecations, calling down curses and misfortunes on the offender and his family even for generations to come. Sometimes the offended persons repair for the same purpose to some sacred well, dedicated to a saint. Mr. Pennant was threatened by a man, who fancied he had been injured by him, "with the vengeance of St. Elan, and a journey to his well, to curse him with effect."*

Some of these wells are held in great repute for the cure of diseases; and the saints are also occasionally applied to for the recovery of stolen goods. In the parish of Abergele, in Caernarvonshire, there was formerly a well dedicated to St. George, who was the Welsh tutelary saint of horses. All animals of this description that were distempered were brought to the well, sprinkled with water, and received this blessing: *Rhad Duw a Saint Siors arnat*, "the blessing of God and St. George be on thee." It was the custom for those who kept a great number of horses at certain times to make an offering of one of them to the saint, in order to secure his blessing on all the rest. If a well of any saint was near the church, the water for baptism was always fetched

* Tour in Wales, ii. 337.

from thence ; and, after the ceremony, the old women would frequently wash their eyes in the water of the font.

Some years ago it was the custom in the churches of North Wales, whenever the name of the Devil occurred, for every one of the congregation to spit upon the floor. This was done to show their contempt of the evil spirit. Whenever the name of Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him by striking their breasts.

On the morning of Christmas-day, at about three o'clock, the inhabitants used formerly to assemble in the churches ; and, after the prayers and sermon were concluded, they continued to sing psalms and hymns with great devotion till daylight. Those who through age or infirmity were disabled from attending the church, invariably read the prayers in their own houses, and sang the appropriate hymns. This act of devotion was called *plygain*, " the crowing of the cock."* It was generally believed among the superstitious, that instantly

At his warning,
Whether in sea, or fire, in earth, or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

But, during this holy season, the cock was supposed to exert his power throughout the night :—

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our SAVIOUR's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike ;
No fairy takes : no witch hath power to charm :
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

The Welsh yet retain the custom of wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's day. On the 1st of March, 640,

* Pennant, ii. 340.

the Welsh forces under command of King Cadwallo obtained a signal victory over the Saxons. The battle happened near a large piece of ground in which this vegetable was cultivated, and the soldiers put leeks into their hats in order to distinguish themselves. Since this period the leek has been retained as a badge of honour. "The Welshmen (says Fluelin to Henry V.) did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service."*

The middle and lower classes of the people were formerly much addicted to *terming*, that is, brewing a barrel of ale at some favourite ale-house, and staying there till it was all consumed. They never went to bed, even though the *term* should last a whole week. They slept in their chairs or on the floor, as it happened, and the moment they awoke, they renewed their jollity. At length when the barrel was exhausted, they reeled away home. The hero of this Bacchanalian rout always carried off the spigot in triumph.

Welsh *weddings* are usually attended by all the neighbours, sometimes to the number of thirty or upwards. After the ceremony, the day is dedicated to festivity, and is chiefly spent in drinking and singing. A collection is made to defray the expenses of the occasion, to which, as a matter of course, every one contributes.

In South Wales, previous to the weddings of the peasantry, a herald with a crook or wand, adorned with ribands, sometimes makes the circuit of the neighbourhood, and proclaims his *bidding*, or invitation, in a prescribed form; but the knight-errant cavalcade on horseback,—the carrying off the bride,—the reseuc,—the wordy war in rhyme between the parties, which once formed a singular spectacle of mock

* Shakspeare's Henry V., act iv.,

contest at the celebration of nuptials, is now almost, if not altogether laid aside, throughout every part of the principality.*

The *funerals* are attended by greater crowds of people than even their weddings. A custom prevails in this country of each individual of the congregation making some *offering* in money on these occasions, which, if done in the church, is paid as a mark of respect to the clergyman. This custom, which is at present confined to North Wales, has doubtless been retained from the Romish religion, where the money was intended as a recompence to the priests for their trouble in singing mass for the soul of the deceased.

In most parts of North Wales, the same practice prevails which is common in England, of crowding all the bodies into that part of the church-yard which is south of the church. The only reason that the Welsh people give for this custom is, that the north is the *wrong side*. The true reason, however, is, that formerly it was customary for persons, on entering a church-yard, and seeing the grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up to heaven a prayer for the peace of his soul; and since the entrances to churches were usually either on the west or south side, those persons who were interred on the north escaped the common notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. Thus the north side becoming a kind of refuse spot, only paupers, still-born infants or persons guilty of some crime, were buried there.

North Wales formerly abounded with members of that singular branch of Calvinistical Methodists, who from certain enthusiastical extravagancies which they exhibited in their religious meetings were denominated *Jumpers*. These extravagancies are now, however, almost entirely discontinued.

* Cam. Reg. vol. ii.

Besides their common meetings, the Methodists have periodical assemblies, called *Associations*, these are held at Caernarvon, Bangor and other towns in rotation; at these assemblies, which are generally held in the open air, they sometimes congregate to the number of 5 or 6,000 people, who come from all parts of the adjacent country to hear the popular preachers.

Several temperance societies have of late years been established in North Wales, and have gained a great many partisans.

EISTEDDVODAU AND MUSIC.

The priesthood of the Celtic nations was divided into three classes, viz. Druids, Bards and Ovates; of these the Druids ranked the first, the Bards the second, and the Ovates the last. The Druids occupied themselves about holy things, and exercised a judicial and legislative authority; and the Bards celebrated in songs the exploits of heroes, and composed those verses which contained the secrets of druidical discipline, their principles of natural and moral philosophy, their astronomy, and the mystical rites of their religion.

At a very early period there seem to have been regular Druidical Assemblies, which were of two sorts, the Gorsedd and the Cadair, the first having reference to a general or supreme congress and the latter to one merely particular or provincial; these were instituted probably as the medium through which the Druids might preserve their traditions, laws and doctrines.

The immense power which the Druids had acquired drew upon them the vengeance of the Romans, who, in other instances, were often intolerant. The pretext for attacking them, was the cruelty committed in their sacred rites; but the true reason was the great influence they ob-

tained over the people. The authority of the Druids in Gaul, was by various means much reduced in the time of Claudius, and they are said to have been entirely exterminated about the year 45 by that Emperor. And in Britain, Suetonius Paulinus, the governor of the country under Nero, having taken the island of Anglesey, not only cut down the sacred groves of the Druids, and overturned their altars, but also consumed many of them. Immediately after this event those who escaped fled from the country and sought refuge in the adjacent islands of Ireland, Man and Bardsey, places to which the Roman sword had not at that time reached. The theory of the British music is said to have moved with them, and to have settled in Ireland, which from that period continued for many ages the seat of learning and philosophy.

The Bards, having now lost their sacred druidical character, began to appear in an honourable though less dignified capacity, and although upon the termination of the religious ascendancy of the Druids, the congress must have lost its political consequence, it seems long after to have retained its institutional character. Political feuds, however, and dissensions among the Bards themselves seem occasionally to have interrupted the practice of holding the congresses, as well as, in time, to have been the cause of material innovations on their genuine character; and in later times they seem to have been held chiefly with the view of encouraging and regulating poetry and music, and for the purpose of conferring honorary degrees, and advancing to the chair by the decision of a poetical and musical contest, some of the rival candidates, or establishing in that honourable seat the Chief Bard who had already occupied it. These assemblies were usually held at Aberffraw, the royal seat of the ancient princes of North Wales, in Anglesey; or sometimes at Dinervawr, in Caermarthenshire, the castle

of the princes of South Wales; or Mathraval, in Montgomeryshire, the royal palace of the princes of Powys.

About the year 1100, Gryffydd ap Cynan reformed many disorders which prevailed among the Bards. Being educated in Ireland, this prince, either from a partiality to the music of his own country, or on account of its superior excellence to that of Wales, invited over several of the most celebrated musicians, and introduced musical instruments before unknown in Wales. At the congresses which were held under his patronage, the Bardic laws and institutions underwent various modifications.

It is probable that from the impulse given by Gruffydd ap Cynan, the congresses of the Bards were for some time afterwards held without interruption, but the conquest of Wales, at the close of the thirteenth century, became necessarily fatal to the influence of the bards, who were, no doubt, immediately deprived of the very great privileges which they had previously enjoyed. Their congresses therefore, we may presume, were for a long period afterwards entirely discontinued; and it is not until the fifteenth century, during the reign of Edward IV. that we find an instance of their revival.

In the reign of Henry VII. another congress was held, to which succeeded many others during the sixteenth century, and on the 26th of May, 1568, a congress or EISTEDDVOD, as it was now called for the first time, was holden at Caerwys, under a commission granted by Queen Elizabeth, and another meeting was holden at Bewfwyr Castle, Glamorganshire, under the patronage of Sir Richard Basset, in 1681.

From the time of Sir Richard Basset these meetings seem to have been neglected until the year 1798 when they were revived by the efforts of the London Society of Gwyneddigion, under whose auspices several Eisteddvodau, for

the encouragement of poetry and music, have been holden in the various counties of North Wales.

In the year 1820 the Cymmrodorion Society was established on the basis of an institution founded about the year 1750, which, through various causes, had been suffered to sink into inaction. Under their auspices several Eisteddvodau have been holden upon an extensive scale; the first of these took place at Wrexham in 1820, since which they have been holden at the following times and places, viz. in 1821 at Caernarvon; in 1822 at Brecon; in 1823 at Caernarthen; in 1824 at Welshpool; in 1826 at Brecon; in 1828 at Denbigh; in 1832 at Beaumaris; and in 1834 at Cardiff.

The Eisteddvodd at Denbigh took place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of September, 1828, and was honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and most of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country. The proceedings were opened by reading the old proclamations usual on such occasions; after which the prize competition was read, and the medals distributed by some of the ladies to the successful candidates. In the area beneath the castle, the competitors recited their *englynion*, and displayed their trials of skill in performing on the harp: some of the most eminent vocalists of London were engaged at the festival, which was also enlivened by the Denbighshire band during the intervals of the public performance.

The Eisteddvod at Beaumaris in 1832 was graced with the presence of her present Majesty and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

At Abergavenny in South Wales, meetings, having similar objects in view but under other auspices, have been holden annually for the last five or six years.

The harp has been always esteemed the principal musical instrument among the Welsh. Anciently it was strung

with hair, and thus continued in use until the commencement of the fifteenth century, up to which period it had only a single row of strings, but the performer was able to produce a flat or sharp by a peculiar arrangement of the finger and thumb, an artifice, it is believed, no longer known. The harp now in common use, and which is to be met with at almost all the principal inns in North Wales, is the triple harp. It extends in compass to five octaves and one note. The two outside rows of strings are the diatonics, which are both tuned in unisons, and in any key that the performer means to play in. The treble row comprises twenty-seven strings, and extends from A in alt down to C in the bass; and the opposite row or unisons comprises thirty-seven strings, and extends from A in alt down as low as double G in the bass. The middle row, which is for flats and sharps, comprises thirty-four strings.

The Welsh music, like the Scotch, is remarkable for a wildness and irregularity, but is inferior to that in sweetness of modulation. Much has been said of the very high antiquity of most of the present Welsh airs, but the regularity of their composition seems to point out that they have not been formed at any very remote period. The most ancient are grave and solemn; and the plaintive, which were appropriated to elegies and the celebration of the dead, are striking and pathetic, whilst the dances and jigs are, on the contrary, extremely lively and cheerful.

The following are the names of some of the most celebrated airs — Ar hŷd y Nos, *The live long Night*; Nos Galan, *New Year's Gift*; Y Gadlys, *The Camp of the Palace, or of Noble Race was Shenkin*, which has been introduced by Handel in one of his Oratorios; Suo gân, *The Lullaby Song*; Llwyn on, *The Ash Grove*; Codiad yr Hedydd, *The Rising of the Lark*; of this air Haydn said, that it was one of the finest compositions he had ever

heard; Divyrwch yr Arlwyddes Owain, *Lady Owen's Delight*; Rhyvelgyrch Gwr Harlech, *The March of the Men of Harlech*; Triban Gwyr Morgannwg, *The War Song of the Men of Glamorgan*; Morfa Rhyddlan, *The Marsh of Rhyddlan*; Merch Megan, *Margaret's Daughter*; Breudwyd y Vrenines, *The Queen's Dream*; Piban Morwndd, *The Piper of Morwndd*; Codiad yr Hant, *The Rising of the Sun*; Glan Meddwdod Mwyn, *Goodhumoured and Tipsey*, and Cader Idris, *The Seat of Idris*, whence is derived the popular air of Jenny Jones.

These airs the Welsh harpers, one of whom is stationed at almost every principal inn in North Wales, are in the habit of playing; and although the style of performance is not in general first-rate, yet there is something so characteristic about the airs, the harp, and the harper, that one would be loath to dispense with them altogether.

